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REDEMPTION,

A

POEM,

BY

JOHN D. BRYANT, M. D.



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THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
REDEMPTION.

ARGUMENT.

The subject of Redemption is briefly displayed. It is then asked, who is its Author? what his parentage? who is his Father? who his Mother? The poem proceeds to develop these points. God the Father, seated on his throne, surrounded by all the heavenly hosts, turning towards God the Son, announces that the time has arrived for perfecting the redemption of man. The Son accepts the task, and sends the archangel Abdiel, to Joachim, to inform him that his wife, Anne, is chosen to be the mother of Mary. The immaculate conception. The Devil, seated on his throne as prince of this world, discerns an unusual commotion in the region of Palestine; he proceeds to examine into its cause; he sees the new created Frond; recognizes in it the second Eve, mother of the second Adam, and seeks to taint it in its incipency, but is detected by the archangel Gabriel, and put to flight without having attained his object.

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REDEMPTION.

BOOK I.

THE MAN divine, of Adam's race the chief,
Sing heav'nly Muse; tell how round Solyma
He walk'd, how knock'd at her imperial gates,
And o'er her ruin, long impending, hung,
With tear and earnest pleading oft besought,
Fain to avert destruction from her head;
Nor her's alone, though first to hear his voice,
Through cov'nant grace with him, whose faithfulness
Was with the promise bless'd, but all who feel
Sin's cumulative load, who inly groan,
And seek deliv'rance from her dire enthrall;
The first to hear, yet obdurate reject,
The only Hope whence safety could depend.
Celestial Spirit, whose enliv'ning ray
Wakes dead to life, illumines what is dark,
And heavenly order out of chaos brings,
Breathe on the chaos of my mind, illumine,
And raise me to full measure of a strain
Best suited to angelic muse in height,
But yet the proper theme of fallen man.
Brood dove-like o'er the spirit of my song,
That in soft cadence, I, redeeming love,

May sing; or, fired with blest Isaias' zeal,
Clear vindicate the providence of God
To man. I wait thy coming, as of old
Th' assembled Galileans sat, when tongues
Of fire descending, kindled every heart,
Inspired each voice, and God Triune reveal'd.
Conduct me up the empyréan vault,
Whilst unannihilate I gaze on thrones,
And hold familiar converse with the Saints,
Catch the rapt measure from harmonious tongues,
And thus inspired, their anthem glad repeat;
Their anthem mine, Redemption won, the wrath
Of Heav'n appeased, sin blotted out, no more
Imputed to the erring sons of men.
Thence to th' infernal dens, though much I dread,
Conduct me, penal fires, created not
For man, but for th' arch-fiend, who sinning,
Fell from the blest abodes, and third part drew
Of heav'ns angelic hosts, sadly entail'd
In his dire fault and ruinous defeat,
The end and righteous punishment of sin.
May I, without reproof, his name with thine
Invoke, whose harp refresh'd the son of Cis,
And drove the demon from his guilty breast?
Benignly thee I call, Isai's fair son,
The anointed shepherd, whose glad voice made
Vocal Bethlehem's fruitful plains, and taught
Its choral rills to sing symphonious
With thy sacred lyre; or, should the memory
Please thee more, did'st go before, with song and dance,
With harp and lute, and trumpet's glad'ning sound,
The cov'nant ark, resting the while at Geth.

So go thou before me, who celebrate
In verse, Israel's true Ark, the Saviour,
God-man, Prince of peace. Shepherd of Israel,
Sing sweetly unto me ; attune mine ear,
As heretofore thy harp, give soul to sense,
And pleasing harmony to theme divine.
But thou, bless'd Spirit, for thou saw'st it all,
And every step partook'st of that grand scheme,
By which ungrateful man was saved from doom,
First tell, what human knowledge far transcends,
Without thee ne'er could know, what did in heav'n
Befall, by high decree ordain'd, before
The God-man came to earth, our ills to share.
Recount his lineage, whence his high descent,
What Sire begot, what Mother calls him Son ;
Then what vocation drew him from his throne,
T' attempt the rugged way, o'er which he trod,
From Bethl'hem's crib, to Calv'ry's fated hill.

Before th' Almighty's throne, the seraphim,
And all the heav'nly powers, assembling, held,
As wont, high festal day. Incense of praise
With sweetest perfume, redolent arose,
More grateful to th' Omniscient sense, than fat
Of bulls, or sheep on thousand altars slain ;
Nor wanted music's melody, nor song,
Such as harmonious spirits, jubilant,
Before the Majesty of Heav'n, entone.
Silence ensued throughout th' empyreal vault ;
When, smiling, the great Father to the Son
Thus spake : " Only begotten Son, this day
The long expected year begins. Immersed
In guilt, and alienate in wrath, frail man

But wanders farther from the right; his fault,
Not mine, who made him free, and strong to stand;
And gave him helps, when fallen, to retrace
His devious way, prophets and priests, altar
And sacred rites, to guide his erring thoughts,
And keep them fix'd firm to my just commands.
Of old it was ordain'd, if one were found
To stand man's stead, his sumless debt assume,
He should, thus ransom'd, reconciliation find.
Justice no longer waits inexpectate,
Holoocausts please no more, an infinite
Offense, an equal sacrifice demands,
Which paid, in justice I can justify
The fallen race, and bid the sinner live."

To whom the Son with mildness thus: "Father
Beloved, thy will be done; thy will is mine.
Ere morning stars together sang, or erst
The sons of God rejoiced, this thy decree
Went forth—that I should do thy will, O God.
A body, so 'tis writ, thou 'lt fit for me.
But, all have gone astray; none doeth good:
How shall the Godhead dwell with tainted flesh?
Infinite sanctity, how can commix,
Or stain its purity with body' of sin?
Sin it abhors, and ent'reth not th' unclean."

This, said he, knowing well the Father's mind.
From all eternity co-equal, he,
And co-existent with the Father, stood;
The Son all-knowing, as th' omniscient Sire.
He ask'd not for himself, but those elect,
Myriads of spirits bless'd—archangels,
Dominions, seraphs, potentates and powers,

Who, unimpeach'd, kept firm their first estate,
And now, expectant, waited near the throne,
To learn the high behests of God to man.

Beneficent, the Father thus replied :

“ Effulgence of my glory, increate,
Ever beloved Son, well pleased am I
In thee. Justice and truth adorn thy words;
Infinite sanctity cannot commix
With sinful flesh; and yet, since man hath sinn'd,
'Tis man must die, man born of Adam's race;
'Tis he alone can suffer for the fault;
So the decree went forth, so must abide.
But finite sacrifice, for infinite
Transgression, cannot compensate, nor mend
The broken law, my justice not appease.
This mystery is for thee, O Son, to solve,
And render manifest to all the sons
Of light, lest misjudging, inconsistency
They should seem to find, in whom consistence
Innate dwells. All power is given to thee;
To thee, by whom creation e'er subsists;
To make and unmake equally is thine.
As at thy word, from slime, man perfect came,
And Eve, his consort, frail embodiment
Of woe, sprang perfect from his fruitful side;
So pure from impure, clean from unclean seed,
Is thine to constitute, and second Eve
More worthy prove, true mother of mankind.
Son, man's redemption rests with thee; the work
Is all thine own, to plan, to execute,
And all the glory thine; the sacrifice
Sufficient, I accept; justice intact,

And peace, embrace through thee; mercy and truth
Ineffable, uniting, crown the whole."

Admiring, heaven's glad choirs heard; and hearing,
Celestial joy enkindled every heart,
Beam'd redolent in each cherubic face,
Inflamed their love, and fill'd with infinite
Delight. Prostrate on heav'n's crystal plains
They bow; bow, and adore the Omnipotent enthroned;
Their golden crowns they cast before his feet,
Thrice holy him proclaim, first, last, and chief,
The God Triune, who was, and is, and is
To come; worthy all glory, honor, power,
Majesty and dominion, to receive;
In whom all things subsist, on whom depend,
Eternal source of blessedness and joy.
Prostrate, him thus adored the heav'nly choirs,
Then ambient the throne, far as angelic
Vision beams, a thousand times ten thousand
Saints, thronging innumerable, arise.
Their harps immortal, joyously they strike,
Harps ever tuned to minstrelsy of sounds
Concordant, sweet, and thus they loudly hymn'd :

"Jehovah, Father, Sov'reign Lord, thee, we
Extol, supremely bless'd, thee praise and sing,
Just in thy ways, and merciful as just;
Justice and mercy, shining attributes,
Eternal as thyself, over thy works
Hover, and rest on all who fear thy name,
Who fear and love; fear to offend, and love
To obey and serve; obedience easy,
Service light, as they well know, who, springing
From thine all creative pow'r, live but in thee;

Live, move, as from the first thou bad'st them live
And move, when out of nothing, at thy word,
Perfect they rose t' enjoy the bliss of heav'n.
Sweet e'en thy justice, when evoked to bless,
But terrible, when fierce with vengeance arm'd;
That, they have proved, who ever firmly stood,
The rebel angels not less this, who felt
The direful force of thy all conqu'ring arm
Fall wrathfully upon their guilty heads.
Her deep foundations th' empyréan shook
Through all her wide circumference, when, rising,
Thou didst ride upon the Cherubim, and swift
On wings of mighty winds didst fly; darkness
Beneath thy feet, thick darkness cloth'd thee round,
Whilst thundering thy flaming chariot roll'd
Full on the prostrate foe, and lightnings fierce
Of burning wrath transfix'd them, as they fell
Headlong from the high battlements of heav'n,
Thus happ'ly purged from sin's first sad embroil.
But man, repentant, mercy finds and grace,
Who sinn'd not of himself, but thereto drawn
By fraud of the arch-fiend; mercy, if he
For mercy pleads, forsakes his devious ways,
Conforms to right his will perverse, and strives
Laborious by good works to demonstrate
His faith; nor by good works alone, but rules
The inward motions of the heart, controls
Its wayward thoughts, impure desires, and lives
Perfect the hidden life of thy new law.
These shall be saved, and rais'd to heav'nly joys."

Such was the theme of their glad song, the works
And ways of God, mercy and truth to man;

The meaning, not their blissful words, I tell,
For how shall finite infinite portray,
Or e'er their joys ineffable conceive?
The Father heard well pleas'd, pleas'd, heard the Son,
Pleased, the Paraclete, whose inspiration
Fills heav'nly souls with harmony divine,
At once the source and end of sacred muse.
Th' ethereal vault re-echoed their glad song,
Gladlier the heavens grew, ambrosial odors
Wide dispensing round, whilst flaming ardors,
Virtues, fill'd with bliss, shouted loud acclaim.
Not that so loud, nor so replete with joy,
Which hail'd the conqu'ring Godson, back return'd
From rout of rebel angels, dire o'erthrown ;
Nor that, greeting the great Creator's works,
When, on creation's morn, the vast abyss
Resplendent shone with hosts of new made worlds.
Short interval, with sacred mirth fill'd up,
And sweet accentual song, now ended,
Beaming with smiles the great Redeemer spake :

“ Blest sons, joy mutual inspires your breasts
And mine; mankind, mercy and grace, who seeks,
Shall find; despairing, he long waits the gift;
Best so, lest it too easily conferr'd,
Despising he reject. Some will reject,
And die, and thus salvation proffer'd them,
Them not avail. But now the day begins;
The new creation dawns; the promised Seed,
Ere long shall crush the wily serpent's head.
Intact the second Eve shall be, and free
From every stain of body, soul, and mind.
Beneath her sacred foot the serpent dies,

And sinful Eve a perfect counterpart,
Replete with grace, immaculate, shall find.
Abdiel, faithful alike 'midst faithful
Or perverse, new proof of faithfulness 'tis
Thine to give, none doubting, but task so high,
Behooves the care of whom his faithfulness
Hath nobly proved; trustworthiness appraise
Not mean. Thou know'st my servant Joachim,
The Nazarene, a perfect man, who walks,
He and his loyal spouse, in all the ways
Of God's commands, upright and pure. Him, sad,
In pray'r devoutly contrite, now behold.
Go thou, and with him talk, as friend with friend,
Familiar; tell him that his pray'r is heard,
That what he asks is granted; more than asks
Is granted, and long since decreed to worth
Approved in heav'n; dimly reveal the plan
Of grace celestial, now vouchsafed to man;
And further, what concerns him well to know,
Wisely disclose; the rest, discreet withhold.
Deem not this service light, nor unopposed;
Th' accursed spirit every toil will try,
Each avenue attempt, with hope to mar
The fairest issue of Almighty power;
Will try, but fail, addoom'd to greater wrath.
With this thy mission ends, at eve return;
To Gabriel leave the rest, with legions arm'd,
Who now encamps around the chosen seed,
Appointed guardian of this new made germ."

Thus ended, all the heav'nly choirs dispersed;
Each to his sev'ral post instant repair'd,
Sweetly submissive, yet desirous each

T' have been the chosen messenger of grace;
Sole emulation of angelic minds,
T' excel in offices of love, and strive,
Who, ready, most shall serve, who best obey,
With pinions aerose eager to fly,
And execute the high behests of heav'n.
Nor waited Abdiel; but, swift as thought,
On azure wings uplifted, tinted o'er
With amethystine hues, dedalian shades
Burnish'd with gold, he urged his liquid way.
Cherubic hosts thronging the battlements
And crystal towers of heav'n, admiring, gaze
As he onward sped. Another sun, he
Seem'd, suspended in cerulean depths, or,
Aery-light swift shot athwart the sky;
Long way I ween, through upper, nether, cross
Mid-air; farther than e'er astronomer,
On some proud eminence, hath scann'd, aided
By optic tube, ether's expansive depths;
Adown the milky way, not dallying,
He sped, at Capricorn th' ecliptic cut,
Nor ceased, until on Thabor's fertile top,
Succinct he stood. No errant course, nor doubt,
Distracts his flight, divergent: way well known,
And travell'd oft by couriers of heav'n.
'Twas this the patriarch saw, when in the field
Of Luz, the radiant path wide open stood,
Throng'd to and fro with heav'nly habitants;
Through this th' archangel Raphael after pass'd,
To bless the house of Tobit, sore oppress'd,
And guide his son to Gabelus, dwelling
At Rages, in mount of Ecbatana,

Where he wooed the seven-times wedded maid.
A path full oft retraced by spirits just ;
Abel the first, and Henoch subsequent,
Both happ'ly o'er it pass'd and walk'd with God.
Elias too, prophet of God, caught up
In chariot of fire, swept this starry road.
But later more illustrious it shone,
When on Thabor's heights, the great Redeemer
Stood transfigured, his raiment white as snow,
His face more glorious than the beamy sun,
Oped heaven's golden gates, and there unveil'd
The hidden glories of the blest abodes.
Upon that sacred mount Abdiel now stands,
A moment stands, to change his outward form
Ere he descends the vale, too radiant
Else, for mortal eye to scan undazzled.
A tunic deck'd his graceful limbs, his waist,
An azure cincture spann'd, a fillet bound
His hair, sandals his feet adorn'd, beauty
Immortal beamed in his face, and so,
Of manly port, mature of thought, pass'd on.

The fervid sun had measured half the day,
And in its zenith o'er Esdrela stood,
A fertile valley half, half wilderness,
In Issachar, brow'd by Mount Carmel's range
And Thabor, thence outspread to Baisan, which,
Scythopolis is call'd; a place, desert
And wild, where she of Endor had her seat
Caliginous, and spirits vile consort;
Here cank'ring care and melancholy reign,
Here, on Gelboe, Israel's king, possess'd,
Fell on his sword, self-slain and reprobate;

Through it the torrent Cisson dedalous,
Rolls its foul waters to the neighb'ring sea—
A various plain, fertile and arid, dank
And dry, with beetling crags darkly o'erhung.
Within this dreary waste Joachim pass'd
His mournful days, bemoaning his sad lot,
His fruitless loins; with winds mingling his sighs,
And with the torrent floods of tears. "Ah me!"
He cried; "why was I e'er conceived and born?"
The scorn of men, deprived the smiles of Heav'n;
Outcast from Israel, and from the hope
Of Israel's Consolation, soon to be.
What hath befall'n thy promise, Lord, that none
Among thy chosen seed, childlessness shall know?
Shall Nazareth as Jericho become,
And no Eliseus arise with power
To heal the fount of barrenness and death?
Forbid it Thou, who barren mak'st rejoice,
With many children joyfully dispensed.
Or, 'gainst me only is thy wrath outpour'd?
Me and thy handmaid, who, nor day nor night,
Cease to extol thy name, and frequent heap
Thine altars with the choicest of the flock?"

So breath'd he loud his plaint, so urged his pray'r,
With sighs and tears, low bending o'er the brook,
Nor heard the sound of footsteps drawing near.

"Why weep'st thou, Joachim?" the angel ask'd;
"Why art thou sad? All nature teems with joy;
The valleys smile, with vernal honors deck'd,
The fruitful hills rejoice, peace fills the earth,
And universal expectation hails
Messias' reign. Nor hear'st thou not the voice,

O'er Israel's plains resound—Prepare the way;
Let deserts as the rose and highways bloom,
Let mountains sing, and forests join their voice,
To hail Messias, Israel's Saviour, near?
It ill beseems that grief should rack the breast,
Tears dim the eye, of Israel's chosen seed,
Who chiefest should rejoice, for whom he comes,
And to whom chief the promises were giv'n."

Thus he smiling, as angels oft are wont
To smile at pious griefs, knowing the while,
Who most are loved, are most severely tried,
Then with fruition crown'd of heav'nly joys.
To whom, dolorous, Joachim replied :

"Who art thou, fair young man, that smil'st at grief,
Unfelt perhaps, and therefore hardly known?
Thy words bespeak thee not a stranger here,
Nor alien to the Hope of Israel's house."

"No stranger truly," Abdiel return'd,
"Though I, this day, long way have come, perchance
To comfort thee, unless thy heart forestall
My kind intent, and stubbornly refuse,
What I would fain bestow. But rise, and leave
This wild, which brooks nor comfort nor repose.
Know'st thou not, nor car'st, thy faithful spouse seeks
Thee sorrowing, and mourns thy long delay?"

Thus he, with sweetest accent, soon disposed
His list'ning ear, persuasive touch'd his heart,
And gently led the way, whilst Joachim,
Unconsciously impell'd, his griefs disclosed.

"Truth manifests thy kindly words, young man.
Ill it beseems the chosen seed to mourn,
On th' eve of Israel's great Deliv'rer's birth.

And yet, perchance, it is not known to thee,
What causes Israel's joy, to me is grief.
Two score and ten measure the narrow span
Of years to my brief life and full of woe.
No scion of our race smiles on my house;
None calls me sire. Anne, my tender spouse,
Has ceased to be as other women are;
And now no hope remains, but, barren as
We both have lived, so, barren, we shall die.
My substance yearly I divide; one part
Devote t' our frugal wants, one to the poor,
The third to God. This Issachar despised,
And stern reproved—Why dost thou, childless one,
Heav'n accurs'd, presume to blend thine off'rings
With the just? Know'st thou not 'tis writ—Cursed
Is every one that beareth not? Depart,
Thou sinful man. Thus openly reproach'd,
The scorn of all our tribe, esteem'd more vile
Than the unclean, a leper, whose foul spots,
Not Jordan's floods can heal, I fled the haunts
Of men, and sought with savage beasts to die.
From David's royal race Messias comes;
Of David's line by Nathan, I was born,
But born with fruitless loins, unworthy deem'd,
Israel's hope and long sought joy to share."

Complacently the angel lent his ear,
Though conusant of all he heard relate;
Then, after decent pause, thus courteously,
With this epitropy began: "Thy aim
Is just, Joachim, and approved; who would
Not emulate relation with the Lord?
The highest archangels near the throne, might well,

Were 't so design'd, with sweet contention join,
Who worthiest should prove of such renown.
And yet, mysterious union ! create,
With Increate conjoin'd ! Who can conceive,
Or without fear, altivolant aspire
To incarnate a God ? To seraphs 'tis
Denied ; on man conferr'd ; therefore I blame
Thee not high aspiration, and approve.
But wilt thou then set to th' Almighty bounds ?
To Him say—Thus shalt do, and so far go ?
If barrenness he hath to thee adjudged,
Know that 'tis best ; perchance to punish thy
Inordinate desire ; or, it may be,
To try thy faith, thy fealty, thy love.
Be humbly wise, submit to Heav'n's decrees ;
Seek but his will, confiding leave the rest.
If grief for this, were just in thee, why not
In all of David's line, innumeros,
And render that impossible, which God
Designs for one ! All cannot equal share,
And thy demur no favor finds with Heav'n."

To whom, Joachim : " Wise beyond thy years,
Thy words conviction lead. None shall be just
'Fore God ; abased in dust, man can but cry
Unclean. Unclean am I, of righteousness
Devoid ; unworthy least of Heaven's smiles ;
Far more to share in Israel's rising hope.
Though who desires not ? 'Tis not this alone
I mourn. Childless, my votive off'rings all
Are scorn'd ; reproachfully abash'd, I look
Not on the face of man ; my virtuous spouse,
Fairest and best of Heaven's gifts, they fain

Would have me put away ; death premature,
Death easier far, death far less hard to bear."

So he, with gush of grief and tears renew'd ;
And thus the angel tenderly replied :

"The ways of God are not as ways of men.
They choose the proud, the great ; but He, the poor ;
The lowly, contrite heals, the broken binds,
The needy lifts, and throned princes midst
His people makes ; and, as the mighty man,
Whose quiver gleams, replete with barbed darts,
He bids the barren to rejoice, and laughs
To scorn the vain devices of th' unjust.
What they with all their pow'rs cannot effect,
Is possible, and easy wrought with Him.
Thou oft hast heard of Sarai, barren, who,
Advanc'd in years, incredulous of heart,
Believed not the angel's words, and yet
Conceiv'd, and in old age brought forth a son,
Th' elected father of a numerous race.
Nor only she—Rachel, the first beloved
Of Israel, patient endured reproach,
And late begat a son, favor'd of Heav'n,
Saviour of peoples, type of Him to come ;
So Manue's spouse, after long delay,
The valiant Sampson bore ; and Samuel, was
He not the child of long time fruitless pray'rs ?
Neither should'st thou, Joachim, less despair,
But bide the will of God ; wish as He wills,
So best for thee ; rejoice at others' good ;
Content, seek not too earnestly thine own ;
Take thankfully what Heav'n bestows, the rest,
Submissive, leave to His supernal power."

So on they walk'd, in sweet communion join'd ;
His sorrows this, the consolation that,
Advanced. Meanwhile, Joachim felt his heart
With heat unwonted burn ; celestial fire
The angel kindled there, fann'd the soft flame,
And bid the embers glow. "What sort of man
Is this," he inwardly inquired, "who, fraught
With honied words, my drooping spirits cheers ?
Or man ? or angel ? likeliest seems the last,
And some have angels harbor'd unawares.
His manly port, his stately mien, and garb,
Of Israel him bespeak ; much me' I fear,
And dread, yet feel my heart with love inflamed,
Such comfort he inspires." The Angel knew
His thoughts, but silent hasten'd on, nor turn'd
To right or left, attent his mission high
Swift to fulfill. The desert soon o'erpass'd,
A fertile path his feet directs, with flow'rs
Thick strown ; carnation, daisy, lily, rose,
With od'rous shrub, fragrant beneath his step,
(And by his gentle crushing sweeter grown,)
Their dews distil ; more fragrant than the dews
Which soft on Hermon's fruitful hill descend,
Sweeter than Sharon's plain, or Araby,
Or perfumed zephyrs of the spicy isles.

The sun hesperian now declined the day ;
When, issuing from the glen, his humble cot,
Joyful the saint espied. Anne, just then
Return'd from fruitless search, tearful, within
The door rested awhile, rack'd with suspense.
Beside her, consciousness, the archangel
Gabriel stood, whilst armed legions camp'd

Around the chosen seed, prime guardians
Of that precious germ, new made earth, from which
The new created Eve perfect should rise,
Long dormant kept, waiting the time decreed.
So camp the angels of the Lord around
The dwellings of the just, preserve from harm,
Their sorrows soothe, treasure their tears, their pray'rs,
As incense, to the mercy seat convey.
So Ab'ram, Lot, and valiant Gedeon, proved ;
Them, all the patriarchs knew, and often
In sweet converse held ; so, at Eliseus' pray'r,
In Dothan, all the mountain gleam'd, frequent
And full, with myriads of angelic bands.
And so the patriarchs of the newer law,
Peter and Paul, and John, these messengers,
Oft entertain'd ; but chief the Son of God,
After the flight of Satan, gracious deign'd
Their heav'nly ministrations to receive.
Now Joachim, more cheerfully disposed,
With quicken'd step hasten'd to greet his spouse,
And in her ear relate the joyful hopes,
Which new inspire his breast, to life restored.
Meanwhile apart, unseen by mortal sense,
Obeisance reverent, as is their wont,
Complaisantly th' archangels interchanged,
When, Abdiel made as he would farther go.
To whom, quick turning, Joachim thus said :
 "Leave us not so, young man, tarry awhile ;
Long journey now o'ergone, sore needs repose ;
Stay and partake with us such fare as we
May have, if thy acceptance worthy deem."
 Seeming, the angel acquiesced ; he turn'd,

And enter'd their abode. More he delay'd
Not; but, gently join'd their hands. "Joachim,"
He said, "thy prayer is heard, a daughter thou
Shalt have, who, full of grace, shall firmly stand,
Where Eve, the first of women fail'd. Mary,
Her name shall be, exalted; for her name
Shall glorious be in heav'n and all the earth,
Chief, 'midst ten thousands, loveliest of the fair."

Anne, incredulous, revolved his words;
But Joachim replied: "Or mockest thou
Thy servant, or some mystery lies hid
Beneath thy words. Deign graciously t' explain;
Else verify thy speech. Give me a sign."

"More words here need not;" Abdiel return'd;
Enough for thee to know, if thou art wise.
The sign thou askest I may give; behold."

He spake, and instant vanish'd from their sight.
Celestial odors wide diffused the place,
Ambrosial fragrance, sweetest of perfumes,
The hyacinthine atmosphere of heav'n;
Through which the seraph on ethereal wing,
Swift took his heav'nward way. With sacred awe
Inspired, they own the angel of the Lord;
Prostrate towards him bow, and humbly' adore
The unseen Power, who him had gracious sent;
Adore, and all his heav'nly words believe.

Hail! thou auspicious night, on which is hung
Th' eternal destiny of erring man;
May I record thy august rites unblamed?
Sacred the theme I sing; the marriage bed,
Pure, undefiled. Away, away, ye prudes;
Away impure, and ye profane; no place

Is here for you, where only seraphs tread,
Where saints alone repair. His loyal spouse,
Th' illustrious parent of th' unsullied Queen,
Up to his royal couch, Joachim leads ;
As when, in Eden's bloom, Adam first led
The virgin Eve within their nuptial bower,
Fresh from the hands of God, sinless and pure.
No carnal thought, no lustful dalliance,
Were there to stain the purity, intact,
Of whom essential Purity ordain'd
To be co-operators in his work.
Th' archangel closer drew his armed guards,
Cohorts of cherubim, innumerable,
Whose two-edged swords in fiery circles blazed,
Whilst all around, horrent with spears thick strown,
The heav'nly embassy appear'd, intent
To ward, or harm or thought of harm, from off
The chosen pair ; or sly approach forefend
Of spirits malign, roaming th' earth around,
Eager for prey. Th' Almighty's arm above,
Beneath, encircled them ; for Deity
A moment left His throne on high, to breathe
A spotless soul within the spotless form
Of this the new created Eve, exempt
From stain, from sin original secured,
Through His redeeming blood, shed from before
The deep foundations of the world were laid,
And to her free applied ; more rich in grace
Than he, who, Israel's woes lamenting, sang ;
Or he, who, the prophetic choirs among
Stands chief, forerunner of the Lord. Fulgent
In graces both, but less than she, who sin

Ne'er knew ; more perfect than the first made Eve,
Brighter than seraphim, or aught that stands
Before the heav'nly throne, as well becomes
Who the Redeemer worthy was to bear.
So was she made inviolate, for now
Nature no longer stays, no more forestalls
The child of grace, expected long, at length
Produced. Transcendent, happy pair ! more bless'd
Than our first sire. O seed immaculate !
O sacred womb ! with sacred increment
Enlarged, how higher than the heav'ns your name
Is raised ; how wider than the earth is spread
Your fame. Nor tongue can tell, nor ready pen
Portray, the measure of your great renown.

Th' arch-enemy of man and prince of air,
High on his hyperborean throne sat ;
By sufferance, superior erect,
Where sulph'rous fires dread thunderbolts concoct,
Which, cloth'd with vapors from th' ocean suck'd,
O'er land and sea fly, sweeping down amain,
And hurl their wrathful terrors where they list.
Thus high he built, ethereal, from what time
This nether sphere 'neath his dominion fell ;
A gorgeous throne, in hues chatoyant dipp'd,
Of gold, green, blue, purple and red ; adorn'd
With glitt'ring columns, pyramids and spires,
'Midst circling domes of baleful fires imbow'd ;
The scene of fierce contentions, horrid sounds,
Armies on armies rushing oft, so they
Of Lapland tell, with fiery chariots arm'd,
Tormenting all the air ; whilst men amazed,
Fall prostrate on the ground and deprecate

The god. Him, Odin, Scandinavia calls,
And worships on his flecker'd seat, destined
Ere long to be o'erthrown, no more to cheat
Mankind with semblance of a regal pow'r.
Satan his true name, and the same that fell
Like light'ning from the heav'ns, to deepest hell
Consign'd. From thence escaped, awhile unleash'd,
He now, with leer malignant, scans the earth,
Intent on prey; anon, fierce issuing forth
To slay, and gorge the maw insatiate,
Of his incestuous daughter Sin, and Death,
The grimy horror, by them both begot.
Thus watching, he beholds disturbed the air;
Gleams of celestial light, as meteors, shot
The heav'ns and earth between, whilst to and fro,
Angelic messengers still hasty pass'd.
Meanwhile the undulating air convey'd
T' his sense the sound of sweetest minstrelsy:
Sweet to bless'd ears, but hateful to th' accurs'd;
Hateful to him, and roused his dormant ire.

"Comrades," he said, "something, which our estate
Behooves us well to know, transpires. Perhaps
Some inroad on our empire here, hard reach'd,
Though after, easy got, with simple trick
Play'd on the woman Eve: got easy, though
With many' a hard fought field and hideous wound
Retain'd. Be't so; our Punisher his worst
Hath tried; at least, what more he can, he may;
For, though his thunderbolts o'erwhelmed us
In the skies, ousting us of birthright there,
With this his power ends; as for the rest,
Do what he lists, he's worsted. Made he not

This world, to re-supply the vacant seats
Our legions held above? How much of it
Owns his allegiance? 'Tis worth your laughter—
A little strip bord'ring the middle sea!
And his possessions there, one while, reduced
To fifties in a cave; all else below
Orbicular, is mine. Nay, once to sev'n
Reduced; save whom, enraged, owning defeat,
He swept from off the earth the entire race,
To death consign'd; and thus secured to us
Our spoils, and filled, not his empty seats
In heav'n, but ours in hell, whilst we at ease,
Expatriate these verdant fields and plains,
Fit habitation for the gods, and well
Exchanged for sulph'rous fires; where too I reign
Earth's emperor supreme; nay, more, earth's god,
Worshipp'd with sacred rites, with sacrifice,
Altars, and hecatombs, temples and priests.
What can he more receive? What more can have?
This my revenge, to render vain his plans,
To rival his renown, undo his works,
And fierce defiance hurl unto his face.
But now it seems, some new emprise assails;
For never, since the cherubim expell'd
The first of human kind from Eden, have
Such frequent bands from upper, visited
This nether world. Some new device, I doubt,
Which calls for new display, in me, of skill
To try what I single, may dare 'gainst him
Triple. Whate'er it be, this shall he learn,
That hell full as exhaustless is, in guile
To meet, as Heav'n in pow'r t' assault or hold.

What it may be, the task is mine t' explore,
And be assured, a full account I'll give."

This premised, up the gashful horror sprang,
Like a tall pyramid of fire, belch'd from
The entrails of Hawaiian hills, far round
Illumining with lurid glare, the earth,
Sea, air and sky; then, as a comet, shot
The arctic zone, the temp'rate next, and from
The zenith dropp'd, in Esdrela imbosk'd,
So falls th' aërolite, a blazing brand
Above, below unseen, scarce ever found.
The monster knew his way; celestial light
Mantled the place. Another Eden 't seem'd,
Fill'd with delights. Th' archangel Gabriel
He saw, with all his flaming hosts, encamp'd
Around in panoply of war; and saw—
O, hateful sight!—the new created Eve,
That primal Frond from whence was fresh derived
The Rod divine, destined to crush his head.

"This, then, is that upstart," he mused, "promised
So long, now come to conquer me. How, is
Not said; like to the rest, I trow, tickled
With straws, or with some bauble bought. Vain ev'r,
Oft most, when best. And thinks my enemy
Thus to repair his loss? With feeble flesh,
Anew to tempt my sport, not prowess, who
Stood in bold array, unconquer'd, before
The mightiest he could send? He but derides
The work of his own hands, and moves our mirth;
Albeit our spite not less revengeful burns.
But I at once essay this new device,
And doubt not, as of all the rest, to taint."

So mused th' arch-fiend, and straightway cast about,
With what disguise to cloak his bad intent;
Nor long stood at default, perite in wiles.
The sun still linger'd in the ev'ning sky,,
And with refulgent light bathed Naz'reth's cot.
Into his cadent beams, a mimic ray,
Fraudful the devil leap'd, expert, and sheer
Elanced within the consecrated fold.
Tartarean fumes evolved, the fiend betray'd,
Nor respite gave him to perfect his fraud.
That moment sank the sun beneath the hills,
And the deceit, a fragmentary ray,
Dissever'd stood; which, touch'd by Gabriel's sword,
Pure alkahest, was straight t' his hideous shape
Restored. Ten thousand flaming darts, instant
Transfix'd him where he stood. With rage and pain,
Precipitate he fled, nor ceased, until
Within the Libyan desert he lay hid.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
REDEMPTION.

ARGUMENT.

Mary, the second Eve, is born; the Devil, viewing her matchless perfections, meditates a repetition of his former attempt; but, dreading to re-encounter the angelic guards, he descends to hell, and calls a council of the demons. They debate what course is best to be pursued. Opposing counsels divide them, and excite a furious contest. They are appeased by Satan, who exhorts them to direct their wrath against God, and his creature, Man. It is finally agreed to re-invade the earth in force, endeavor to seduce the second Eve to sin, and thereby defeat, perhaps, through her unworthiness, the birth of her divine Son. Balaam, a lost soul, warns them of defeat.

REDEMPTION.

BOOK II.

O sacred Heart of Jesus, kindle mine
With flames of love; touch these cold lips with fire,
As once thou touch'd'st Isaias', twofold blest,
That I may worthy sing of her, whose womb
The matrix was, in which thy heart was made.
In vain I strive to soar such heav'nly heights,
The mystery of incarnate Wisdom
To portray, unless, benignant, thou wilt
Deign to purify, enlighten, quick'n, bless,
And elevate to compass of a strain,
That else transcends the utmost scope of man.
Borne on the pinions of the heav'nly Dove,
Beyond Aonian hills, Parnassus' height,
Or 'bove where Hebron led th' inspired muse
To sing the glories of his mystic Spouse,
I cleave th' ethereal sky, o'erpass the stars,
Excel their distances and speed, transcend
The dominations, principedoms, dignities
And powers; surpass the full-eyed cherubim,
And through the ranks of seraphs take my way;
Nor, if created aught there be above,
Cease I my daring flight, until I fix

My ardent vision on the throne of God,
And there my hymn of praise indite, from whence
Begins the dignity sublime, the name
And title, Mother of God. There only
May I pause, there only essay to sing.

In Tisri, when the holocaustal rites,
As incense to the throne on high, arose,
Mary, the virgin Mother of the Lord,
Perfect in beauty, rich in heav'nly grace,
Was born. How all thy beauty wanes, fair Eve,
Before this peerless one, the spotless dove,
Th' unsullied mirror of th' Almighty's form.
And who, that hath creative power to make
Or mold, would constitute his mother less?
If none be found, e'en of the fallen race,
How much less He, whose power omnipotent,
Performs and orders as he lists; who made
The angels perfect at a word, and man
Immaculate from clay; who sanctifies
His prophets in the womb, and each befits
For his predestined task; how much less He,
Whose infinite purity, commixtion
With th' unclean, forbids, whose sanctity shrinks
From the taint of sin, and with the sinful
Doth disdain to dwell, the chosen vessel,
Whence was derived his flesh, would not refuse
Perfection's utmost meed. So second Eve
Was made, whose substance gave him human form,
Whose womb begot, whose blood flows in his veins,
Whose paps gave suck; who, th' almighty Architect,
Cradled upon her knee, clasp'd to her breast
Enrapt, and fondly nurtured in her arms.

Hail ! long'd for joy; hail ! sweetly breathing name,
Divinely gracious and refulgent Queen,
Pellucid fountain of life-giving milk,
Mother, and framer of a newer birth;
Hail ! masterpiece divine, the last and best
Effusion of his all-creating skill;
Thee human intellection cannot reach,
Nor thee sufficiently exalt. On earth,
No mortal can with thee compare; in heav'n,
Than angel and archangel more sublime;
Brighter than seraphim, more glorious far
Than the cherubic hosts, who stand the throne
Before; above them all, Mother of God,
Art thou extoll'd. In thee the mystic types
Of the old law, their full completion find—
That paradise, which the new Adam held,
The ark in whom the world's Salvation lay.
Who contains all, was all contain'd by thee,
Storehouse and inexhaustible abyss
Of heav'nly gifts, effulgent, morning star,
Fair queen of infinite delights, and rose
Deprived of every thorn, th' unspotted Spouse,
Replete with grace, leaning on her Beloved;
Sole daughter, not of death, but heav'nly life,
Than virgin Eve more innocent, always
Uncorrupt; who never to the serpent
Lent an ear, nor yet, with breath of sin
Thy purity enstain'd; exempt from spot.
Earth virginal, unblemish'd, undefil'd,
Sweet paradise of innocence, planted
At God's right hand, water'd with crystal streams
From Virtue's fount, and fenced from snares malign;

The tree of life with fairest fruit endow'd,
Of knowledge good, without the evil cursed.
What flowers of praise a garland shall enwreath
For thee, Mary, branch sprung from Isai's stem,
Thyself the princess of a royal line,
And worthy Mother of the King of kings?
In thee, Eden restored, fresh blooms again,
With sparkling beauties crown'd. The lily's bell,
Meekly thy innocence displays, or shrinks
The vale within, where sweet simplicity
Most loves to dwell; for thee, the virgin rose
Holds its perennial feast of joyous love;
Where e'er thy footsteps tend, on fragrant wing
The odor of thy virtues up to heaven
It gently wafts, a richer perfume than
Its golden chives e'er breath'd; camellia chaste,
Thy chastity portrays, whilst clematis,
With graceful fillets midst ambrosia twined,
Celestial wisdom's nect'rous dew distils;
The crown imperial, showy bulb, enwreath'd
With fadeless amaranth, with gems and gold
Emboss'd, weaves thy imperial diadem,
A crown illustrious and as heav'n etern,
That royal birth and queenly state becomes.
Each floral beauty decks thy gorgeous train,
Semblant of thee; aurate or argent,
Azure, white, carnation, fragrant or fair,
Orange and hyacinth perfumed, pansy,
With damask, white and red, enamel'd o'er;
All odors sweet, thy sanctity embalm.

Into this Paradise the tempter now
An entrance sought; but much th' archangel's brond,

Flaming, two-edged, he fear'd, still writhing, sore
From late defeat, nor durst th' ethereal temp'r
Of his legions, unaided try again.

Back to the Stygian pool, inflamed with rage,
He quickly hies, summons th' infernal peers,
And brief, without prologue, thus sharp begins:

“Awake, ye powers! arise, and arm for fight!
Our mundane empire shakes, whilst Heav'n outpours
His legionary slaves to re-assume
The throne, which through fierce conflicts we have won,
By immemorial right, prescriptive held.
That other Eve, it seems, has come, destined,
For so long since 'twas said, to crush our head,
And all mankind to Heaven's fealty
Restore. Fresh sport, I trow, and Heav'n's chagrin.
But speak as best ye may, and me advise
With what dire arms ferine, or deep deceit,
This sinister portent may be repell'd,
Or turn'd to our own use, secure in pow'r.”

Hell, in amaze had heard the sudden call,
And trembling at the wrathful countenance
Of their dread king, in numbers came, frequent
And full. Each to his sev'ral seat repair'd,
Anxious to learn what mighty chevisance
Now call'd their prowess forth; but when they heard
Their vaunted chief a fugitive confess'd
From a weak woman, hard was the task
Their laughter to refrain; fear scarce restrain'd them,
For soon a universal grin, ghastly,
Each visage overspread; whilst inwardly
Convulsed, derision ill suppress'd, their sides
They shook. Boiling with rage the Devil sat,

But politic, a moment, curbed his ire.
At length, demurely, Achzib rose, than whom,
Satan except, no spirit more fraudulent
Fell from heaven; slow to wage open war,
But swift t' allure with sly, ignoble lies,
And fond deceits; his every act a sham.
He, of all hell, was by th' arch Falser most
Abhorr'd, although most like himself. This, none,
Better than Achzib, knew, who measured out
An equal score of hate, and with deceit
His oblique speech, vindictive, thus opposed:

“Princes and potentates of earth and hell,
And I would add, our rebel province heav'n,
But that our empire there nigh hopeless seems,
Will not experience, which teaches all,
Teach you? What but defeat have ye e'er gain'd
By open war with our superior foes?
Was heav'n retain'd by war? By war was earth,
Or by deceit, secured t' our allegiance?
And by deceit is it not now compell'd?
I had supposed our policy was fix'd;
But now 't appears we're summoned to arise
And arm. What arms? Feminine arts 't would seem,
Since our great chief essays a fem'ine war.
Nothing new, I trow, in th' annals of hell;
But now of sad presage, if his swift flight,
And groans, and scars renew'd, may aught portend.
To summon our high powers to wield the sword
And brandish hispid spears, in such a cause,
Is sadly to mistake our foes, whom erst,
We've mostly met, and conquer'd them, with toys;
Eve with an apple, and her daughters, not

More wise, with ornaments, with chains of gold,
Rings, jewels, necklaces, and tinsel tricks,
Lascivious dress, ruffs, frills, laces and lawns,
With stomachers, hoops, veils, and gaudy gear.
Who arms with these, though black his heart be, as
Is aught in hell, a certain conquest gains ;
With else who arms, though as archangel pure,
Naught but confusion and abrupt defeat.
Therefore whate'er, O peers, y' advise, of this
Be sure, nor sword nor spear, will I assume.
Not that I hate heav'n less, nor less desire
Revenge—hate and revenge, prime attributes
Of the infernal powers, and most of mine ;
But that I would advise what hurts heav'n most,
And least to hurt accrues in us, 'embased.
What boots it, that like this, our fastuous chief,
We rush fanfareous into heat of war
'Gainst our unequal foes, if but to fly,
Depulsed with hideous rout, wrathful pursued
To these opprobrious dens, to meditate
Anew, in chains, and groans, and penal fires,
Our gashful wounds, and his o'erpow'ring ire ?
War is high treason to our state ; war, I
Dissuade : the more, since other enginery
Is more prolific in success. Ye have
What I exhort ; if any wiser deem,
Let him now speak ; none may his speech estop."

He sat, and murmurs of applause, far round,
From myriads of spirits damn'd, who felt
Their fall, their hopeless loss, and knew how vain
It was with heaven to contend, arose.
As groans the earth, when subterranean fires

Upheave its tenuous crust, from soft congeal'd,
Or, as th' ethereal sky, glummy with clouds,
With fierce combustion rack'd, and nit'rous fumes,
Vibrates and roars, so shook the base of hell,
With their applause, on one side; while th' other,
With seething hisses boil'd, and public scorn.
Amidst the din tumultuous, up sprang
The monster Milcom, estuate, so named
In Indus and the East, where first his sway
Began, to Persia thence; but later known
As Moloch, supreme the Ammonites among;
Sons of Lot, who pitch'd their tents from Arnon
To Jeboc, and there his image worshipp'd,
Cruent from human sacrifices gorged,
Commingling shouts discordant, fitting well
Their dev'lish rites, best when discordant most.
Rabbath his chief seat, whose tribes, the demon,
Long adored with num'rous names and frequent rites—
Baal, Adramelech and Chemos, names,
But varied to deceive, demonic all.
'Twas he, for whom the wiseman, fool, the son
Of Israel's minstrel king, forsook the truth,
Built him a temple near the house of God,
Furnish'd a grove on sacred Olivet,
And heath'nish lusts in face of heav'n pursued;
Whose impious lead Manasses took, and caused
His son to pass through fire in Tophet,
Ennom's vale, where long after, when the cup
Of wrath was full, his wicked sons were slain,
Or captive led by Amalec, conjoin'd
With Ammon, Eglon, Moab's basest king.
A head and shoulders rising 'bove his peers,

And black as night, the giant monster stood.
Than him no pow'r superior hell could boast,
Save who contrived their primitive revolt,
None dreaded more, and into silence waned
The din composed, frowning, his goary locks
He shakes, and with stentorian voice displodes :

“ Fallen indeed ye are, and reprobate,
Who can without revolt to such advice
Give ear, or seek ignoble peace. Have we
Not sworn eternal war 'gainst heaven's King?
And pledg'd with wrathful fires perpetual
To re-invade his works, them to destroy,
Or t' our use convert? And shall we now preach
Peace? Peace! hisses that sound upon mine ear.
Is peace an attribute of hell? I laugh
At peace, and gorgon horrors hail; hail blood,
And discord hail. Confusion, turmoil, war,
Hate, malice, rage, revenge, rapine and spoils,
These be my peace; these the conditions sole
Of my existence. Ye gods! it irks me
To stand here and prate, or idly sit, whilst
Our useless arms hang weary at our sides,
And nothing worthy of our cause subvenes.
Secure in your possessions on the earth,
Here have ye sat, the gates of Clusius shut,
The dogs of war within their kennels leash'd,
And all the world at peace; while Heav'n looks down,
Our pow'rs inactive sees, and some new scheme,
(What, is not yet explain'd,) devises there
To our hurt. Or man, or child, or woman,
Me concerns not. If man, the more my rage
And fondness for revenge incite; if child,

Or woman, then still more their shrieks and cries
My ear delight, harmonious to the sense.
Let those who wiles boast, wiles pursue : but give
Me open war. I chafe and burn to lead
My legions forth, and slow restraint brook not. -
Defeat is fear'd ? Who argues fear, impugns
His nature, and his origin defames.
What is defeat ? Short respite for repose
To arm anew, and with fresh force assail
Our foes ; respite, to concentrate our wrath.
Wounds ? Ye powers ! can heavenly born fear wounds ?
Or yet not know, ethereal substance thus
Disclosed, innoxious heals, and leaves no sting
Behind ? Or if the sting of death enure,
Will it be more obnoxious to our sense
Than now ? Hell flames have all their fury tried,
And yet we live ; live, and in strength renew'd,
Fill heav'n and earth perpetual with alarms.
No ; let us rather with hell's furies arm,
Anew assault the earth, and thence perchance,
Heav'n's barriers left exposed, sudden arise,
Val'rous regain our pristine seats, o'erthrow
Heav'n's Lord, and him with all his hosts consign
To these dark dens of infamy and shame.
Or failing this, at least excite his ire,
Turn his fierce wrath on whom we have seduced,
(Since us he cannot more afflict,) and thus
Indite another flood, perhaps a flood
Of fire, sweep from the earth his petted race,
The promise interdict, and man exclude
From heav'n ; thus twofold end secure, divert
His aim, and quick replenish hell, but slow

Empeopled by plodding death, or altars
Drench'd in human gore. Less than such emprise,
O peers, I spurn: for this, fearless I arm,
And wage eternal warfare for the right."

The monster ended with a wrathful scowl,
And hell, oppress'd, breath'd freer at the close,
Relieved, and deeper drew the air. So, they,
Who sudd'nly submerged, after long absence,
To the surface brought, stifled and panting,
Deep inspiration draw; or so, who through
Some smoldry ruin make their way, begrim'd
With soot and smoke, when to fresh air restored,
Gasp for their breath, and heave with lab'ring sighs.
For, though they sought revenge, most dreaded war
Far more than hell, or hottest of hell's fires.

Not daunted, next the serpent Python rose;
Fabled a serpent, sprung from out the mud
And stagnant pools of the Deucalion flood;
Or, as others say, produced by Juno,
To persecute Latona, and after,
By Apollo slain; tale more fitly told
In th' Egyptian myth of Ob and Horus;
But fables all. He fell from heav'n long time
Before, with all the rebel rout, and lost
His pristine form angelic, when Satan,
From the ruin'd world return'd, his sad tale
Told of Eve deceived, and first fell serpent
Prone, as first t' applaud, and first to startle
At his accent, changed from heav'nly cadence
T' a serpent's hiss, as long time since was sung;
Voice changed, and form, but subtil wisdom left,
And afterwards display'd, at Delphi's fane,

To neighb'ring nations, easily misled,
Which oft with mournful cries the serpent sought.
Th' infernal pow'rs attentive to his lore,
The reptile thus, with dev'lish art began :

“ Celestial spirits, (if mere mockery
It be not, these snaky forms t' enoble
With such sounding names, irrevocably
Fallen,) or peace, or war, concerns not me,
Provided counsel, wisdom, find their place
Concentual. Who war essays without,
And without stratagem, or wiles, or snares,
But dupes himself, and hastens his defeat.
Since man was conquer'd by our tricks, with what
Incredible, unceasing toil, have not
Our powers assail'd his sense, still to deceive
And hold him in subjection? Soon, debased,
We led him all the hosts of heav'n t' adore;
Next, gently' induced, man apothéosized
Received deific rites; easy the rest;
Gods there must be; but what gods? This to teach,
Heav'n fail'd not. But, passion led, in our toils
Ensnared, cadent they fell our easy prey.
Altars on all sides round smoked to our names;
At first with simple fruitage heap'd, at last,
With brute and human sacrifices gorged.
No marvel Heav'n enraged, swept from the earth
Th' abortive race; less than this, what could He?
But, earth renew'd, with bow of promise deck'd,
New triumphs re-imposed, with promise broke.
Man less to heav'n, and more to us inclined.
Now temples rose, and consecrated groves,
With varied images adorn'd, to suit

The varying sense of fickle man ; pure,
For the lustrate ; for the impure, obscene ;
Hideous, to terrify the weak ; ornate,
The fanciful to please ; hermetic last
For wise, who chief are trick'd with subtil lore.
Thus Belus, who the Babylonians duped,
Assyria, and all the spacious east,
Rose first, whose temple Babel was ; Baal
His name the Canaanites among ; the next,
Astarte, his obscene consort, fit pair
The sons of Noe to seduce, and shape
To our intent ; Phœnice chiefest seat
Of her adoring rites, adulterous.
And who of hell has never heard the fame
Of Dagon ? fishy monster half, half man ;
The more of monster he, the more adored,
Which stands the certain seal of our success,
And well might raise the wonder both of heav'n
And hell. But here in our affairs occurs
Some change, secret till now, and unexposed.
The world lay prostrate at our feet, when Heav'n
To secure the slight allegiance he held,
Living reponses gave, and oracles
Endow'd—Urim and Thummim, chief the means
Thus used. So we, as who me knows, knows well
How this was met, and knows with what success.
First, Libyan and Dodonian Hammon rose,
Famous in Egypt, chief in Thebes renown'd,
Whose temples, monuments, and hundred gates,
Magnificent, conspired to swell the fame
Of his high state. Memphian Serapis next,
Scarcely less eminent, appear'd ; three fanes

Confirm his rites, all rich endow'd, and great ;
Great to bind human souls fast hold on hell.
More to recount, here needs not. Delphi's fame
Ye know, and him who built his gorgeous shrine,
Trophonius, he of Bæotia proud ;
Cumæan Sybils too, 'midst sickly caves,
Who much our mirth excite, and awe of men ;
Still more Diana, great at Ephesus,
Whom Taurici, with human victims oft
Appease. Apollo the best cheat of all ;
Who not alone whom we possess'd ensnared,
But, toying with whose plaintive tale, bashless,
Juda's daughters the law of truth forsook,
Urim and Thummim scorn'd, oracular,
And oft with luctual sighs the demon sought,
Though at the peril of Levitic curse ;
Such pow'r superior did our cause engage.
To these, the Chaseedin and Asaphim,
Magicians, sorcerers, and wizards, add,
And all the rabble, which in compact firm
We hold to work our will on man, and hence
Inquire, if other fields here need essay.
With these, and such like instruments, has hell
Been fill'd. List to the groans which issue from
Yon gulf of boiling wrath ; look to that sea
Of liquid fire, where restless souls enlave
Their burning forms ; and hear the shrieks of woe,
Which e'er resound from adamantine rocks,
From glowing hills, and incandescent plains
Of unconsuming fire. Ye have then what
I most advise—lead all hell's legions forth ;
Some, if it please, an open war to wage,

Some to deceive by stratagems and lies,
But all with malice arm'd, and swift revenge.
Who may not be content with this, incense
My scorn. Let such some better counsel show."

The serpent writhing to his calid seat,
The signal was for universal din.
Hell into wildest discord broke, and raged
With impotent malignity and hate.
Some, war would have; other some, peace; this, wounds
Fear'd; that, increase of pain, and dread to be
In greater torture mulct; these thought their case
Quite past retrieve: annihilation, those
Deem'd refuge sole from woe impending; would
They ne'er had been, or now might cease to be,
And mainly sought how most t' exasperate
Almighty Power, that he the long wish'd bolt
Might send, which them forever should consign
To that oblivious void from whence they came.
Each 'gainst the other hurl'd his venom'd wrath,
And each, recriminative, th' other charged
The cause of that default which wrought their woe.
As some proud senators, (if things, though small,
Familiar, may serve the supernatural
To illustrate,) in angry contests stalk
Through legislative halls, brandish their knives,
And wield revolving arms, with vain intent
To settle knotty points, when words no more
Avail. Harsh sounds their discord, clamors
On clamors rise, sharp shrieks their voice, their eyeballs
Glaring roll; stormy their brow, their visage
Foul distort; from two, now four take sides, then
All conglobed, and swell the intestine broil:

Rock'd to her center, heaves the lofty dome,
Disturbs the people, fills with dread alarms,
And, to her utmost confines, shakes the state.
So, fierce th' infernal pow'rs their cause maintain'd,
Contention by contention more inflamed,
Till each 'gainst th' other wielded hellish arms,
And feats achieved, whereof hell's annals ring.
Abaddon, king of lowest hell, and chief
Of the Apocalyptic locusts, led
The dire turmoil, determined, if he could,
Earth to destroy, and in the deadly feud
Involve all entity entire; fit name,
Destroyer, destruction ever his sole aim;
Apollyon with the Greeks, Exterminans
At Rome; varied, but still the same, contrast
Of sound, consent of sense. Milcom was not
Behind in wrath; but, fiercer from repulse,
The more urged on the growing contest, wild
Inflamed. With him, Titanus join'd, and all
His giant crew, Mimas, Enceladus,
Briareus, Porphyryon, and Cott;
And many more, pretended to derive
From Japhet, in Gomer's line; far other,
Devils all, whose ruinous wars confounded
Ev'n hell, where now from penal fires aroused,
They meditate new issue with the just.
Next Lucifer, who, drunk with former pow'r,
As high in state uplifted, so low fall'n,
Still hoped his pristine glory to regain,
Added his fury to the glowing fire.
To these give Nesroch, who at Ninive' sat,
And Azazel, next infamous of note,

Chief standard bearer mid Satanic hosts,
With Mulciber, chief engineer; Orthus
And Ephialtus, Alöidcs, who,
With the Titans huge, against high heav'n warr'd ;
To these Osiris join, whose goblin troops
Ransack'd the world for spoils—satyrs and elves,
Wing'd serpents, dragons, phantasms, hideous shapes,
That range sequester'd vales, and most the streams
Of Ister haunt. All these and many more,
One-third of hell's dread chiefs, with their cohorts
Innumeros, clamor'd for war, alert
To scale the vault of heav'n, to inundate
The earth, and follow where their princes lead.

On th' other side with various motives bent,
Th' incensed rabble strove. Beëlzebub,
The first against them stood ; the same, whose fane
And oracle at Accaron, seduced
Ochozias, there to inquire of him,
As if no God in favor'd Israel reign'd.
Belial, the furious tempest next embroil'd ;
The vilest rebel he, which fell from heav'n,
Rebellious e'en among the fallen crew,
Amongst the devils devilish the most.
He 'twas the Gabaanites misled to crimes
Abhorr'd, made them the Levite's wife abuse,
And Phinees and Ophni, Heli's sons, .
Debauch'd. Dagon, chief of Philistia's gods,
In many' a contest brunted, newer wars
Much fear'd to undertake, and, prompted thus,
Oppugnant stood for peace. At Azotus
Twice he fell prostrate fore the ark of God ;
The second time both head and hands lopp'd off,

While they of Geth and Azotus, their god
Abash'd, disown'd, and sent the ark away;
Still a third time, before the valiant son
Of Manue, the monster fell, and 'neath
His temple crush'd, received a deadly blow.
Then in the fierce meleé Remmon advanced,
Who fix'd his chief seat at Demesk; a seat
Richly adorn'd with gold and precious stones,
'Midst variegated fields and scented air;
First of terrestrial paradises deem'd,
Yet soon by his polluting orgies stain'd,
And than the Syrian leper made more foul,
Whom Pharphar, nor Abana, flowing streams,
Could heal. These, and unnumber'd chiefs, lesser
Of note, the tumult urged on; Chiron,
A monster vast, of twofold form; Achar,
Asmodeus, Chiun, Javan and Aon,
Who former high in rank celestial stood,
Now grown abased, and deem'd enough their pangs,
Sad plight, and unrevocable despair.
Hotly the warfare raged; each th' other urged
T' increase the growing strife, the tumult swell,
Till all the Stygian powers, th' encounter join'd,
And blaring Discord, vi'lent, reign'd supreme.
As Auster when with Boreas he contends,
Or Africus against Aquilo flies.
And Caurus with Auronotus conflicts,
Lash'd into foam, the surging ocean roars,
Wave urges wave and frets the angry shore;
The sea the land involves, the forests groan,
Uprooted oaks against each other toss;
Then quakes the ground, the mountains heave, till earth,

In the dread strife involved, to ruin falls.
So rack'd was hell; when, rising, the archfiend,
His countenance inflamed with hate and rage,
Thus check'd the growing storm, and their despite,
Malicious, turn'd against the common foe:

“Insensate furies! hath not hell enough
Sharp throes, that ye should thus incendiuous
Add to our hurt? whom now, if ev'r, concord
Should firmly bind, in unison to meet
Him whom we equally abhor; whose pow'r,
'Tis both our interest and aim t' o'erthrow?
Or, deem ye so replete and strong our force,
That ye can well afford its strength to waste
In broils intestinal? It was not thus
Ye overcame and conquer'd earth; still less
Our empire there, by this, can long retain.
Cease then your strife, or soon expect to feel
A weight of wrath descending on your heads,
Such as the heav'ns themselves have ne'er outpour'd.”

Instant their clamor ceased; for more they fear'd
The Dragon's voice, than aught save th' omniscient,
All-consuming, ire; when thus the goblin
Such prologue began: “Ethereal born,
Though now hell-doom'd, unless perchance ye fly
Your pains, and seek more blest abodes, secure
From ills perpetual; though much I doubt,
From what has pass'd this night in hell. Or else
My senses me deceive, or here ye'd stay,
Courting uneasy ease, when one more throw,
Eternally may our great empire fix,
Firm bound to our allegiance. When man first,
(Wisely, I deem,) broke faith with heav'n, the fruit

Forbidden ate, and thus became as gods,
Knowing both good and ev'l, a fame went forth
That from his loins should spring of woman's seed,
One, who should crush our head. That promised Seed
Hath come. This second Eve is born, mature,
From whom more perfect Adam shall arise,
Destined to conquer hell, and all hell's powers,
Chain'd to his triumphal car, lead captive.
Nor hath she come alone; all heav'n hath pour'd
Its legions forth, to follow in her train;
And even now they celebrate with song,
This trophy of supernal grace, whilst ye
Sit here dehiscent, recreant to your oath,
And fail t' assert your cause. Easy the task,
If ye at once begin; laborious,
Perhaps impossible, if through delay,
This new, upstart race, by multiplying,
Fresh forces add to our eternal foes.
Eve facile fell, and Adam, and in them
The human race; so Noe and his son,
The father of the second world. Why not
This second Eve? and with her this new Man,
Promised from her to rise? In past success
The fittest moment learn when to assail,
And our high dition with one blow secure.
Should we succeed, and none I trow be here,
Who doubts, then all is o'er; the human race
Is ours, and heav'n itself must soon succumb.
Nor have ye need thus fatuously to strive,
What part in this great war, each shall enact.
I, with hell's cohorts, all who war acclaim,
Will this new Eden re-assail, with hope,

By force or guile, to circumvent its guards;
And, though its Empress be as seraph pure,
Pollute, and lay her abject at our feet.
And Him, who from her seed ordain'd shall rise,
By like device, prostrate as low; perchance,
Through her unworthiness, defeat his birth,
And with one stroke abort Heav'n's best laid plans.
The rest, assign'd has each his sev'ral part;
Some, with surreption to possess mankind;
Others to agitate, obsess, besiege,
And hellward all their thoughts obdure incline.
These, omens, augurs, presages, mislead;
Those, wonders, signs, false counsels, next divert.
Arm all the pageantry of hell; let witch,
Let wizard, cheat with portents, charms and craft,
While necromancy opes, or seeming opes,
The roll of doubtful fates, though each prove false.
Familiars give to some, to some weird arts,
But chief with gaffy oracles delude;
In these concentre all your vafrous skill,
Nor let one voice be dumb; not Tenedos,
Not Delphi, nor Patara, fanes renown'd.
Far as the Pythian name and voice extend,
Or where the Sibyls hurl their vagrant verse,
Infuse each note, inspire every theme.
Prophet, or Pythoness, or priest, or seer,
Alike delude, that each may turn oblique
From truthful vision, and but error see;
Deem error truth, and truth e'er brand as false.
Think nothing small, that to this point may tend,
And that, though small, which most effects, deem great.
To counsel here give ear—The fame that tells

Of a Deliv'rer's birth, to our part turn ;
Let gen'ral expectation hail his rise.
Whatever name ye find it best to use,
Or Pollio's, or great Augustus' son,
Son of Octavia, still make him seem
The Saviour ; call him every flatt'ring name ;
Make him a god, so ye but them deceive.
Affix the reign of peace, such as it is,
To his high birth ; thus shall ye blind the world,
Till we in other fields our part enact,
And conquer Him who comes, or God, or man.
No moment lose ; up, arm, advance ; diverse
Though be your ways, by diff'rent counsels led,
Let concord bind you in your firm intent
To mar all good, evil perpetuate,
And every heaven into hell convert."

Th' infernal powers heard with plaudits loud ;
Loud as the sound of roaring seas, or voice
Of troubled waters, which, contending, meet
In some dark gurge, and thund'ring force their way.
Each, though contentious, easy found his part,
And learn'd how discord might harmonious work,
In devious ways to reach the same bad end.
So, in the world's convention, lately held
In modern Babel, seated on the Thames,
Men of opposing aims, of diff'rent creeds,
With fierce contention urged their sev'ral plans ;
Then, after long debate, with angry spume
Inspersed, agreed to disagree, so each
But still with pigmy efforts strive to wreck
The Ark of God, upon their wordy sea.
Such moment opportune the Devil chose

The grand Tartarean council to dissolve.
Straight from his lofty seat, as Etna huge,
And fiercer than her fires when most inflamed,
Descends the Dragon, and, through countless fiends,
Press'd on his way. Furrow'd to right and left,
They sway, as waves when some huge admiral
Deep ploughs the main, then, foll'wing in his wake,
Aquoseous return; each knows his place,
And each, spontaneous arm'd, battalion'd, march,
A serried host, wide-spread, in long array,
Banner'd and panoplied, with bick'ring flames.

Just outside Pandemonium, and hard by
Lethéan gulph, a calcined plain extends,
Full many' a league. Thither th' infernal pow'rs
With speed repair, and, (so quick spirits move,)
Instant complete their terrible array.
Three lines, broad as the lum'nous zones of earth,
And thrice their length, extend their thronged files,
Strong marshall'd in their sev'ral kinds, perite
Deploy'd, each one to his opprobrious task.
The first Hastati call, who wield the arms
Of hell, its fiery darts, and hispid spears,
Or mainly urge the nations to contend;
Nor seem at ease, but when contention most
Abounds, and most their victims groan, embroil'd.
Of these th' arch Dragon led the van; his right,
Abaddon took, the left wing, Milcom, chiefs,
Who delight in blood; than whom superior
Stand in arms, none, save infamous, their head.
Tabbied with livid flames, a horrid front
They bear, with griffin wings and gorgon locks
Endow'd, and mails of emerald emboss'd,

Impervious to assault from less than gods.
Subord'nate to their rule, and strict conduct,
Legions of spirits move ; all under lead
Of lesser chiefs, whose names, not loss'd to earth,
Sing heav'nly Muse ; tell how Enceladus,
Chief of the giant crew, conspired against
Jehovah, led to war his fierce cohorts,
With Mimas, and Briaræus, so call'd
In hell, Ægeon by the sons of men ;
Next him, Porphyryon, a host himself ;
Ægeus then, sea monster, some pretend,
And Mulciber, imp of the fiery forge,
Janus two-faced, Mavors, and Orcus huge ;
By scelerous rabble closed, black Hecate,
Daughter of eldest night, with ready' escort,
Alecto and Megaera, furies dire,
Tisiphone their chief, whose office 'tis
To set mankind at variance, fan the flames
Of war, and cruel contests e'er incite.
Not less potential ranged the second line,
By some deem'd Principes, mature in crime,
Skill'd in deceit, well fitted to delude,
And principals in every darksome deed.
These own'd the conduct of Beëlzebub,
The next in power to Satan, and with whom,
He held divided empire o'er the damn'd.
Python his right, Belus his left hand took,
While Dagon, Javan, Chiron and Aon,
With many' a leader oft in annals sung ;
Authors of every superstitious rite,
Builders of temples, furnishers of groves,
Each to his sep'rate sub-command repair'd.

These, dubious inspirations ever give
 To lying oracles, and Sibyls' verse ;
 T' all, who invoke their deadly names, or breathe
 The sulph'rous vapors issuing from the pit,
 Where Pythiæ sit convulsed and foul distort,
 Till hisses, howls, groans, cries, torment the air,
 And with affright disperse the gaping crowds.
 The last Velites name, agile, light arm'd,
 Nigh half of hell include whose vagrant bands.
 O'er these, the king of terrors reigns supreme,
 To whom was given pow'r on earth to kill
 With famine, pestilence, and beasts of prey.
 Nor had they place assign'd, array compact,
 But o'er the fourfold parts of earth wide roam'd,
 A host of goblins, chimeras, gorgons,
 Phantoms of nameless forms, gnomes, ghouls obscene,
 Hydras and dragons, spouting smoke and flames,
 Wing'd, claw'd, and mail'd, to fly, or run, or walk,
 Or stand impervious to assaults of foes,
 Subtil to tempt, or to possess mankind ;
 Slot-hounds of hell of every hideous shape,
 Snuffing their prey from far, eager to tear,
 And their insatiate maws with blood engorge.
 Thick swarm the fiery horrors ; not so thick
 Arabia's sands, when blows the hot simoom,
 And wilder'd caravans, entire ingulf ;
 Nor reedy grass, o'er ocean prairie spread.
 On all sides round, th' interminable fields,
 Like em'rald waves perpetual moving, toss,
 Now bending, rising, rolling to the blast,
 Now serrous rustling to th' inconstant breeze ;
 Here lordly bisons swim, and whinny'ing herds,

Raise their broad backs, or skim with arrowy speed.
Perchance a spark, struck from projecting flint,
Or brand, left burning where some wayfarers
Prepared their frugal meal, finds ready culm ;
The spark to flames grows, flames, with lambent tongues,
And savage appetite, lap up their prey ;
Wide o'er the wasteful, vegetable sea,
Roll their huge volumes, dense with smoke and heat,
Whilst thund'ring roars, vibrating, shake the ground,
And bello'wing herds rush madly 'fore the storm.
When satiate, pass'd, the blacken'd stubble stands,
Thick sown, o'er all the grimy vast condensed,
Shrivel'd and curl'd, with sparkling fires interspersed.
Not less, but greater, greater and more dense,
Th' imbanded demons stand, then onward press,
With bestial roars, and slimy, slav'ring trail ;
Not wanting doleful music, notes, harsh beat
To measured tread—for sounding brass, deep groans
Of dark despair ; in place of dulcet sounds
From lutes and soft recorders, wails of woe,
And moans of damned souls, that ruin'd lay
In those infernal dens, the hapless fruits
Pluck'd by successful cheats, play'd on weak man.
There lay the primal fratricide, with brand
Of heav'n deep graven on his front ; nor far,
That godless crew, who turn'd deaf ear to voice
Of righteous Noe, and without penance
Sank beneath the flood ; there they of Sodom
And Gomorrha, reaping their just reward,
Onan, and all the like, who stain their souls
With nameless crimes ; Pharaö and his hosts,
That Israel pursued, o'erwhelmed now

In fiery seas ; all, who averted turn
From God, and to idolatries devote
Their powers ; sinners of every dye, pamper'd
With lusts ; the fearful, faithless, covetous,
Effeminate ; adult'ers, railers, proud,
Drunkards, and thieves, and fornicators ; all,
Who fail'd their grov'ling passions to subdue,
Now undeceived, bemoan their loss, and greet
The ears of their irrisive foes, with notes
Of sorrow, grief, despair, and luctual pangs.
Unspeakable their anguish, groans and cries,
That, sounding through the vaults of hell, intone
Discordant music to th' infernal hosts.

Hard by the way they took, and deep embay'd
Within a sea of liquid fire, uprose
A promontory, glowing with asphalt,
Visci'd bitume. Upon its tow'ring summit,
Shrouded in pitchy fumes, retired apart,
The son of Beor stood, as once he stood
On Phasga, when the king of Moab fain
Would have him curse the chosen seed, whom God
Had bless'd. Thrice he essay'd to speak, and thrice
He bless'd ; no more nor less than as the Lord
Had said ; but after, sought the Nachasim,
And through divining, taught the Moabites
How Israel to seduce. Him Israel slew,
And thence his soul to hell consign'd, where, e'en
Though false at heart, imbued with sacred truth,
He still vaticinates against his own.
The raging fiends he saw dilate the road,
Replete with mischief, on fleet pinions bent,
Nine days and nights tumultuous as they pass'd,

Thick swarm'd the way, and darken'd all the air.
He saw, and knew their lungeous intent;
Knew, and with voice elate, nine days and nights,
Presaged thus their quick and sure defeat:

“The hearer of the word of God, who knows
The doctrine of the Highest, and, though fall'n,
The visions of th' Almighty sees, hath said;
Balaam the son of Beor, he hath said;
Ye powers of hell, give ear. Is God a man,
That he should lie? or such that he should change?
The heav'ns shall pass away, the sun with age
Grow dim, but naught of him shall fail. His word
Is pass'd; your doom, immutable, is fix'd;
From out of Jacob shall a Star arise,
A sceptre shall from out of Israel spring.
Him from the rocks and hill tops ye shall see,
But none the number of his stock may tell.
His seed shall be like Jacob's, as the stars,
Innum'rous as the sands upon the shore.
How beautiful thy tabernacles are,
O promised Seed! How dazzling white thy tents!
Like wooded vales, like water'd gardens near
The river's brink, or cedars by their side;
Or, as the green bay tree, the Lord doth plant,
Doth plant and build, build, and redeem his race,
Which now forever shall abide; nor more
The gates of hell shall over them prevail.
Wide as the world extends his sway, etern
His kingdom, and his pow'r supremely great.
I hear the sound of this victorious King;
The thunder of his chariots resounds;
I see the light'ning of his eye. Behold!

He comes ! the conqu'ring King of glory comes !
His standard glimmers in the sky, the hosts
Of heav'n commingle in his train, and earth
Prepares his way. The hills and vales rejoice,
Floods clap their hands, and nature loud acclaims.
Like the young lion shall he seize his prey,
Or as the torrent sweep them from his sight ;
The mightiest of your chiefs, he dumb shall strike,
And scatter all your bands, or melt away
As glitt'ring dew before the morning sun.
Your empire now, O Satan, is destroy'd,
For out of Jacob cometh who shall rule ;
The Rod of Isai, who his foes destroys.
Back to your dens, ye demons ; nor, envious,
More delude the sons of men, if 't may be,
Th' impending ruin hov'ring o'er your heads,
Ye still may shun, or 'scape increase of wrath.
Mine eye shall see him, but, alas ! from far ;
Mine eye behold him, but to meet his scorn.
Oh ! that my soul had lived the just man's life,
That my last ending might have been as his,
Nor I tormented in these seething flames."

Incens'd, the devils heard his plaintive voice,
And threaten'd vengeance on the daring seer ;
But, bent on higher quarry, heeding not
The sure presage, swift, earthward wing'd their way.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
REDEMPTION.

ARGUMENT.

The Almighty, from his heavenly throne, views the motions of the Satanic hosts, and vindicates his providence towards them, and towards the human race. Gabriel is withdrawn from his post of guardian, whilst Satan is permitted to essay with temptations the integrity of the second Eve. He approaches her under various forms and circumstances, but is discovered, repulsed, and finally crushed beneath her sacred foot. Having triumphantly sustained every trial, Mary is proclaimed worthy to be the Mother of Jesus Christ, the second Adam. Gabriel, by divine command, again returns to his charge, and announces to her that she is ordained, through the operation of the Holy Ghost, to beget the Redeemer. The Incarnation.

REDEMPTION.

BOOK III.

Th' omniscient Father, bending from his throne,
Beheld alantem all the powers of hell,
Their number scann'd, their rage, and base intent;
Then, turning tow'rds the Son, who sat enthroned
At his right hand, beaming with grace, he spake:

“Beloved Son, see how these hounds of hell,
Astrict with angor, yet untaught, but seek
Anew to heap fresh wrath upon their heads;
And seeming know not, that because I choose
To leave man free, to will, or not to will,
My service to embrace, and their own doom
Suspend, my stern arret still o'er them hangs.
Free, I have left them, to do well or ill;
Free, th' others left to tempt, and yet, full pow'r
Have given man their tempting to withstand,
That their deserts might on themselves depend,
Though not as of themselves, but as by grace.
Had I free will denied them, and the pow'r,
To choose my service, or reject, no value
Their allegiance would have, depending sole
Upon necessity; and thus the law
Of justice clean expunge; since, if they must

Me choose, and must reject, neither reward
Could I allot to these, who do my will,
Nor punishment to those, who me despise.
Free then, they are, and shall be, till the term
Of man's probation end, when all their deeds,
Their words, thoughts, and desires, good or diverse,
In book of everlasting truth engraved,
Shall be array'd before them, and none plead
Necessity, but choice; and thus from out
Their own mouths justified be, or condemn'd,
And thence unalterably fix'd their state.
So the first pair were made, so all the race;
So second Eve, who now the wrath of hell
Excites. Free is she, like the rest, to stand
Or fall; if free, then able; justice this,
As much as free will, doth enjoin; for why
Condemn, if without pow'r to stand? Or how
Commend the good that needs must be? On her
Then, full endow'd with every grace, depends
The safety of mankind. Should she succumb,
No more my justice waits; man's doom is fix'd;
His free probation o'er, the world is lost.
But should she stand, and worthy prove to yield
That stainless seed, which I accept, indued
By thee, as perfect sacrifice for sin,
'Tis well; my justice is appeased, and man
Redeem'd. Meanwhile th' angelic guards recall;
Bid Gabriel return, and let her stand
Alone, her worthiness to prove, that none
The Father charge too partial to the race."

He ended, when the Son thus mild replied :

"Father, 'tis well: just are thy words; she, whom

Thou hast permitted me to make, to veil
My deity, the Godhead to incarn,
Should prove her worthiness to be Mother
Of God; since Mother, such degree implies,
Such excellence divine, superior state,
And nearness to thy heav'nly throne, as needs
Must raise who bears so great renown,
To close relationship with Thee supreme—
Daughter of God the Father, Mother of God
The Son, and Spouse of God the Holy Ghost;
Crown of the human race, and Queen exalt
O'er archangelic and seraphic thrones.
Gladly do I thy high behest obey,
With joy to prove this crowning work is good,
Is very good, and faithful will withstand
Th' assaults of dev'lish foes. Her have I made
Immaculate, furnish'd with every grace,
Inflamed with love divine; sufficient, firm
T' abide; and free, to prove that her abiding
Is from choice, not from restraint imposed
By an inexorable, stern decree.
As were the heav'ns made pure, thee to contain,
So made I her replete t' embody me;
And as no more th' ethereal pow'rs can fail
In fealty to thee, so will th' event
Still prove, my earthly tabernacle true
To me, exempt from every stain, of thought,
Of body, soul, and will; to me, on whom
Redemption, first, chief, last, and sole depends.”
So spake the Son of God, and instant call'd
Th' angelic guardians of his sacred shrine,
Back to the temple of the upper sky.

The empyréan thrill'd, to silence waned,
And stood attent, to see redemption's plan
Evolved; for angels not the future know,
Except as He reveals t' whom every age,
Past, present; and to come, are equal known.
Soft they refrain'd their harps, hush'd was their voice
Of song, celestial mirth awhile stood still,
And deep suspense held mute the heav'nly choirs,
Whilst love ineffable, suffused their eyes,
And crystal drops, from love's pure fount, fell fast
And free; such drops as but the angels weep,
When most they love, and plead for erring man;
Free showers of grace, which oft the Father move,
And swift incline the scales to mercy's side;
For well they knew, a world's salvation hung,
Upon the issue of the coming strife.

Meanwhile, the grand Anarch, with fraudulent force,
Beset the earth; up from the nadir sprung,
Aliferous, with all his dev'lish crew;
And, like some comet, from whose horrid hair,
War, famine, pestilence and death, descend,
So he, pestiferous, not less in length,
Nor with less speed impell'd, affright and woe
Shook from his deadly train. A lurid brume
Oppress'd th' adusted air, aboding ill
And deep malignance of th' approaching foe.
Some quite mistook the portent, and supposed,
The metamorphosed soul of Cæsar had
Return'd, with fire and vengeance to requite
His murder on the brutal throng of Rome;
A part believed it messenger of heav'n,
Dispatch'd to desolate the earth, and quite

Delé from out the vast empire of world's.
But many knew his sign, and straight betook
Them to appeasing rites, the influence
Malignant to forefend; nor long were left
In doubt: for, now the foe sejoin, and part,
Wide o'er the world dispers'd, swarm through the air,
Impregn the earth thick as autumnal leaves,
And likest seem'd, if any eye beheld,
To bands of locusts, which the burning wind,
Invoked by Moses, over all the coasts
Of Egypt, innumerable brought up,
Keen to devour and desolate the land.
A part, diverse, the oracles invade,
And ululate their dark prophetic lies,
Or fill the caves and groves, where witches haunt,
And wizards, their incantations t' inspire.
Some hold communion direct with men,
Besiege, obsess, possess, imbue their minds
With every vain device, and strong delude
Not to perceive, or seeing, not confess
Them to be demons 'scaped from depths of hell.
So overspread the rapping devils now
Th' apostate world; since, as mankind recede
From God, and sacred truths deride, the more
Their pow'r resumes its sway, and hell's empire,
Though held astrict, yet unsubdned, revives.
The rest, a force immane, nigh half of hell,
Battailous, in many a circuit wide
Hov'ring awhile, as birds of prey, before
They swoop upon some unprotected flock,
Drop sudden from the air, and globus swarm
Within Esdrela's vale, olog every tree,

In the dense bosage hide, o'erspread the plain,
And cover all the ground. So, thickly swarm
Some vagrant hives of bees, which, when escaped,
Upon the neighb'ring boughs, each th' other hugs,
Till clusters thick hang pendent to the ground;
Or so, dull ev'ning's mists o'er wood and vale,
Wide spread their baleful influence round each cot,
And grimy death in num'rous shapes conceal.

Umbrageous night with dusky shades had spread
Her curtain o'er half this terraqueous globe,
When Satan stealthy drew his hosts, falcate,
Around the Eden of our only hope,
With eager caution, whom it held to slay,
Or to his purposes malign, seduce.
As skilful fowler spreads his snares, then wide
About the bushes beats, with stealthy step,
To drive th' unconscious herd within his toils,
So Satan now with skill deploy'd; then sped
Alone, to reconnoiter all the bounds,
To see what foe he might expect to meet,
And with what numbers he might have to cope;
Or if, perchance, by accident o'erlook'd,
Some point accessible might be assail'd,
And at one stroke an easy conquest gain'd.
But much he marvell'd, every avenue
To find exposed. Of the celestial bands,
Not one remain'd; and whereon Gabriel stood,
With all his glitt'ring train, (wide space and free,)
A wilderness of roses, fragrant shrubs,
With nect'rous fruits and scent distilling plants,
Fresh bloem'd, soft breathing their ambrosial sweets
Through the still air; essence, concinuous once

To Satan's sense, acutely train'd for such
Delicious fare; but odious now, averse,
As to all other good; so, sick'ning, prone
The Dragon fell, and on his belly crept
With many a foul contortion, serpentine,
Erecting with disgust, such surfeit caused,
To his perverted taste, th' angelic food.
Escaped at last, he to the casement drew,
Where second Eve reposed, unconsciously
Secure, though absent all her watchful guards,
And present he, who her destruction sought.
Such vision there the Devil soon beheld,
As ne'er till now had met his envious gaze.
Like grace and beauty naught created bore,
In all the wide domain of nature's worlds.
Matchless in excellence, unsullied, pure,
The Mother of the Maker calm reposed,
Whilst rays of light, direct from throne of God,
In radiant streams effulgent round her glow'd.
Simplicity and guileless innocence
Beam'd in her face, her royal brow bedight,
And held the Tempter distant, fill'd with awe.
By strange propulsion driven, yet withheld,
He paused, advanced, stood still, awhile withdrew,
As admiration, fear, or hate intense,
Controll'd his wav'ring thoughts, thus various urged:

“O excellence divine! O hateful sight!
Sight, that at once inflames me with desire,
And yet still more with all-consuming hate.
This Eve, as far transcends the former Eve,
As suns transcend in glory smallest stars,
Or as th' archangel's human kind excel.

Now I perceive both how and with what skill,
Our Punisher may fill our place in heav'n.
Here lies the Mother of a future race,
And should her sons as far outshine the sons
Of Adam's loins, as she all creatures now
Excels, then farewell victory; farewell
Long hoped revenge; Heav'n conquers, hell succumbs;
Forever hopeless to retrieve our state,
Forever doom'd to converse with despair.
But all is not yet lost; the world is ours,
At least the greater part, and Heav'n itself
Affirms me prince of air. Wherefore? if I,
With Heaven coping for earth's mastery,
Or rather, Him with malice to despise,
Have not Heav'n overcome? What tho' 't be through
Trick, deceit and lies, and sly inventions,
Fitted to deceive? I conquer; and more
Me follow than to him subscribe. Then hail
Inventions, tricks, deceit and lies, since war,
It seems, he shuns; else why retreat, when I,
With open front, advance to where he stood
Just now, with armed guards, and leave the field,
And this fair bei'ng, exposed to my assaults?"

So mused he, hesitant, with thoughts confused;
For ravishment, and wonder, awe and fear,
Held him irresolute, abash'd; but more
By hate impell'd, than held by these, at last,
Intent to hover o'er her, and mislead
Her sleeping fancy to forbidden thoughts,
To thoughts altivolant, ambition, pride,
(As, with successful aim, he poison'd Eve,)
Up as an exhalation he arose;

Like that which nightly o'er some marshy ground,
The dubious wayfarer, uncertain mocks,
Moves here and there, as suits the veering breeze,
Seems partly chance, and part instinct with life,
Thus wafted on the air, and aery-light,
The Devil leaps the unprotected fold
Within ; but, back as suddenly recoils,
As if repell'd by some superior pow'r.
So an elastic ball, forceful impinged
On some resisting plane, instant rebounds,
And flies with equal force adverse repell'd.
Thrice he essays to reach her ear, and thrice
Repulsed, falls back astonish'd. Innocence,
Stronger than wall of adamant, imbow'd
Her sacred form, defended her chaste ear,
And kept the wily Tempter far at bay ;
Who feels how impotent his pow'r, how vain
His toils and rage, 'gainst her superior mold.
Persistent, he renews his vain assaults,
And still rebuked, gains naught but fresh chagrin.
So flits the moth around the tap'ring flame ;
Heedless, it plunges in the dazzling ray,
Till, sing'd and maim'd, with wings and legs scorch'd off,
In agony it falls, and hapless lies.

The ruby beams of blushing morn dispersed
The shades of night. With them, dispirited,
Subdued, Satan to Esdrela withdrew,
To ruminate on his adventure strange,
And re-concoct how he might new assail,
Or with what weapons temper hoped success.
His fellows saw, though seeming inattent,
Their chief return abash'd, crestfallen, low,

And silently awaited his commands.
But he, mistrusting their renew'd disport,
Slunk off, retired apart, and wand'ring up
And down through solitary places, damp
And dry, sought rest for his perturbed soul.
With the first blush of early dawn, awoke
Th' unsullied handmaid of the Lord, rosy
From healthful sleep, with innocence embalm'd,
Which softly fell, like dew on Hermon's hill,
And seal'd her senses with its gentle sway,
Unconscious of the fiend, and undisturbed,
Who sought his venom stealthy to instil;
Whilst all night long, the whisp'ring breeze, soft sounds
Of sweetest minstrelsy, brought to her ear;
Or, teeming fancy roam'd, on easy wing,
From earth to heav'n, where, in extatic bliss,
She seem'd t' anticipate the joys, reserved
Forever for the bless'd, and chief for her,
Supreme the bless'd among; nor woke, until
The nightingale, which, through the silent hours
Perpetual warbled in her ear, had ceased
With early dawn its constant lay. Then, blithe
And free, she rose, her heart still lingering
Within the skies, and thus her Maker hymn'd:

“Father of Israel, and God supreme
O'er all, to thee, my waking thoughts and vows,
My morn and ev'ning sacrifices rise.
As pants the heart for cooling streams, so longs
My soul, O God, for thee. Anchor of hope,
And brightness of my joy, to thee I look,
On thee my soul depends, to thee my prayer,
As incense' sweet perfume, ascends.

All that I have, all that I hope, or am,
Is solely from thy grace derived, to thee
Belongs, to thee returns; so, as the source,
The infinite abyss, which all resorbs.
Omniscient Father, thou whose sleepless eye,
Dost all things see, dost all things know; thou, who
Infinitude of space dost fill, and midst
A universe of worlds, revolving round
Thy throne, that ever sing thy praise, dost yet
Behold the lowly things of earth, vouchsafe
Upon thy chosen race to look and smile.
From morning watch, till dewy eve, Israel
Still looks to thee, still lifts her hands, her voice,
Her prayers; to thee sends up her mournful cry.
God, our Redeemer, sure and steadfast friend,
How long thy coming shall we yet await?
When shall that Prophet, promised long, arise?
Or when that city, founded by thy hand,
Whereof the ancients glorious things have sung,
Be with that one Man bless'd, whom Sion hopes
And of whom sages wond'rous works foretell?
Say, for thou know'st, whom rev'rent we adore,
Whose name a tower of strength is, 'gainst our foes,
What time shall bring our great Deliv'rer forth,
And when commence th' illustrious Conqu'ror's reign.
Whom have we in the heav'ns but thee? On earth,
Than thee, none else do we desire. Let not
Thy chariot wheels delay, whilst day by day,
Our foes reproachful ask—Where is thy God?
We know that our Redeemer lives and reigns;
Therefore thy courts, with voice of joy and praise,
Daily our footsteps press; there frequent we

Rejoice, there still give praise to thee, alone
Our Hope, our strong Salvation, and our God."

Swifter than arrow from the strong arm'd bow,
Or than the eagle in its heav'nward flight,
Flew the petition of the spotless Maid,
Up to the gates of heav'n, acceptable.
Heav'n's portals, opening wide, free entrance gave
The off'ring, which, as sweetest fragrance rose,
Ambrosia scented, grateful to the Highest.
As thus her heart, inflamed with love divine,
In peaceful joy reposed on her Beloved,
Who cent'red all her thoughts, desires and praise,
So did her hands not less in useful toil
Unite to do Him service, and to make
Him free-will off'rings, pleasing in His sight.
Her fingers deftly thus the distaff ply,
And many' a wreath of dazzling colors spin.
Now golden films of finest texture spring
To forms of matchless beauty 'neath her touch;
Now purple, scarlet, vi'let, red or blue,
As each in turn the warp or weft demands,
With varying hues surprising art display;
But chief her skill Pelusian white employs,
Whose fleecy threads still sparkle as they roll,
And spotless glisten as new fallen snow.
Surpassing beauty triumphs in her works,
As o'er Sidonian loom her broider'd arts
She plies, and fabrics rise of varied grace,
With labyrinths of flowers intertwined,
Or words of mystic Tephilim portray'd.

Hers was by lot the purple woof to spin,
The Holiest of Holies to adorn.

Bounded her heart with infinite delight,
Loud hymns of rapture trembled on her tongue,
And beams of joy suffused her glowing cheeks.
Thus happy, buskily flew the busy wheel,
Till reels of sanguinary hue reward
Her pious toil. The beauteous fabric soon
Bedights the loom, beamy with radiant dyes,
With gold, and white, and red, enamel'd o'er.
Pleased, she surveys the wondrous design,
As swiftly 'neath her practiced hand it grew ;
Then raised her fulgent eye in silent praise
To whence all beauty comes, all harmony,
All skill ; whether of mighty moving spheres,
The bow of promise that dispans the skies,
Or variegated hues that deck the flowers,
Or sparkle in the handy-works of man.
Whilst thus her thoughts responsive to her task,
With genial pleasure constant glow, and still
Fresh themes of praise excite, loud thunder racks
The sky, sudden invades the fretted air,
And dread reverberates along the ground.
As sudden, cloth'd in dazzling white, with wings
In iris dipp'd, cerulian, green and gold,
A seraph visible before her stands.
Agile of limb, at ease, with feigned grace,
The Tempter seem'd ; but, ill advised, breaks forth :
 "Goddess divine ! Empress of heaven and—"
She heard no more ; not scarcely this ; but fled
Amazed ; that instant fled ; by instinct taught,
And innate virtue led ; not as before
An unaccustom'd sight, for angels oft
To her from heav'n brought messages of love,

And often, in celestial dalliance,
Disported with her, as in Paradise
With Eve ; but at the unaccustom'd words,
Which strong of first Eve's Tempter this bespoke,
Leading to thoughts unseemly, vain desires,
And pride, the sure precursor of a fall ;
Whilst something in his visage caused her dread,
Some trace of passion, anger, ill conceal'd
Beneath the semblance of angelic form,
And foreign to the grace of heav'nly bred.
Enraged, the Devil saw the virgin fly,
Fain to have follow'd, his fierce spite to wreck
On her corporeal, so burn'd his wrath
Inane ; but power superior restrain'd.
So, when he tempted righteous Job, Satan
Had power o'er Sabea and Chaldean bands,
O'er winds and storms, o'er pestilential breath,
O'er samiel blasts, and light'nings of the heav'ns ;
But still the edict stood—Touch not his life,
Nor put thy hand upon his sacred form.
So turn'd he from the field of his depulse,
Knowing full well that all his powers were vain,
Unless the will of whom he sought, facile,
His own obeys, yielding its free consent ;
Temptation to the tempted, when withstood,
Inuring good, sole to the tempter harm.

As when beleaguer'd towns, with well built walls,
And towers impregnable, are vain assail'd
With enginery of war, or fierce onslaught
Of the embattled foe, (arts emanant
From hell,) some skilful miners delve beneath
The soil, and through the disembowel'd earth

Make treach'rous way within the fated lines ;
So now, averted from direct assault,
Satan, oblique essays to spring his mines
With sly surreption, and attain his aim,
That else, sore press'd, seem'd e'er to mock him, foil'd.
With such intent, choice spirits, not inept,
Who jacent all the while reposed, he soon
Deploy'd, and sent, with zeal icarean
Inclined, on various messages of ill.
Some ruled the winds, and ready stood to sweep
Impetuous down amain, with fury arm'd,
To pour o'er land and sea ; some, pestilence,
And noxious vapors breath'd, exhaling death ;
Those hurl'd the forked light'ning through the air,
Or deluged earth with rain, or blew the clouds
Afar and parch'd with heat the fertile ground ;
These kindled subterranean fires, and heaved
Tumultuous, with fearful sounds, the plains.
But, in abeyance, all their powers he held,
And kept astrict until, his plans disposed,
He gave their baleful forces scope. Meanwhile,
With steady bent, he plies the Virgin's kin ;
In dreams by night misleads their vagrant thoughts,
By day inflames their hopes with vaulting schemes,
And vain ambition's incohesive fires.
Deem not the project trivial, or beneath
His care ; for, so the Tempter tempted Eve—
Eat, and become as gods, know good and ill ;
So after, tempted he the Son of God—
The kingdoms of the earth to thee I'll give,
If thou wilt bend the knee and me adore ;
And every heart of man, he thus inflames,

Altivolant with pride, his darling sin.
The Devil saw from far and silent stood,
Whilst his unconscious instruments, their arts,
To sap the virtue of th' Immaculate,
Employ'd. Meekly she heard them plead, dilate,
Prefer, her lineage of a royal race ;
From arguments nasute, illation draw,
That she should aim their royal house to raise,
And save the people, as did Shushan's queen,
The daughter of the son of Jair, whom he,
Who reign'd from India's coasts to Ethiop's verge,
From lowly, raised to Vasthi's lofty throne.
Boteless they plead, her peerless beauty urge,
The throne of Juda prostrate at her feet,
And Juda's princes longing for her hand ;
Then branded her as barren, Juda's shame.
" Youth, beauty, wealth and valor," so they urged,
" With zeal impetuous now await thy choice ;
The mighty ones of Israel claim thy hand ;
India seeks, with all its wealth, to deck
Thy queenly form ; the gems of Iran glow,
And Egypt's pearls are sparkling for thy hair,
Whilst Persia lays her treasures at thy feet."
Such were the themes which daily were renew'd,
And daily sway'd them in their vain attempts,
Unconscious whose inspirings they obey'd.
Oft were their efforts skilfully disposed,
But still as oft the Virgin them repell'd.
With look enravish'd, fasten'd on the skies,
Her hands upon her spotless breast enclasp'd,
And meek, in smiling ecstasy enrapt,
She gave but this response to their appeals :

“Oh! yes, I am, and must be thus betroth’d,
To one of Juda’s Princes; One, who hath
Already pledged me with his love, adorn’d
Me with his jewels, set my hands with rings,
And hung my neck about with priceless pearls.
See ye the spotless veil adorns my head?
It is the sign, which my Beloved there
Hath placed, to show that I on none but him
May look. Lead me to Him, whom my soul loves,
Sun of my life, and brightness of my joy;
More ruddy than the morn, brighter than day,
More comely far than all the sons of men.
His left hand is beneath my head, his right,
Embraces me with all sustaining pow’r.
Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, and come;
Show me thy face, and let me hear thy voice.
Thy voice is music to my ear, thy face,
More beautiful than brightest beams of day.
He is for me alone; and I for him
A garden am enclosed, a fountain seal’d,
None else may enter there and be refresh’d.
Come from Libanus, come, my spouse, my love,
I’ll crown thee on the top of Amana,
On Sanir, and on Hermon’s dewy hill.
Blow Zephyrus, Favonius blow, and waft
To me the breath of him I love; his breath
Is sweeter than the dropping myrrh, than milk
And honey, or the honey-comb; sweeter
Than aromatic plants, and rich perfumes;
His form more stately than Libanus’ pines,
His love more precious than the finest gold.
Oh! daughters of Jerusalem! I, you

Adjure, if my Beloved ye do see,
Ye tell him that I languish for his love.
For him alone am I, and he for me;
Him only can I love; for him I sigh."

Her mystic words' import, the Devil knew,
Knew more than she conceived, or fain could hope,
And felt that all was lost; felt, but obdure,
His enmity piacular pursues;
Lets loose to whom it given was to slay
With sword and famine, pestilence and war,
With earthquake's shock, volcano's threat'ning storm.
Thick, at his bidding, grew the dusky air,
Obscured with clouds, muttering sullen wrath,
And 'midst th' incessant flash of sulph'rous fires,
Pour'd furiously in torrents floods of rain.
The gath'ring waters sweep o'er all the plains,
And leave no vestige of the sacred spot,
Where stood the Eden of the Undeiled.
Joachim and his spouse, bereft, had fled,
And in the precincts of blest Sion's hill,
Obscure abiding found, but not repose.
To storms succeeded drought; gaunt famine, this;
To famine, pestilence, which laid them low,
A prey to Satan's fell, devouring wrath.
But still th' unspotted Virgin calm reposed,
And through the fearful ordeal pass'd untouch'd.
So Job beheld the winds and fires of heav'n
Destroy, and foes lay waste, his earthly hopes,
And murmur'd not, but bow'd beneath the rod.
Secure, within the temple's sacred courts,
The consecrated Alma found a home,
Until the budding rod of Joseph, clear

Portray'd him, poor and old, the virgin spouse
To be, and patriarch of the newer law;
A virgin spouse alone befitting her,
Who, virgin ever, so decreed, should be.
More blessed he, who, pure, his virgin state
Preserved, and held her sacred vow intact;
Who, as unsullied to his care she came,
Unsullied kept, and yielded thus to heav'n.
Renew'd defeat, the Devil's spite anew inflames;
Inflames proportionate to his chagrin.
Aloft, in middle air, enraged he sits,
Outside the colures, where, at fixed point,
Without disturb from gravitating force,
He, ruminant, at length thus vents his spleen:

“Profoundest hell! hast thou, in all thy depths,
Worse punishment than this? I, who have fought
With pryncedoms, thrones, archangels, powers, and ne'er
Before created aught did fly, do here
Before this fragile thing retreat, abash'd!
Hell! hast thou seen my shame? and wilt thou own
Thy lord, first relegate from heav'n, and now
From earth? For, if I reign not conqu'ror there,
Where weakest dwell, who 'mong superiors
Will own my sway, or arm at my command?
This then the working is of His grand plan;
This the fulfillment of the promise made;
And this the Woman, that shall crush my head.
Disrupted from above, and quite cast out,
Condemn'd to converse with our pains in hell,
Awhile let loose for Heav'n's disport and man's,
And now, beneath the foot of woman crush'd!
'Oh! infamous defeat! ignoble rout!

Thou canst not Heav'n, inflict a deadlier pang!"

Whilst thus, dispirited, the Devil moans,
His eye pervasive scans earth's rolling sphere,
Hung as a brilliant in the starry cope,
With belts of rosy light enamel'd o'er;
Beholds its surface glowing in the sun,
Reflecting as a mirror all his beams.
With ardent gaze, and circumspection fell,
The tempter o'er the passing landscape hangs,
From arctic to antarctic, every zone,
Each latitude and longitude, surveys;
Views Afric's glitt'ring sands and golden coasts,
To their extremest verge by cape of Hope,
And all the plains o'er which the Nilus flows;
The hills and fields of proud Europa gleams,
With all their cereal treasures rich imbrown'd,
Roams with elated eye o'er Taurian hills,
Along Imaus to the farthest bounds
Of aureate Chersonesus, befeul'd
With blood of strangers, sacrificed; from thence,
On either side, dilating those glad slopes
By Obi, Lena, Rha and Indus, wash'd,
And where the Ganges and Euphrates flow;
Thence, with wide sweep, o'er unplough'd seas, to lands,
Well known to him, long ere Hispania's son
Boldly essay'd, adventurous the main,
To Montezuma's golden gates, and thence,
To where the Oregonian steppes, eastward
Lead on to fertile plains, and inland seas,
Like pearls on silver thread continuous strung,
From Chippeway to where the Made'waskas
Long time, with rites demonic, him adored,

And where Niagara its glitt'ring gems, .
And diamond spray, impetuous pours
From Eries' em'rald bed. Thence coasting south,
Through Mississippi's florid vale, he eyes,
With rapid glance, fair Amazon's rich fields;
An empire vast, adorn'd with precious stones,
And wealth excelling all Golconda's mines,
Or fabled stores; whose founts and healing streams
Perennial flow, endow'd with virtue's rare,
Rare and more rich than all their precious gems,
Or mines, aurate or argent, treach'rous soil;
Lands, which the Incas rule, where redmen roam,
The savage lords of fairest heritage,
O'er whom supreme, through untold ages, he
Had reign'd, and undivided worship sway'd.
Intent, with close inspection, next he gloats
O'er parts most populous, the busy marts,
Cities and towns, where multitudes before
Him bow, direct invoke, or indirect,
Through Mammon's, Ashteroth's incestuous,
Or Bacchus' lewd, or Moloch's bloody rites;
In every clime views temples to him rise,
With priests and vestals to his service train'd,
And hecatombs of victims pour their blood,
With dev'lish rites o'er the unhallow'd ground;
On hill-tops in the face of heav'n, or deep
The groves within, their full libations flow,
Whilst rough, hoarse cries with rude accomp'niments,
Make hideous the air, incessant rack'd.
Sees all his busy ministers, employ'd
With zeal uncessant at the heart of man,
To blind his sense and cause to thread the maze

Of error's pleasing, flatt'ring, woeful paths.
Sees Sin, and Sin's dark shadow, Death, imprint
Their baleful mark on all that live and move;
On all, save her, who ne'er the imprint knew.
Sev'n times the space that measures day and night,
As on its axis turns the moving ball,
The Devil views his mundane kingdoms pass
Beneath his eye. Dilate with pride, now mount
His spirits high, as low before they fell.
No more the bold usurper fears defeat;
Adverse to fate, his guilty bosom swells,
And thus grandiloquent vaunts new emprise:

“God of this world am I! earth's emperor;
Prince of th' air. What though his power created?
My prowess won; and, spite of all his gods,
Divided empire sheer with him I hold.
He rules the heavens. I rule the earth; and all
Earth's myriads feal submit to me.
On all that live and move my signet's placed,
By paction seal'd, my victims here to serve;
Hereafter for my sport, when penal fires
Shall pour their luctual waves o'er them deceived.
His empire is eternal? Be it so;
And why not mine? Hath he not tried his best
Us to annihilate, and fail'd, enerv'd?
But why not Adam's race eternal too?
Whose procreative power alone depends
Upon itself, and may, for aught yet known,
With onward aim, cressive improve, until
It emulate the gods, and join'd with ours,
It may be, innumerable invade
The blest abodes, and cast them out, who us

Extrude; with force congested occupy
His throne and evitate our future pains,
Eternal hoped, though long till it arrive.
Perhaps some happier venture than the rest,
May taint the excellence which I abhor.
If she be sullied with but slightest stain,
The work's accomplish'd, and again I win."

So saying, from his lofty perch he swoops;
And, as a vulture, soaring in the sky,
Invisible from earth, his quarry views.
With sense unerring, in concentric rings,
Wide spread, hov'ring o'er th' unsuspecting prey,
The spirit malign, with wing repress'd, hangs
O'er the Eden, where anew imbower'd,
The faithful Virgin sheds the odor sweet,
Of primal innocence by grace embalm'd,
And cast about him with what new deceit,
To cloak his fell design, so oft repell'd.

The mystic Rose, herself the fairest flower
The flowers among, serene her floral task
Pursued, which, rosy morn, and dewy eve,
Her willing feet e'er led amidst the banks
Of rich anemone, whose varied hues,
Blend purple, yellow, white and red; whilst rose,
Carnation, lily, hyacinth, jonquil,
Their cups with morning dew suffused, afresh
Impart their fragrance to the balmy air.
Nor less the clust'ring vines invite her skill,
To curb their wanton growth, their tendrils twine,
Which gladlier spring and sweeter scents diffuse,
Pruned by her hand and subject to her care.
So every shrub, and plant, and rarest tree,

With luscious fruit, pleasing to taste or smell,
Weigh'd down, and smiling berry which the heart
Delights, or spirits cheers, their burdens yield
More pleased to her, than the fruit-bearing earth
E'er paid its tribute to that rural maid,
Who taught, 'tis said, Triptolemus to sow
And reap, and cause the fruitless trees to bear.
Or than to first of florists, Eve, who long
In Eden grateful pastime took, amidst
Its fruitful glens, its flow'ring meads and vales,
When fruits and flowers first issued, fresh and fair,
From the all-plastic Hand; and who, with sighs
And weeping, was, through her own frailty, forced
To take a last and long farewell of walks
And shades, and happy bowers, that could not bear
The taint of sinful breath, but wither'd now
At her approach, who, by her one sad fault,
Had grafted death upon their verdant stems.
Not so the pruning of the stainless Maid,
In whom fair Eden's purity and bloom
Revive afresh, nor faintest tainture know.
Her task disposed, she culls the fairest flowers,
And on a bank, by od'rous myrtles crown'd,
Sits weaving chaplets, deck'd with purest rays;
A wond'rous work, with graceful fillets twined.
The mazy wreath but one pure gem requires
To crown its beauty, its perfection seal,
A fragrant lily, from whose snowy cup,
The breath of sweet simplicity exhales.
Elate with joy, and tripping on secure,
She seeks her fav'rite emblem of the vale.
Her motive, hov'ring near, the Tempter caught,

And spied the flower, which her attention drew.
An insect, coil'd within its bell, reposed,
Apt to his purpose, more than hoped, so found.
Not pausing, quick, from great to smallest size,
(So spirits may, or small, large, thin, or dense,
Or rare, as suits them best,) he him contracts,
And creeps insidiously its folds within.
The Virgin, yet unconscious of the snare,
The lily plucks, and seeks its fragrant breath,
When from its depths arose faint, murm'ring sounds;
And words, or seeming words, (for nought the sense
Intelligential heard,) salute her ear.
Instinctive arm'd, alert, instant the flower
With its deceit, she hurls upon the ground.
Swelling with rage the reptile grows, involved
In many a tortuous fold beneath
Her foot immaculate, courageously
With which, she crush'd the wily Serpent's head,
And final triumph'd o'er her mortal foe.

Earth felt the joy the Virgin's vict'ry gave,
And bounded blithely on her circling course;
Her seas rejoice, her hills and valleys smile,
And Nature gaudful shouts aloud her praise.
Nor less the heav'ns, the while hung in suspense,
Refrain to join with earth's, their higher praise,
Or hold, suffused with blissful joy, to strike
Their harps of burnish'd gold. Prostrate before
The throne, they halleluiahs sing, and Him,
Who sits thereon, holy and true, adore;
Whilst fragrant incense, prayers of all the saints,
Ambrosia scented, fresh from tree of life,
Which but th' eternal plains of heav'n exhale,

Arose acceptable through heav'n's glad vault.

When, to the Father, smiling, thus the Son :

“Father, it is enough ; what further ask ?

In every trial, victrix, she prevails ;

O'er our immitigable foe, prevails,

And fills the measure of thy just demand—

A perfect Mother, fit for perfect Son ;

Flesh, that the Deity may well incarn,

Purer than heav'n, exempt from every stain.

Lo ! I descend to clothe me with her flesh,

To do thy will, redemption's plan perfect,

And pay the penalty of forfeit life.”

Inclining tow'rds the Son with answ'ring smile,

The Father acquiesced, and gave the sign,

Which bade the guardian seraph, with his host,

Resume his charge, and hail their favor'd Queen.

Swift as the mandate thus to him convey'd,

Gabriel earthward speeds his arrowy way,

Fraught with such message as before from heav'n

To aught created, ne'er had been vouchsafed.

The sun's glad beams smile in the west,

And evening's shades in lengthen'd stature fall,

As onward fly the messengers of light,

Winged with love, impatient to announce

The joyful tidings, Grace imparts to man.

Their hosts were panoplied for peace or war ;

The peaceful sons of men, with peace to crown,

With dition arm'd, th' infernal pow'rs to quell,

And shield the faithful Virgin from their snares.

Cadent, in myriads, they fall, as when

The heav'ns rain stars, and ether's blue

Glows with the show'ry worlds, in silver dipp'd,

Or gold, gemboss'd with various rays, brighter
Than when the bow of promise copes the skies.
Th' horizon gleams with their unwonted fires,
Which night defer, and new prolong the day.
The demons see, and know the presage giv'n
Adverse to them, nor further sign await,
But in disgraceful rout draw off, and flee
Impetuous ; with rage ferine, seek safe
Retreat in dens fuliginous and wild,
Where darkness glum, and doleful horror reign,
Leaving Esdrela's fructuous vales and fields,
Fair Nazareth's frescades, and cool retreats,
Where e'er their trail fatiferous deploy'd,
Parch'd, arid, dry, lesions of dev'lish spite ;
For ne'er where demons tread, or glance an eye,
Doth aught of fruitful herb, or beauteous flower,
The glebous mead indue ; unless that plant,
Plant infamous, in Persia which abounds,
By Khorassan and Lar, and thence which fumes
Audacious o'er the plains of Toorkistan,
By Oxus, on one hand ; and on th' other,
Vents its foul stench across Beloochistan,
Through Candabar, where Affghans bide, eastward
Thence to the vale of Indus in Astore,
Fills all the vexed air with odor vile ;
Fit excrement the Devil leaves behind,
Where e'er his bestial feet impress the soil.

Th' archangel Gabriel paused not on the way,
Nor halted for repose, but, with fleet wing,
Around the Queen of angels drew his bands,
And thus his seconds, right and left, enjoin'd :

“Ariel, lion of God, be it thy care,

Eastward with all thy force, to scour the plains;
Search every bush and brake, and of our foes,
If any be abroad, take strict account.
Be it thy charge, Hadar, westward to watch;
Scan every hill, and permeate each vale,
Nor leave one point unguarded, or desert,
Lest who oppose us, find obverse ingress,
And steal surreptitious in forbidden lines.
Azur and Zepho, arm in chief; and wheel,
The first, in flaming circuit tow'rds the north;
The second, southward, in full force deploy,
That none advene from thence and cause surprise.
Follow the rest where I may lead the way,
Or stand in serried phalanx, where, advanced,
Our ensign, nitent, spreads its azure folds."

 Quadrate, the legionary hosts sejoin,
From center tow'rds eccentric fourfold wheel,
Swifter than thought, and lighter than the air;
Part right and left, forward and adverse march,
Timed to symphoneous sounds, celestial rung
From temper'd alchemy, and lute and pipe,
With rebeck, psalt'ry, such as seraphs tune,
Varied to soft and loud, or quick, or slow,
As art divine and heav'nly instinct lead.
Thus moving, each within his sev'ral sphere,
In beauteous order, and in bright array,
They sweep the plains, they penetrate each glen;
O'er rocks and mountains fly, search every gorge,
Scout stream, and bush, and brake, and fount, and cave,
And at each point place high cherubic guards,
Who all night long, with sleepless eye, keep watch
For many' a league dispersed around. A part,

Released, cast off their radiant arms; high on
The trees hang up their glitt'ring helms, bucklers,
And flaming swords, two edg'd, and pointed spears,
With gold and precious gems inlaid, and pearl,
Of heav'nly temper, curious design,
Rich in Jehovah's armory enwrought;
And thus, at ease, with jocund mirth disport,
Whiling the hours in hymns, celestial song
And dance, or, in heroic verse, relate
Annals of heav'n, with praises interspersed;
Praises to Him, through whom, and for whom, they,
And in whom, all intelligences, live.
Some skim the air, some gently press the ground,
With impulse softer than Favonius' wing,
When most disportive trips he cross the plains.
Where e'er they tread, or radiant glance an eye,
A flow'ret springs, with odors sweet effused,
And fields of roses, vi'lets, daisies, glow,
Or umber'd foliage decks the barren soil,
So late adusted by the lumb'ring fiends.
Nor less the dew-drops, on each leaf impearl'd,
As iridescent shone the liquid gems,
Smiling, reflected each an angel's form.
The feather'd tribe resume their wonted lays,
Each insect, fearless, chirps its humble song,
And Nature buxom hails the gen'ral joy.

The shades of evening peaceful fell around
The Virgin's rural bow'r; zephyrs perfumed,
Her wavy tresses toss'd, and fann'd her brow,
As she, in heav'nly contemplation, knelt
And breath'd her pray'r in the all-hearing ear.
The ling'ring rays of last departing day,

Had faded from the sky ; the moon, her robe
Of silver cast o'er twilight's somber gray,
And softly bright illumed Esdrela's vale.
Inlaid with bossy patines, burnish'd gold,
Resplendent shone th' expanse of heav'n's dome ;
Whilst glad the spheres their diapason roll'd,
Harmonious with the archangelic choirs,
That now the Virgin's mystic nuptials hymn.
A mellow light, softer than Cynthia's beams,
When purest pour'd upon Siloe's pool,
Or Cedron's brook, pervaded her abode,
As Gabriel approach'd the new Espoused.
Unhelm'd, his baldrick laid aside, and sword
And spear, succinct in silver tunic clad,
He stood ; immortal youth bloom'd in his face,
His graceful form celestial light adorn'd,
As, smiling, he his message glad announced :

“ Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee ; hail,
Illustrious daughter of a race of kings,
Glory of patriarchs, of priests the crown,
And terror of th' infernal gates of hell.
Blessed art thou amongst women ; more bless'd
Than Eve ; thyself predestined second Eve,
The hope and safety of a fallen world,
And last, best work of all-creative skill.”

So spake th' archangel. Mary trembling heard ;
And, at his words astonish'd and perplex'd,
Revolved the strange saluting in her mind ;
Both strange and new, for, from celestial lips,
Such words to mortal, ne'er had been vouchsafed.
Fear moved her troubled thoughts, awe seal'd her lips,
Whilst Gabriel, with brow submiss inclined,

Fresh wonder raised in these mysterious words :

“Fear not, Mary, thou hast found grace with God.
Nor wonder at my ent’ring thine abode,
Sacred from foot of man, nor at my words.
I Gabriel am, servant of God most high,
Sent to announce to thee that sponsal vow,
Which he hath made tow’rds her of Adam’s race,
Most worthy found to incarnate the Lord.
Thou know’st the promise, for thou oft hast heard,
How when the first of women fell, deceived,
God spared to doom her progeny to death,
And gracious promised, wise in his decrees,
The woman’s Seed should crush the Serpent’s head.
That time hath come, and now it rests with thee,
(For God works not to hurt of man’s free will,)
To choose if thou wilt be Mother of God.
If this high boon, desired by all, conferr’d
Alone on thee, be now by thee accept,
(The final link of that celestial chain,
Whereby the creature is rejoin’d to heav’n,)
Then, in thy womb, untouch’d, shalt thou conceive,
A Son bring forth, whom thou shalt Jesus name.
Great shall he be, the Son of God most high ;
Upon his father David’s throne shall sit,
Forever in the house of Jacob reign,
And of his kingdom never know the end.”

To him the Virgin, doubting not his words,
Yet wond’ring much how what he said could be,
Since she by vow had seal’d her virgin state,
Thus, with simplicity, now makes reply :

“Well do I know thee, Gabriel, who thou art,
One of the seven that stand before the throne,

Whom God vouchsafes my guide and guardian care ;
Else had I not endured to hear thy words,
Unseemly in the ear of one so far
Beneath the condescension of the Lord.
The promise thou hast read is also known,
As well the prophesies which point the time,
When Israel's destined Prophet shall arise ;
Nor can that time be distant, earnest hoped,
When Juda shall her great Deliv'rer see.
But 'tis not with me, Gabriel, well thou know'st,
As with the rest of Juda's daughters found.
Whilst they, so let, the virgin state resign,
With emulation high, worthy as high,
To claim maternity of Shiloh's birth,
I yield with vows to their permissive hope,
My virgin state perpetual to preserve,
As leastwise worthy, though of David's house,
To bear so near relation to the Lord ;
Content to worship him by whom so born,
And pay my vows though distant from him far.
Hence, strange thy words sound to my wond'ring ear,
Who chastity prefer to all the joys,
Which coveted maternity impart ;
Though not insensible how great renown
On such maternity must be conferr'd.
O'erwhelmed rather with th' oppressive load,
I shrink with fear and trembling at the view—
Maternity of God ! What creature dare,
Though seraph pure, her feeble thought exalt
To such relation with consuming Fire ?
And yet, thy words have meaning, for I know
Thou hast not left the heav'nly courts to bring

Vain messages of empty sound, or fraught
With mockery, tow'rds one who serves as thou,
And to whom thou art giv'n to lead aright,
Not to seduce to error's mazy paths.

Leave not thy handmaid then in doubt austere,
But, since I know not man, and ne'er will know,
Tell me, I pray thee, how this thing can be."

To this th' archangel, sweetly bland, replied :

"Daughter of God and man, immortal Maid,
Thou deemest well, not light thy servant's word,
Not vain his message, nor with mock'ry fraught.
Deep is its meaning, solemn its import,
With truth and heavn'ly virtue rich imbued ;
And what I tell thee surely shall be done.
Nor need'st thou fear lest it should be through man ;
For know, thy vow is blest, accept of Heav'n,
Who seals thee for himself, himself alone,
A house more precious than the temple's gold,
Which He, the true Beseleel, hath adorn'd,
Enrich'd with purple, built with special grace ;
And none a place so worthy doth afford,
To perfect his omnipotent designs,
As is the temple of thy virgin womb ;
Fit sanctuary of the Holy Ghost,
Receptacle prepared for God's own Son.
Doubt not th' omniscience which finds means to work,
Nor limit what he works to scope of man.
Nor think the mystery excels his power,
Nor thy humility beneath his care ;
That, leave to him to perfect as he wills,
This, cherish as the grace endear'd to God.
He, who the rod of Moses could convert,

And from dead branch a living reptile raise,
Can from the very stones build Abram's house ;
And who, from Adam, without woman's aid,
His first fair consort did with ease extract,
Can now in thee, the second Adam mold,
Without polluting touch of carnal man.
Here then the mystery of his purpose read—
The Holy Ghost upon thee shall descend ;
The Most High's pow'r shall overshadow thee,
And therefore shall the Holy of thee born,
Be called by his name, the Son of God.
Hence, Son of God and man ; of man, conceived
By thee, who Adam's fault retrieve ; of God,
Through that mysterious operation had,
In nuptial union, with the Holy Ghost.
So, thy virginity remain intact,
Perfect, as when thy virgin vow arose,
With sweetest incense fumed, acceptable
To God the Father, high in bliss enthroned,
To God thy Son, shouldst thou the gift accept,
And God the Holy Ghost thy proffer'd Spouse.
And lo, Elizabeth, thy cousin, hath
A son in her old age conceived, with whom,
That barren was, the sixth month now transpires.
Nothing shall be impossible with God.
The world revolving, pauses in its course,
Awaiting thy reply ; and well it may,
Since on thy word its consolation hangs ;
Hope to the wretched, freedom to the bound,
Redemption to the captives chain'd by Sin,
And free salvation to the race of man.
Haste, sovereign Lady, hasten that response,

Which earth expects, the gates of Hades dread,
And heav'n awaits to hail with loud acclaim."

Sweetly his words fell on her trembling sense,
And easy led as God her heart disposed,
Her thoughts still flowing redient to their Source,
In whom was all her solace, joy, and hope;
Willing to yield, consistent with her vow,
That seed immaculate, by God prepared,
To incarnate his Son; yet inward shrank,
Nor least consent would give, could that impute
The smallest stain, or purity disrobe.
The fear, which first the seraph's words aroused,
His words had sooth'd, respective of her vow;
Humility alone, with roseate blush
By modesty suffused, deferr'd assent.
The soft impulse obedience overruled,
When thus, submissive to the will of God,
She bow'd, and to th' archangel said :

" Behold the handmaid of the Lord; to me
According to thy word, may it be done."

With this the seraph vanish'd from her view,
When lo, the Holy Ghost, celestial Dove,
That o'er the vast, erst brooding, swift evolved
Innumerable orbs, and from their dust,
And through their empty seas, awoke to life
Intelligential forms, on her descends;
Instant descends with sweet o'erpow'ring force,
And in mysterious union with his Spouse,
The spotless Queen, the Son of God begot.
Deep in her womb earth felt the thrilling joy;
The heavens bowing kiss'd the earth redeem'd,
And angels, lowly bending o'er the scene,

Or strict encamp'd around Esdrela's cot,
Gazed on the marv'lous plan amazed, and learn'd,
With ecstasy of joy, the long deferr'd,
Grand mystery of God's redeeming love.
The devils trembled; hell t' its centre shook,
And all the powers of darkness fearful fled,
Owning the hand which their empire now crush'd.
Whilst Mary, gaudful, yet serene in joy,
In praises thus t' her blissful thoughts gave vent:

“ My soul doth magnify the Lord my God,
Who hath with wond'rous gifts exalted me;
Gifts, which my tongue no power hath t' unfold,
My inmost heart no depth to comprehend,
Nor all my strength suffice to worthy praise.
Great is his glory, marv'lous are his works,
In whom my heart exults, my spirit joys.
Rejoice ye nations, Sion clothe thyself
With strength, put all thy glorious vesture on;
The Lord hath heard thy prayer, and from the hills,
Hath look'd with favor on thy fallen state.
Rejoice with me, and magnify his name,
Since my humility he doth regard,
Respective of the vow which me withheld
From all that could integrity distain.
But, high as heaven the things of earth excel,
So high his thoughts our lowly views transcend;
Th' impossible with us, is plain to him;
And lo, from henceforth and forevermore,
All generations me shall Blessed call,
Since He, who mighty is, hath done great things
To me, and Holy is his glorious name.
For, who hath heard my vow, and who received,

Consistent with that vow, hath yet design'd
To make me Mother of the King of kings.
Nor on me only doth his mercy fall;
Soft as the fleecy snows cap Carmel's hills,
Wide as their roral mists diffuse the plains,
His mercy rests, from age to age, on all
Who fear his name, and in his goodness trust.
On these his mercy, but with mighty arm,
The proud in their conceit he drives away;
Their wisdom he as foolishness accounts,
And what they despicable deem, exalts;
Hurls from his lofty seat, the strong man arm'd,
And in his place the humble lifts on high,
Raises the needy contrite from the dust,
And 'midst the princes he enthrones the poor,
The hungry feeds, but sends the rich away.
So he his servant Israel received,
Mindful of mercy and his promise, giv'n
To Abraham and his remotest seed,
Rescued from bondage, through the desert led,
To land of promise, whence the proud were cast,
And Israel exalted in their stead.
Exalted then, but more exalted now;
By Moses then from temp'ral bondage freed,
By greater than was Moses now conduct
From earthly to celestial Canaan's shores."

So she her grateful thoughts aloud entoned,
Till sounds seraphic rang through all the air,
Symphonious with the theme that tuned her tongue,
Whilst gladden'd Nature joy'd through all her realms,
That one at length was found of worthy mold,
The earth from Adamitic curse to free.

Through prompt obedience thus, and ready faith,
The first prophetic word its fullness finds;
From Virgin's seed the Word of God takes flesh,
And Satan's power receives its lethal wound.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
REDEMPTION.

ARGUMENT.

Universal peace ushers in the Advent of the Messias. By divine appointment, through an edict of Augustus, as the instrument, Joseph, with Mary, his espoused wife, repairs to Bethlehem. The Nativity of Christ. Angels appear to some shepherds, and announce the Saviour's birth; they go and worship him. A miraculous star appears in the East, by which, three wise men of Chaldea, are wonderfully led to the manger at Bethlehem; these also adore the infant Redeemer, and present him with royal gifts.

REDEMPTION.

BOOK IV.

Hail, heav'n-born Peace! primeval state of bliss,
Conferr'd on Eden once, but then withdrawn,
When the first pair essential Peace forsook,
And each recriminative th' other charged
With sin; since then, stranger to earth, no more
Dost thou revisit man till now, or but
With casual ray, too soon extinguish'd
In fraternal strife. I, thy dawning hail,
More grateful to the heart than rosy light
To Crithëis' son, or him, who vainly
Thee besought in Mantua's sweet retreat;
Or, to Londonian bard, whose eye, though dimm'd,
By error of paternal precept plunged
In deeper darkness of the mind. Oh! would
That I, reversing his misstep, might some
Atonement make, for that ungracious fault;
And will, if nightly Muse aid me as well
To sing Redemption won, as him the Fall.
Not ye, do I implore, who aided him,
Eased him in his descent, but could not raise
Up to the Heights, to reinstate fall'n man.
Not ye, Pierides, nor you, fair maids,

Who did with those contend, equal 'in number,
And scarce less skill'd in song, do I invoke,
In this fresh trial of superior skill.
Away, Urania, you, ye Muses nine,
Your songs no more delight the sages' ear;
Away, profane, the palm and laurel now
Crowns loftier bedeck. Pindus, Parnassus,
Rise in vain for me, and Helicon,
Who higher soar than Pegaséan wing,
And there indite a strain, more sweet than fount
Castalian heard from skill'd Apollo's lyre,
Or Orpheus', feign'd to hold the streams entranced,
Make mountains move, and savage beasts grow tame;
Fables, which find their complement alone
In Him, whom David and Isaias sang;
Who now inspire my song, and lead me, though
Unworthy, to a bolder flight than e'er,
Unless so aided, I should dare t' essay.
Not that my art succeeds to equal theirs,
In numbers rhythmical, and flowing verse;
But that the theme, which me so elevates,
Not I the theme, surpasses highest flight
Of man's heroics, mythologic verse,
War's grizzly wounds, with blood and crackling bones,
Neath pond'rous cars and rolling chariots crush'd,
Or batt'ring rams, dread enginery of death;
Befitting more the songs of carnal man,
Than mine, which bold contemns mere earthly thought,
And draws from fount celestial thought divine,
To sing the circumstance of peace, not war,
Man whole redeem'd, and raised above those arts,
Which, but for Sin, had ne'er distraught our sphere,

And now would cease, earth t' Eden's bliss restored,
Did man but rightly comprehend the boon,
Full purchased through Messias' peaceful reign.

 Psalmist of Israel, type of Him to come,
Whose pastoral pipe, melodious, oft
Hath charm'd the flow'ring plains of Bethlehem,
What time thy father's flocks browsed on the hills,
Or drank the waters of its grassy meads,
Inspire mine ear, list'ning more rapt to thee,
Than fleecy charge, or warbling audience,
Instinctive, to thy tuneful lay. Let peace,
With healing wings outspread, sweetly infuse
And calm my soul, perturbed with carking cares,
And dreams inane of man's beneficence;
Oft drumm'd in faithful ears, that faithless prove,
Since men their faithful brethren daily crush,
And seldom raise a helping hand to stay;
Oft preach'd, but rarely practiced, e'en before
The altar, save when interest inspires.
Peace, best attain'd in rural fields and glades,
With shepherd's crook, and pipe, and bleating herds,
Where frugal life, with simple wants bestow'd,
Flows on unenvied, most exempt from care;
Peace, which to grace conjoin'd, with rest and joy,
The saints partake in heav'n; now known to thee,
Who, long involved in internecine wars,
Wast sorely tried, yet, after God's own heart,
And overshadow'd by his presence, rich
Wast endow'd midst pastoral charms, to be
The type of that great Pastor, who his sheep,
Purchased with covenant blood, gently leads
Into the one great Fold, there to abide

In his, the one great Shepherd's arms; whose voice
They hear, and follow oft to rich repasts;
Or to perennial streams of grace, flowing
From that celestial fount, which rises near
The throne of God, and waters all the plains
Made arid by the breath of sin and death.
Or, should fair Hebron's vale delight thee more,
Whose rocky glens re-echoed to thy songs,
And waked their voice symphonious to the sounds,
That trembled on thy royal harp, attuned
To praises of thy Son, the Son of God,
Then, thee I thence invoke t' indite my muse,
Which sings the advent, often sung by thee,
Of Israel's promis'd Saviour; pleased more
Than e'er the wand'ring tribes in desert wastes,
Listen'd to Miriam, with timbrels, sing
The fate of Pharaoh's host, list I to thee.

Peace ushers in the great Messiah's reign,
Soft beats her pinions on th' Augustan age,
And o'er the expanse of his extended sway,
Sits dove-like brooding, where the clang of arms
Had long resounded through harrassed plains.
From whence Atlanteus gently laved the shores
Of his great empire on the going down,
To where Euphrates kiss'd the rising sun,
And northward, where the Rhine and Danube roll
Their cooling waters diverse to the main;
Thence to the golden plains of Afric, south,
And Araby, she undisturbed reposed.
Their swords to ploughshares, spears to pruning hooks,
The nations gladly beat, and ceased to war.
Sing, Muse divine, the names of those, who paid,

That day, their tribute to the Prince of peace;
Who, though enslaved by Satan, and enchain'd
To hell's triumphal car, unknowing why,
Gave premonition of salvation near;
Who paid, involuntary, homage free,
And free partook of undeserved grace.
All save his own; his own received him not;
Though to the few, who did receive, he gave
The power to be made the sons of God;
Born, nor of blood, nor will of flesh, nor man,
But of the Father born in mystic birth.
Italia first, as first in place and power,
The gates of Clusius shuts, and Januals
Of peace offers to Jacob's rising Star;
Chief of Italia's deities, his keys,
The god gives up, foredoom'd to overthrow,
With emblems of superior power replaced,
When Rome, beloved of God, call'd to be saints,
Placed Israel's king on Cæsar's lofty throne,
And Rome's proud eagles humbly stoop'd, to yield
Their place to that opprobrious, conqu'ring Sign,
Which, after, gleam'd illustrious in the skies.
Next warlike Lusitan hangs up his shield,
And with the Tarragon seeks war no more;
While o'er his vine-clad hills, serene imbrow'd,
Pyrenean cliffs, no longer rugged, smile.
So the Brigantes, and innum'rous hordes,
Britannia's soil a long time who disturbed
With barbarous contests, from Druidic rites,
A moment turn, and hostile arms, to greet
That glorious day, which seal'd the demons' pow'r.
But chief the isles among, the Isle of saints

Puts on her robe of joyous green, and sets
Her emerald signet, to the seal of God's
Redeeming love; emblem of mercy 'and peace,
Signet, which, once, Urim and Thummim graced,
And after, gleam'd athwart the bow, which he
Of Patmos, saw around the heav'nly throne,
Sure type of reconciliation, proof,
How dear to God are his predestined saints.
Nor doth Gallia refuse. From Pyrenees
To Alps, from Rhine to rolling seas, spacious
Her rich domain extends, predestined thence
With Clovis and Clotild, to deck her arms
By victories of grace, until, when free
Enlaved in healing streams from Mercy's side,
She rose exalted to th' immortal name—
Defender of the Faith; name, deeply grav'n
On her front, and borne where e'er her eagles
Flaunt the breeze, or sail cerulean seas.
So all of Celtic race and name, destroy
Their idols, and, unalterably firm,
Compaction hold with Him, whose genial reign
From rising to the setting orb of day,
Wide as the earth's expanse, coeval spreads,
And with the clean Oblation, long foretold
By Malachias, constant him adore.
Next after these, homage of peacefulness
The warlike sons and blue eyed maids defer
Of wild Illyricum; whilst Rhætia,
Dacia, Thrace, and utmost lands, wide spread, wash'd
By Œnus, Danube, Dravus and the Save,
Awhile forget their fierceness, and succumb
To the prevailing force of heav'nly grace;

Of all-pervading grace and boundless love,
That speechless struck the oracles of Greece,
Held Tenedos at bay, closed Sibyl's caves,
O'erturn'd the Delphic fane, and demons sent,
With all the demo-gods, howling to hell,
Anew to learn, whose hand created, not
Withheld, had pow'r rebellious to destroy.
Nor Asia fails, who first his Star saw light
The eastern sky, and sends her wise men, fraught
With royal gifts, frankincense, gold and myrrh;
Him first to hail, but last, save few, to own.
Egypt her arms, Him, opens to receive;
And sable Africa bows down with awe
Before him, who, her deserts as the rose,
Makes blossom, and all her sunny fountains
With healing virtues flow. Not less the Medes
And Parthians own his sway; whilst Elamites,
Libyans and Cretes, Araby and Cyrene,
Prepare his way, for whom, valleys were raised,
Mountains and hills brought low, crooked made straight,
And every rough place plain. Nor yet the East
Alone, greeted with joy man's rising Hope,
Whose circling beams o'erspread the Western world,
And heav'nly smile on tribes conceal'd from view;
On tribes long lost, but in the counsels, who,
Of God's redeeming love, recorded stood,
Vessels of grace, alike predestinate
In his good time to be aroused from death,
And bathed in life's regenerating flood.
These see his beams from far, and hail the sign,
Of which some glimm'ring rays, not quite obscured,
Transpierce the mists that clouded their dark minds.

All but the grand Disturber, foe to peace,
Some motion gave of wish'd deliv'rance near.
He, since his last repulse, and signal rout,
The remnants of his forces wide dispersed,
Lay impotent and lone on Pauda's cliffs,
Bleak, barren, cold. Not stronger bound that wight,
Whom fable sings, chain'd to Caucasian rocks,
Nor for less cause condemn'd to blank despair.
Revolving his distress and fading hopes,
He, thus deploring, vents with grief his fears :

“Ah, me! so soon o'erthrown, a fugitive
Confess'd, chain'd to these heights, without redress,
And powerless my ruin to forefend!
What could I more of caution, skill, employ,
To stay the progress of this dread inroad,
And bate the advent of the Son of God?
Cautious I moved, with care my force disposed,
Ready for open war, or what should come.
War he declined, withdrew his hosts, and left
Me to expatiate the field he fear'd to meet,
And try the virtue of this second Eve.
Did aught of violence impel me then?
No, gentlest motives pleaded my just aims,
And led me rather to persuade than force.
That I gave o'er does not implead my skill,
Nor yet impeach the virtue of my cause.
Did not he charge me so t' his fav'rite Job,
When I, from travel sore, once met his sons,
Assembled near him on a certain day?
Strict he enjoin'd the self-same trial's force,
And after, sharp rebuked him his default.
Doubt not the same result had proved me right,

Had my attempt not been short interrupt.
But what dire change o'erclouds the prospect now?
Peace! where my warring legions most embroil'd!
Nations, which I had much enrich'd with spoils,
Whose feet to war led, fingers taught to fight,
With vict'ry crown'd where e'er their standards stood,
Now, sooth, court dastard peace! and sit astare,
With marv'ling gaze, at this new prodigy,
Which om'nous looms invasive of my sphere!
Here had I thought myself at length secure,
Without oppose to build my empire free,
And the democracy prove of my reign.
For I no slavish vassalage have claim'd,
But freedom giv'n from vassalage to Him,
To all the race of man, of old ingrate;
Ingrate to me, who liberty achieved,
Who, when he had forbade to taste the fruit,
(So aimless else amidst the garden placed,)
Did set them free, and made like us, as gods,
The evil as the good to equal know;
What could they less than own my equal pow'r,
And do me homage, equal power's just meed?
So did they; but what now defends, and leads
Them after, whom I hotly hate, did meet,
And bold, with daring front, durst meet again,
Were but to thaw this adamant frost,
Which holds me paralyzed to these bleak hills,
And tenfold plagues inflicts o'er hottest fires;
Frore fire, that chills, yet burns, benumbs my limbs,
Proves how inexorable is his ire,
And how exhaustless his unswerving hate.
Not more than mine, and here I tell thee, Son

Of God, come weal, come woe, blow hot or cold,
My everlasting hate is wholly thine;
Thine, and all those, who, fawning, with thee side.
Time was when I my purpose might have waived,
And some compact have held with even Thee,
Willing to share by turns the filial throne;
Not less deserving it, who sat as high,
And equal claim had to be named his Son;
The loss of which caused my first feud with Heav'n.
But that is past, and more that fairly prompts
To such defiance as bears no reprieve,
Brooks no collusion, and but kindles hate.
Then be assured, though seeming Victor now,
New wars thy vaunted peace shall break, thy rule
O'erturn, e'en should earth's empire cede to thee,
For short time keep allegiance transferr'd,
And thy new sons, as far the former race
Excel in numbers, virtue, or renown,
As hosts of heaven excel the least their tribes.
Deem thou this brav'ry vain, if so beseems;
But what field, tell me, e'er was shunn'd by me?
What foe ever beheld my coward back,
Or me transpierced with an opprobrious wound?
And though I hold thee equal, and confess
Some disadvantage in a former pass,
(A disadvantage amply since repaid,)
'Twas not through my defect, but dastard crew,
Who, basely terrified, left whom desert,
That else had measured thee with even force.
But doubt not we shall meet in other fields,
Though this new project universal lead
And sway all nations, cringing at thy shrine.

Fresh motions will but freshen our attempts,
And yield occasion to essay in arms
What former strivings have but faintly shown.
At least, be sure, till future times approve,
That hell's immitigable wrath no ease
Shall find, no respite e'er demand, nor truce
Accord, till thou be fetter'd at my feet,
Or I sink helpless 'neath thy boasted pow'r.
When this last be, hereafter let abide,
Believe not shortly, nor by thy decree."

Thus the vain braggart, helplessly transfix'd
On loftiest peak of Ural's glacial chain,
By turns deploras, raves, vents his spleen, and dares
Before whom cowardly he quails. Meanwhile,
The changing seasons longer not delay
To bring the fullness of that promised morn,
Which smiles upon the rising Hope of man.
All that the Seers saw, and prophets sang,
Or Israel fear'd, had full completion found.
From Juda's hand the sceptre now had pass'd,
And Edom sat where David was enthroned;
From Juda's loins no lawgiver arose,
Since Cæsar o'er him cast his iron sway.
The weeks of Daniel ended, ready stands,
The Saint of saints to usher in his year,
When, Sin's dominion past, iniquity
No more, but everlasting justice, reigns.
Isaias, sing, as none but thou canst sing,
The glories of the Orient's dawning year;
For thou art present, visible to me,
And, not the least, rejoicest at the day,
So plainly sung; so full foretold by thee :

"A Virgin hath conceived and bears a Son ;
To us a Child is born, a Babe is given,
The Prince of peace, whose government shall rise,
Increase, and spread, and never know an end.
Upon the throne of David shall he sit,
To order it in righteousness and peace.
Rejoice ye peoples, Salem's daughters sing ;
Your King behold, who desolate makes glad,
Makes wilderness with lilies bloom and rose.
Libanus shouts his praise, and Carmel's top,
Her beauteous garb puts on, while Saron leaps
With joy, the glory of her Lord to see.
Instead of thorns, the fir-tree now springs up,
The myrtle, in the place of prickly briars.
The wolf reposes with the peaceful lamb,
Leopards, in friendly mood, with kids abide,
And lordly lions sort with bleating calves,
Whilst youths disportful gaily lead their bands.
Strengthen your hands, ye feeble, and confirm
Your trembling knees ; faint hearted, courage take,
For God himself descends your strength to be.
See him, ye blind, and every deaf man hear ;
Leap as the hart, ye lame, praise him, ye mutes,
Who sets the tongue of every dumb man free.
Fresh waters in the deserts spring, while streams
Through arid wilds strange courses take and blend
Their humble song with seas tremendous roar.
The pilgrim pauses in his path to see
New cascades leap from out the crusted rocks,
Or scoop fresh waters from the sandy plains,
Where cascades fell, nor waters flow'd before.
The dens where dragons former dwelt, now wave

With fenny bulrush and the graceful reed,
While every vine, and shrub, and fruitful tree,
Spontaneous their pulpy treasures yield,
And, free from venom of the crested snake,
Or savage beasts that prowl the woods for prey,
Shelter the wand'rer 'neath their leafy shade.
Straight paths through flow'ry vistas spring, to guide
His erring feet, and heralds raise their voice,
To lead him cheerful on his easy way.
Prepare the way, the way of God prepare,
Who comes the door of mercy to unbar.
Rise up, ye vales, and you ye hills bow low,
Let devious ways be straight, and rough ways plain.
Return, redeemed of the Lord, return ;
Hasten your great Deliverer now to see ;
Fill Sion, fill thy courts with sounding praise,
Thy sorrows cease, thy mourning flees away,
And everlasting joy shall crown thy head.

Th' imperious edict of Augustus rolls
Portentous to the world's remotest bounds ;
Blind instrument in the Almighty's hand,
To solve his counsels and fulfill his words.
Obedient to the summons, Joseph rose,
With Mary, his espoused, 'twas so ordain'd,
And went to Bethlehem to be enroll'd.
Presaging clouds o'erhang the beetling crags,
And frown upon them on their rugged way.
The flow'ry top of Carmel casts its bloom,
And with'ring, all its leafy honors fade ;
In circling eddies whirls the frosted air,
And torrents rush impetuous to the main.
Esdrela pass'd, Garizim greets their steps,

Hard by the Patriarch's well ; where short repose
Prepared the Virgin and her holy spouse,
To urge their way, with premonition sad,
Up Calvary's mournful hill, by Solyma,
And thence to Bethlehem's irreguous vale,
Where, on a mount, the royal city stood.

Nine times the desert moon alternate changed
Her phases, falcate, full, synodic round
This oblate sphere ; the tenth, in Tebeth, shone
With chilling beams, when stood the Pilgrims, tired,
At Bethlehem's crowded door. Place there was none ;
None e'en for brief repose ; the inn was full ;
Nor friendly voice responded to their call.
Royal descendants of th' illustrious race,
And at the threshold of their royal sire,
Obscure, they had not where to lay their heads.
The tribe of David, num'rous, throngs the place ;
Some come from wealthy Sidon, skill'd in ships,
And Tyre, twin cities, which Phœnicia ruled ;
Arabia next restores his wandering sons ;
Damascus, water'd by Chrysorrhoas,
River of gold, whose fountains beamy flow
With pearls and precious stones, its tribute pays ;
Those Bosra sends, perite in purple dyes ;
Nor Edom these withholds, nor Mizraim,
Made fertile by the swelling Nile. Where e'er
The sons of David, Bethlehem born, had fled,
Thence answ'ring to the edict, numberless
They come to be enroll'd, and fill the town.
From fruitless search averted, Joseph turns
His weary steps without its gates, but finds
No place, save a lone crib, where beasts abide.

The cheerless shelter, thankful they accept,
To screen them, way-worn, from night's piercing blasts.

Fair Cynthia half her course had measured o'er
With silvery beams ; and, past the zenith,
Oblique with silent step, took westward way,
When Gabriel, who all night long, and all
The weary way from Nazareth, had led
The Virgin undefiled, to Bethlehem's crib,
His shining legions, many a phalanx,
Drew, close and deep, around the lowly spot ;
Then on his trumpet of ethereal mold,
Th' appointed signal blew ; not terrible,
As that which waked the echoing hills round
Sinai's awful top, yet in full cadence
Breathing, loud and clear ; such that the heav'ns heard,
Her golden gates wide oped, which music made,
Melodious music made, and, answering,
Her sons, in numbers numberless, call'd down
To see the Sun of righteousness arise ;
For at that instant, without pain, Jesus,
The Son of God, passed from the Virgin's womb,
And calm reposed within the Virgin's arms.
Divine effulgence, pour'd on Bethlehem's crib,
(Native to heav'n, and heav'n's eternal throne,)
Diffused ineffable the place around.
Brighter than that which shone on Moses's face,
When from the Mount, talking with God, he came ;
Or than that mountain where Eliseus stood,
At Dothan, and beheld around him gleam
Chariots of heav'nly fire and glitt'ring steeds.
But to the glory of that other mount,
Likest it seem'd, whereon transfigured stood

Jesus, with three of his beloved ; his face
More glorious than the noonday sun, too bright
For mortal eye, his garments white as snow.
Such splendor now beams from his infant face,
Whilst sweet voiced eherubim in radiant bands,
Incessant hymn the new creation's dawn.

 Their music thrill'd the ear of shepherds, who,
Abiding in the fields by night, kept watch
Over their fleecy charge : " What sounds are these ?"
So, each, with wondering awe, the other ask'd :
" What heav'nly theme wakes such mellifluous notes ?
Nor mortal voice, nor instrumental skill,
Such music ever breath'd in mortal ear ;
Unless those sounds of voice and harp, discoursed
By him, inspired, who once made Hebron's plains
Resound, the while he tended his pleased flocks,
Or spirits charm'd from guilty breast of Saul.
Either some heav'nly embassy arrives,
Fraught with new message to our race enthrall'd,
(And Israel's chronicles profuse record
Such envoys sent from 'fore the heav'nly throne,)
Or else, that long wish'd hour at length hath dawn'd,
And angel music hymns our Shiloh come ;
Whereof late fame makes certain strange report.
You 've heard of Mary ? She of Joachim,
And of the royal race in David's line ?
The princess of a mighty house, beloved,
Whom all had fervent hoped, would prove to raise
Fall'n Juda from the dust, her state repair ?
This Mary, (incredible in Israel,)
Hath vow'd, 'tis said, virginity to God.
She, whom the mightiest princes eager sought,

Whose virtue, fame had spread throughout the East,
Celestial pure, whose beauty, minstrels sang,
Prefers virginity, that hope precludes
To save her people by Messias birth,
Before that state which Juda's daughter's love.
Yet, some mysterious motive lies conceal'd,
Which our high pontiffs have full well approved,
And given her to Joseph, poor old man,
To be her guardian, and ward off reproach.
From hence the mystery of her life unfolds ;
An angel from the Lord appear'd to her,
Whereof all Nazareth rings with the fame,
That said she should be mother of a son,
Without the carnal touch of mortal man ;
And strange to say, this Virgin's big with child !
Nor did these prodigies commence with her ;
For Zachary, he of Abia's course,
Whose wife her cousin is, of Aaron's tribe,
Whilst serving in his place, an angel saw,
That promised him a son in his old age,
Expressly named forerunner of the Lord.
And, in like manner, Joachim received
A heav'nly visitant, who Mary's birth
Also foretold. What all this means, exceeds
What simple shepherds may aspire to know ;
The wise and learned it behooves to tell.
This much is certain, all the prophets read,
That our Messias' birth must soon advene ;
And if this glory, which round Bethlehem shines,
Be not a mere illusion of the brain,
Some supernatural fact it must reveal.
What e'er it be, short time will solve the doubt,

For, with majestic tread from forth the light,
Comes one, whose mien betokens not of earth."

Whilst yet they spake, th' archangel Gabriel, swift
Approaching, stood before the wond'ring band.
Enchanted, yet o'erwhelmed with awe and fear,
They, prostrate, hide their faces from his view.
Whom he, his brilliance check'd, in accents soft,
Measured to soothe, thus comforting address'd:

"Fear not, for lo, good tidings of great joy,
Which shall be to all peoples, bring I you;
To you, preferr'd before the great and wise;
For God exalts th' humble, himself reveals
To babes, but from the wise and prudent hides,
And whom the world deems foolish, chief esteems.
From such, the patriarchs call'd, and Isai's son,
Pastors as you, who humbly kept their flocks,
And merited to fill that line, which ends
In Him, whom Israel doth long expect,
Th' anointed Son, long hoped, at length arrived;
For, in the city 'of David, now, to day,
Is born to you a Saviour, Christ the Lord.
The Infant, wrapp'd in swaddling clothes, you'll find,
And in a manger, midst the lowing herd,
Obscurely laid; and this shall be your sign."

Suddenly, shining in the starry vault,
A host of heav'nly messengers appear,
Who, jubilant, exult, and praises sing:

"Glory to God be in the highest giv'n,
And peace on earth to men of good will come.
Behold the Prodigy, O earth, and hail
The new born Infant, Christ thy Lord and King,
Who now doth visit and redeem the race.

For, as was spoken by the prophet's mouth,
Who from the first was gifted to foretell,
A Horn of safety, He in David's house,
Redemption for the people, would raise up.
Now is his word fulfill'd. From Virgin's womb,
The faithful Branch takes root, on David's stem
Engrafted, Heir to David's royal house,
His Lord, though Son, whom earth and heaven sing.
Glory to God be in the highest giv'n,
And peace on earth to men of good will come."

Joyful, the shepherds hear th' inspiring words;
Gladness supplants their fear, when with loud voice,
(Their hearts to heav'nly inspiration warm'd,)
They chaunt the angels' hymn with sweet refrain:

"Glory to God be in the highest giv'n,
And peace on earth to men of good will come.
We praise thee, God, thee bless, and thee adore;
Thee glorify and thank, who glorious art,
Father almighty, heav'n's eternal King.
And thee, O Lord, the sole begotten One,
Th' anointed Christ, and Lord of heav'n and earth;
Thee, Lamb of God, and of the Father, Son,
Who from thy Father's throne dost now descend,
To take away the sins of fallen man;
Thee only, who art Holy, to assume
Our debt, thee only, who art Lord, Most High;
Jesus, the just, to suffer for the vile,
Christ, th' anointed, to mend the broken law."

Aloud exulting, thus the shepherds sing,
And leave their slumb'ring flocks for Beth'hem's crib;
Whose halo mountant, shining from afar,
Directs their speedy steps, and points the door.

They enter, and behold the heav'nly Babe,
Cradled on straw and in a manger laid.
Prostrate before him bow the patriarch sire,
And Mary, who the infant Saviour bore.
Rapt in ecstatic joy before her Son,
Th' untainted Virgin kneeling him address'd:

“By what fit name shall I thee call, O Son?
A man's name shall I give thee? but thou art
Divine. God's name shall I bestow? but thou
Hast taken human flesh. Shall I with milk
Thee nourish, or thee glorify as God?
Shall I, or as thy Mother, cherish thee,
Or as thy handmaid, thee adore? What is
This mystery, unutterable, profound?
Heav'n is thy seat, yet now my womb thee bears;
Here with the dwellers of the earth thou deign'st
To live, and yet the highest heav'ns dost fill;
Whose coming here is not through change of place,
By condescension humbled to our state.
This mystery divine, I may not search,
But humbly bow thy goodness to adore.
Thou art in me th' exhaustless source of good,
With lib'ral hand who hast adorn'd my soul,
Enrich'd with graces, on me copious pour'd;
And when thou had'st no greater gift to yield,
(Unheard of wonder, earth and heav'n's amaze!)
Did'st visit me, did'st give me thine own self,
And constitute me Mother of my Lord!
Naught can'st thou now, my saving Son, refuse,
Who hast united thus thyself to me,
Flesh of my flesh, my life with thine infused,
Thy be'ing, insepar'able to mine conjoin'd.

Since then thou hast so high exalted me,
So intimately join'd me to thyself,
Let all that in me is be perfect thine;
My will conform, my thoughts, and my desires,
That as in body we are one, not less
We may be one in mind, will, heart, and soul."

Her words the shepherds hear with rev'rent awe,
And lowly fall before their infant Lord;
Him worship thus with vows, and humble gifts,
(Such as poor shepherds may,) bestow; then take
Their joyful way, to talk these marvels o'er,
And spread the fame of Israel's new-born King.

Th' almighty Hand, which out of chaos drew
Vast masses, inert, moulded into worlds,
Bow'd mighty suns o'er heav'n's azure plains,
Bade meteors shine, and vagrant comets blaze,
Now decks the ebon vault with a new gem,
Whose glorious rays eclipse day's ruby beams.
High in the Orient gleams that radiant star,
The Father's finger pointing to his Son.
The zodiac glistens with its hallow'd light,
And elder stars withdraw their feebler rays.
Ethiop saw and raised her hands to God,
Saba and Egypt their atonement made,
Araby own'd, and Araby was bless'd.
But chief its beams, enubilous, impress'd
Seleucia's royal fountains, near the place
Where Eden once outspread her spacious walls,
Whence flow'd the Phison round the land of gold,
Gihon and Tigris, with the river famed,
That haughty Babylon bore: streams, which erst
The flowr'y banks of Paradise enlaved,

First kiss'd the virgin sun, ere sin had cast
Its baleful blight on this sublunar sphere,
And now the first salute the virgin star.
This star the Magi saw, who oft had heard
The fame, which he of Beor sounded long,
That when its beams the plains of Kedem gild,
Should rise in Jacob of a Virgin born,
Spotless and pure, a Son, destined to change
The face of nature, peace restore, and cast
O'er sin's dark confines the primeval day.
Such was the fame in Iran, long before
By Zoroaster taught, by these believed;
Believed, and now pursued, for soon begirt,
Sandal'd, with staff in hand, and royal gifts
Prepared, the Magians take their westward way,
To pay their homage to the new-born Child.
The fires of Belus, on his crumbling tower,
Burn'd sinister as pass'd the Magi on;
But, not the portent heeding, they intent
Urged their way through Chaldea's palmy plains;
Then left the land of dates, the desert sands
Of Araby to try; their starry guide,
Meanwhile, refulgent shining on their way.
So glow'd the burning bush that Moses saw;
So o'er the wastes of Mara and of Zin,
The pillar of fire, Israel's marshal'd hosts,
From Zephon led into the promised land;
And so the hand of God them leads, who seek
The way of truth and holiness to know.
Not less ignescent gleam'd th' unwonted orb,
Labent along the deserts trackless path,
And gently o'er their heads diffused its light.

At length on Ammon's rugged heights they stand,
Salute fair Hesebon, in Jordan's stream
Enlave their travell'd limbs, thence, Salem greet,
And at her lordly gates loud knock and ask—
"Where is he who is born King of the Jews?
For in the East his guiding star we saw,
And come the royal Infant to adore."

Fear seiz'd the craven hearts of Juda's sons,
As the strange asking of the Magi pass'd
Through all the ways of Solyma. Stealthy
At first, their words were borne, in whispers low
Upon the evening air, and blanch'd the cheek;
Then grew in louder murmurs, as they sped
From low to high, from high to him, who sat
On David's throne and ruled with iron rod.
So brews the gath'ring storm; the quiet air,
The gentle wind, a distant flash, with sounds
Low mutt'ring, far between, then furious rush
The elements, in angry torrents down.
For, though the heart of Salem long'd to see
The halo of Messias' rising day,
And, versed profoundly in prophetic lore,
Knew that its dawn could not be long delay'd;
Yet, steep'd in guilt, and drench'd in prophets' blood,
Chain'd to the Edomites ensanguin'd throne,
They quick presage their tyrant's kindling ire,
And dread the sound of Israel's Saviour come.
The echoed words—"For we have seen his star
Rise in the East, and him have come to adore,"
Sank deep in Herod's guilty breast, troubl'd him,
And with him all Jerusalem dismay'd.
The vassal's crown upon the monarch's brow,

Bought with his own and Israel's royal blood,
Trembled before the Infant's whisper'd name.
For he had ask'd, and heard the record read—
"Though Bethlehem of Juda is the least,
Yet out of her the Captain shall arise,
To rule the people of the Lord of Hosts."
Sinister grew the monarch's angry brow,
Foreboding evil to the Son of Man;
Whilst with deceit as deep as was his guilt,
He, summoning the Wisemen, artful ask'd,
What time the star, which guided them, appear'd;
Then hastive sent them on their way, enjoin'd
To bring him word, that he might come t' adore.

The Magi more delay not. Issu'ing forth,
With joy exceeding, they pursue the star,
Its zenith fix'd o'er where the young Child was,
With virgin beams on Bethlehem clearly pour'd;
On Bethlehem Ephrata, who, though small,
Was privileged thus, her Lord the first to see.
The lowly roof they enter, and behold
The queenly Mother with her royal Son.
Except the glory circling round his head,
Which clear jaspadean shines, no other beam
Reveals the hidden God; for, since the day,
On which he typical first shed his blood,
Obedient to the law, the radiance, which
The shepherds had allured, fading from view,
Left but this circlet on his sacred brow.
By this they know whom they so long had sought,
A moment stand, inspired with sacred joy,
With ears enravish'd drink the heav'nly sounds,
Which now anew, from bright angelic harps,

Repeat the anthem, which the shepherds heard.
Celestial harmony subdues their sense,
And awe and holy fear melt into love.
That sacred fire which his sweet Name incites,
High heav'n inflames, and all heav'n's sanctities
Inebriates, with ravishing delights,
Invades the Magi, seals their lips, but glows
In chrystal drops, suffusing every cheek.
Prostrate before him, now with unseal'd lips,
The Magi fall, and humbly thus adore :

“O Thou, before whom we, unworthy, bow,
Before whose Majesty adorable,
The trembling earth and heavens flee away,
What shall we in thy presence but adore
In most profound abasement of our souls ?
Thee, do we' adore, just God, and render praise,
Before whose greatness every knee doth bend.
Compared with thee, earth's mightiest is but weak,
Her proud prosperity an empty dream,
And all her brightness but a glimm'ring ray.
Eternal King of ages, great Supreme,
To thee alone, all honor appertains,
Glory, and honor, benediction, praise;
To thee, eternal Son of God most high,
Who now descending from thy heav'nly throne,
Dost deign to clothe thyself with human flesh,
And woo our glad acceptance of thy love.
Celestial source of truth, of hope, and joy,
God, our supreme, all-wise, almighty King,
Thee we have fervent sought, and seeking, find,
Thee now desire to know, to understand,
To love, and walk in all thy hallow'd ways.

All knowledge in thy presence is as naught;
Our best attainments nothing in thy sight,
For thou alone eternal Wisdom art.
And though in holy Infancy thou hast
The Godhead veil'd, thou yet remain'st the same,
Th' Almighty Power, whence we, and all proceed;
In whom we live, sole move, and being have.
Though not of Israel's race, deign, Lord, to look
With favor on thy servants, and give part
In the Redemption, thou hast come to bring.
Remember Abraham, our father; him,
Whose righteousness thou know'st, and whom from out
Our land, of old, thou call'd'st to be the sire
Of this blest race; remember, and accept
For us, his face, who long'd to see thy day,
But who, less bless'd than we, knew not its dawn."

So sought the Magi, and so found; so ask'd,
And of his bounty full received, and grace
For grace; with royal gifts prefer their pray'r,
And find acceptance in his boundless love.
Eight days the infant Saviour they adore,
Worship with vows, and hail his Mother Bless'd;
Then go their way rejoicing whence they came;
Though, by an angel warn'd, in route diverse,
By Bend-Emir, and Syria's fertile fields.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF
REDEMPTION.

ARGUMENT.

The fruits of the hidden life of Christ portrayed. Mary is troubled by a dream, which foreshadows the departure of her divine Son upon his mission, and also his death. She implores him not to leave her. He explains the object of his advent, comforts her, and predicts her own death and exaltation at his right hand in heaven. She is inspired with a courage similar to his own, and now bids him go forth to fulfill the object of his incarnation. John the Baptist, baptizing at the ford of Jordan, sees him coming, announces him as the Lamb of God, and baptizes him. The heavens open, and God the Father, in an audible voice, proclaims his Son. The Holy Ghost descends upon him in the form of a dove, and leads him into the wilderness of Bethbera, where, after fasting forty days and nights, he is tempted of the Devil. Satan is foiled in every attempt, and at last precipitously takes his flight; angels come and minister to the victorious Messias.

REDEMPTION.

BOOK V.

Say Thou, whose sacred effluence outpours,
Redient to my theme inspired, why Jesus
From the world he came to save withdrew; why
He, who yet a youth, before the learned stood,
Confounding them with questions and replies,
(His tearful Mother meanwhile seeking him,)
That wisdom should in solitude obscure;
Sing, for Thou know'st, why He, whose light excell'd
The sheen of stars, and moons, and suns combin'd,
Should intermit so long his rays, and shade
The world in darkness, leaving his mission,
Though begun, but three brief years to evolve
Its momentous, ineffable results.
It was the soul's interior life to teach,
The hidden life divine of Christ with God;
Without which, he that liveth, is but dead,
With which, that dieth, lives to die no more.
Much by example teaching as by words,
The great Exemplar he, like him retire,
In heav'nly contemplation reticent;
Blend low contrition with thanksgiving's acts,
Bid faith t' aspire, and hope to anchor firm;

Rift every tie, that binds the soul to earth,
And on immortal pinions, bid her soar
To that celestial bourne, where rapture reigns.
And he was subject unto them ; this too
He taught, by silence and retreat ; lesson,
Scarcely by few now taught, by fewer learn'd ;
Submiss obedience, sum of sacred lore,
Spirit and practice, pure religion's aim ;
Chiefly to God supreme, next man, who rules
By delegated power throughout the chain
Of his dependence, by which all things hang
In one united, undissever'd whole.
Three years to earth, thirty, in silence pass'd,
Measure the scale of this stupendous truth,
In which Perfection hath her perfect work,
Nor deems her task accomplish'd till attain'd.
Proceeds from out of this, humility,
Basis of virtue fair, and powerful sword,
Which sole th' infernal Prince of pride doth slay.
Abject and mean to seem, abject to be,
The wings that Heaven ordains on which to soar,
And converse hold celestial with the skies.
Nor only these from calm retirement flow,
As sequences from premises derive ;
But purity of heart, grace dear to God,
With charity inflamed, and peace, and joy,
Virtue, or faith or hope, excelling far,
And without which all else is empty sound.
So Patience here her perfect work attains,
The fruit of tribulation, trial, hope,
Pour'd in the heart from charity of God,
And comfort biding in the Holy Ghost.

The hidden life, nor fruitless then, nor vain,
But rich in grace, resorbs the dews of heaven,
The virtues racemous to fructify.

These bright in Jesus shone, whom Nazareth
Detain'd, as he in grace and stature grew,
Favour with God and man, and strong to cope
(According to the flesh, essential who
Nor growth nor increase knew,) with mortal foe,
And that stupendous toil, 'neath which at last,
Midst sweat and blood, with load of guilt weigh'd down,
Guilt not his own, who knew no sin, he sank.
Erect and broad his spacious shoulders spread,
Tall rose his frame, and rounded stood his limbs,
With beauty molded, as for grace and strength,
Not femininely soft, yet scarce less fair.
His lofty brow with manly locks were curl'd,
Which wave o'er wave profusely backward roll'd
In clusters, resting on his polished neck,
And barely to his ample shoulders fell.
Thought sat supreme though placid on his front,
Wisdom profound controll'd his active thoughts,
And spoke him fit for empire, lordly sway,
Yet tender, gentle, kind, to rule all hearts
More by the soothing influences than fear.
The ruddy glow of manhood's prime suffused
His cheeks; his eye was hazel, large, but mild
As hers, who call'd the Godlike Man her Son;
Grave in his aspect, grave but not severe,
With easy smile curving his rubied lips;
But ne'er to laughter given, though with tears
His eyes not seldom running o'er, to find
The world so woe-begone, so wretched, lost,

So far removed from rectitude of aim,
Or wish its pristine righteousness to gain.

'Twas on a day to sacred rest disposed,
The beauteous Mother stood beside her Son.
The place was sacred held, where oft the twain,
This Adam and his spotless Eve, communed;
Mother and Son communed, when morning rose,
'At day's nigh noon, and when still evening wrapt
Its veil of golden beauty round the scene,
Or deepen'd into shades of thoughtful night,
The hour of meditation, when the soul,
Untrammell'd by the things of time and sense,
Mounts up from nature to her primal Source.
A range of hills, with freshest verdure coped,
And stately trees, enclosed the valley round.
Broad elms here lift their venerable heads,
The sycamine its dark green foliage blends
With clust'ring chesnut's not less pleasing growth,
Whilst avenues of walnut, holm, interspersed
Midst fruitful olives, citrons, wave their leaves,
To gentlest influence of the evening breeze.
Nor stately tree, nor verdant shrub alone,
Oped their long vistas to inviting view,
And bade the weary court their ambient shade;
But every plant, each fruit, pleasant to sight,
Taste, smell, or good for use, domestic, grew,
While down each slope, bloom'd sweetest flow'rs,
Diffusing grateful odors through the air.
Amid the garden native fountains sprang,
Tossing their playful waters, crystal clear,
Till amber streams with sweet reluctant flow,
Not void of life, coursing their pebbly beds,

In crested ripples on each margin broke,
And sank in murm'ring music soft away.
Not Eden in its prime more beauteous bloom'd,
When Adam and his spouse, then innocent,
Its soil luxuriant till'd, its fruitage cropt,
Than this loved Paradise, where pair more bless'd,
More innocent, now in sweet converse walk.
Enamell'd was their path, thick paved with flow'rs,
That shed their sweetest odor as they pass'd;
Balsam and fir, their richest perfume breath'd,
Whilst odorous acacia show'r'd its fruits;
Sweet almond, gay with varied hues dispensed,
And olives, each their latent fragrance blent.
When thus, along an alley, fadeless green,
Some trace of deep thought in the Virgin's mien,
Reflected from the cast her Son's face bore,
She to him mild these earnest words address'd :

“Son of my love, my sole begotten One,
Some thought hangs heavy o'er and clouds thy brow.
Deep read in every change that marks thy face,
I can but see some mystery working there,
Some deep design, which mocks my skill to read.
'Tis not in absence of accustomed smiles;
These ever lend fresh charms to thy converse;
Nor yet in gloom morose; this never mars
The calmness of thy look, celestial bland,
I read these motions; but, in tenderness
Increased, in the deep pathos of thy tones,
The mellow'd softness of thy voice and eye.
These tell me of some mighty purpose fix'd,
Some thought profound, which thy reluctance spares
To tell, lest sadness pierce my anxious breast,

Or damp my heart, with sorrows' load o'erfraught.
But yet, another voice its motive lends,
And bids me this foreboding now express.
Come with me yonder, to that gentle knoll,
And 'neath the yew trees sit, where that befel,
Which racks my mind with wav'ring doubts,
And leads me on thee to cast all my care,
From whom no secret thought I e'er withheld."

Thus she, with voice subdued, and teeming eye,
Preferr'd the rising fear, that cast its shade
Over the placid heaven of her breast,
And darkly shadow'd grief foredoom'd to come.
So, hand in hand they walk, to where a hill,
With easy slope rose from the grassy sward,
Timber'd with yews. A bower of jessamine
Adorn'd the spot, whose graceful tendrils wove
A trellis'd arch, festoon'd with flow'rs, then fell
In rich profusion, fragrant, to the ground;
Where, seated, Mary, sighing, slow resumed :

"'Twas yester-e'en ; the sun obliquely pour'd
His sultry beams o'er hill, o'er field, and stream ;
All creatures own'd the heat's oppressive force,
And panting, fled t' escape the burning ray.
The birds their warblings hush'd, the leaves stood still ;
The fawns their gambols ceased ; my fleet gazel
Grew weary of his play ; tired nature slept.
Each thing that lives, or taught to bide my voice,
Or, native sportful, pleased my steps attend,
In covert hid, now dozed the hour away ;
Nor I withstood, but soon sank to repose.
Sleep scarcely had o'erspread my weary sense,
When thou, methought, stood'st near me, calm and mild ;

Yet, strange, with teardrops in thine eyes. Soon one,
Who stood aloof, gan beck'ning thee away,
And seem'd impatient at thy tardy step.
With one enravish'd, ling'ring look on me,
(Oh ! how ecstatic is the mem'ry now,
How sweet the ravishment, which that look gave,)
Thou answer'd to his motion, and withdrew.
Some sinister portent e'er cast his brow,
Yet still thou follow'd ; shrieking, I pursued.
Long was the distance, devious the road,
But naught would my maternal heart give o'er.
A busy mart at length arose in view,
And frenzied multitudes opposed thy way.
I lost thee in their midst, but still pursued,
Eager to seek thee whither thou had'st gone.
Their execrations rang within my ear,
And threats of violence my grief renew'd.
I call'd thee—Son, my Son, oh ! whither dost
Thou flee ? But found thee not, nor heard, alas !
Thy well known voice return familiar sounds ;
Destined, ah me ! to hear that voice no more.
All night I sought thee, all night found thee not,
Till morn broke sadly on my blasted hopes,
And I stood by thy bruised and mangled corse.
Tell me, my Son, my life, my joy, my all,
What means this vision that so racks my soul ?
Is it foresent in mercy from above,
To blunt the force of some approaching ill ?
Or shaft from th' evil one, sent to harrass ?
Thou would'st not leave me, no thou can'st not go ;
Save thee, whom have I, sole my staff and stay."

Not with such grief did Eve her fault bewail,

As this one, faultless, thus discoursed her dream.
Grief from her eyes pour'd down a copious flood,
Heaved her full bosom, and convulsed her frame,
Lest what she seem'd to see, might soon be done.
Her arms around her Son she fondly clasp'd,
Close press'd him to her heart as loath to part,
Reclined her head upon his sacred breast,
And sobbing, weeping, fainted in his arms.
The Godman's eyes o'erflow'd with answer'ing woe,
Responsive throb'd his heart to her distress,
Whom ever he beheld with ardent love.
He to his bosom press'd the spotless Dove,
And in soft accents answer'ing, sweetly said :

“Woman to me endear'd, above all loved,
As thou above all others art redeem'd,
Repress thy fears, and still this gush of grief.
No serious ill can thee or me afflict.
Save sin, no serious ill exists ; what else
Befalls, comes by permissive will of heav'n.
Nor need the vision thou hast seen, disturb ;
Whether from heav'n in mercy sent t' awarn,
Or from some lower source, need not concern.
Yet, fairest of Eve's daughters, worthy found,
Sole worthy found to incarnate the Lord,
Something here trace that timely needs to know ;
Not wholly now unknown, who oft hast heard
Me converse of the work I came to do ;
That work, which leads me to frequent the haunts
Of men, without regard to what may there befall.
Should then, this premonition dimly trace
Some mortal throw, by us to be endured,
Doubt not the purpose hath such end in view,

As must commensurate the seeming ill.
Then let the sorrow, which o'erwhelms thee now,
Give place to that heroic aim, sublime,
Which bids thee rise superior, undismay'd,
'Bove all the transient woes, t' which flesh is heir.
Not that I chide thy tears; 'tis good to weep;
Good, when the cords, which nature binds, are strain'd,
Good, when bereavement friendship's heartstrings snap,
But best, when shed o'er others' ills and woes,
And Love, the oil of consolation pours."

Thus Jesus, bending o'er whom he revered,
Dear to his soul, whose flesh and blood he bore,
The balm of love pour'd in her troubled breast;
Clasp'd her to his, and wiped away the tears,
Which love's emotion coursed along her cheeks;
When Mary thus, with trembling voice, renew'd :

" My Lord, my Son, this bleeding heart forebodes,
All that thy gentle words and love conceal.
I know thou art but lent to me, too soon,
Alas! how soon, to be withdrawn, and fear,
By some dread anguish, not to me reveal'd.
What sorrows equal mine! What mother's breast
So torn with anguish, and despoil'd by death!
First Joachim, revered, resign'd this life,
Next, Anne, from whom being I received;
Then last, my holy spouse, though full of years,
And ripen'd for the harvest Death must reap,
Renews the wound, which time had scarcely heal'd;
Now thou, my Son, my life, my hope, my strength,
My father, mother, spouse, and only stay,
Thou too wilt leave me, hopeless, lone, bereft.
Why, not the mystery of thine earthly life

Unfold as well within this calm retreat,
And Nazareth's cot, as midst the haunts
Of treach'rous, sinful men? Beside me here,
Thy life would easy flow, peaceful mature,
And at its close, in good old age, thou mightst
Descend by easy footsteps to the tomb.

Within, serenity and peace abide,
Without, abhorr'd abomination dwells,
Sin, misery, and desolation reign.
And if, as oft thou'st said, thy blood must flow,
A free-will off'ring to redeem the world,
E'en this extreme of need hath been fulfill'd,
In thy submission to Mosaic law.

And who shall say one drop, one precious drop,
Of blood so rich, were not of ample worth
T' elute the sins of e'en ten thousand worlds."

So she, in fond illusion of the mind;
He, to the Mother of sorrows, thus replied :

"Daughter of God, Mother beloved of mine,
Thy slightest wish is law to me, thy Son;
Nor is it now, nor shall be ever heard,
That I to thy requests have turn'd deaf ear.
Thou know'st me as I am, cloth'd with thy flesh,
Thy stainless blood infusing all my veins,
Yet, God the Father's sole begotten One,
Lent, as thou say'st, a little while to thee,
But destined to accomplish what thou know'st.
Attend me now, and if what I disclose,
Be not sufficient to induce accord,
And hold thee with me in redemption's plan,
(Not yet full well perhaps conceived by thee,)
Thou shalt enjoin me then somewhat more fit.

Thou oft hast heard from me of war in heav'n ;
How one proud spirit rose, and with him drew
To base revolt, third part of Heav'ns sons ;
How I thence thrust them out to utter woe :
How I created man, with all those worlds,
Which thou behold'st adorn yon spacious dome.
Those worlds, created once so fair, Satan,
Through enmity malign, essay'd to mar.
With what success in other spheres, doth not
My purpose touch, hereafter thou shalt learn ;
But what fell here, the ruin that he wrought,
Too well the records of the race recount.
Thus man was doom'd to like despair, (e'en thou
Had'st been, unless superlative redeem'd,)
To utter, hopeless, dark, and wild despair.
Yet, since by tempting, sin not innate sprung,
Pardon was offer'd him, could one be found,
Sufficient to atone for mortal sin.
I chose th' atoning sacrifice to be ;
Offer'd, and meet acceptance soon received ;
Came to the world through thee, the first redeem'd,
Entire redeem'd, and fitting made for me,
Exempt from common law, the paradigm
Of earthly favour and celestial grace.
The prophets thou hast read ; and know the theme,
Which most harmonious tuned their sacred choirs,
And with what clearness, they redemption sang ;
Its rise, through thee ; its course, that I should die,
And justice thus original restore,
The sting of death withdraw, and light the grave,
With rays of glory from beyond its borne.
The sting of Death, what is it? Sin. Sin then

O'ercome, where are the terrors of the tomb?
And Joachim, and Anne, Joseph just,
What terrors met they in the vale of Death?
Serene they lived, by faith, serenely died,
And pass'd rejoicing on their upward way,
My rod and staff secure supporting them.
Mary, that valley's depths thou too shalt try.
Dost thou fear Death? Lift up the veil which shrouds
The glories it reserves for thee beyond
Those confines, that so darkling seem.
A couch of roses, borne on angel's wings,
With music, wafts thee to thy heav'nly throne.
View it, sapphire and gold, at God's right hand,
Near mine, which waits me till my work is done.
Meanwhile, though seeming absent, I am near,
Beside thee watching, to defend from harm.
Nor I alone; the hosts of heaven encamp
Around, thy footsteps night and day attend,
About thee watch, when sleep o'erpowers thy sense,
Stand by thee when awake, nor cease to ward
Thee, when least conscious of their friendly aid.
Gabriel, thou know'st, and all his shining train,
Who strict have charge of thee to shield from harm.
Fear not then, when my Father's busi'ness calls;
I, for a time may leave thee, but not long,
An' thou dost not refuse m' assent to go;
Such honor to a parent owes the Son."

With ardor thus th' untainted Maid rejoin'd:
"Naught I impede, nor more invoke thy stay;
Go, my beloved, sole begotten Son,
Perfect the work thus given thee to do.
I know the import now of Simeon's words,

When in his arms thine infant form he took.
I see the sword destined to pierce my soul,
And willingly would shed my blood for thine,
Could that avert from thee thy deep distress,
Or aid the cause that leads thee hence from me.
At least my tears shall as a fountain flow,
Flow till the fount be dry, or sorrow's sum
Of dire, accumulative woe be fill'd.
I had desired thee near me, fear'd to loose,
But now I see the motive, that inflames
Thy loving heart, a motive like thyself,
Supremely good, that others' woes laments,
Regardless of thine own; motive, that drew
Thee from thy heav'nly throne, and proves thee such,
As for transgression only could atone.
My heart hath joy in thee, beloved Son;
If henceforth grief should pierce that heart with pain,
I'll bear it, thy grace aiding, for thy sake,
Assured of thy loved presence, and such help
As angel guards, disposed by thee, may yield."

Behind the hill, not far from where they sat,
A grove of alders grew, with chesnut mix'd,
Wild cork, close set with brush, a thicket dense,
Dark, wild, for wily ambush fitly built.
Within this covert, low the Devil crouch'd,
Arrear, but in full view his gloaming eye,
And easy length for his attentive ear.
Each motion he espied, each word drank in,
And marvell'd much, at what he saw and heard.
Nor, when they ceased, (such charm their voice convey'd,)
Bethought to move him, but with eyeballs set,
And auricles erect, still strained to hear.

At last awaked, as one from dream or trance,
Roused him to meditate, when thus aloud,
His ruminating thoughts took shape and ran :

“ Hah ! something I at length hear new design’d,
Though dimly ’exposed, with cautious, close set phrase.
What if the list’ner’s fate betide, to hear
My cause misple’d, me limn’d of darker shade ?
Much from their words of moment I may draw,
To aid my cause, shape my intent. So then,
(And this to know may well th’ adventure pay,)
’Tis not by procreation, he intends
To fill the earth with new and better men ;
But with the old, the self-same ancient race,
Somehow redeem’d, and rescued from my thrall.
Had he new progeny design’d, like this,
The second Eve, and Him, named only Son,
As I supposed, from as this pair began,
Small hope remain’d ; I might have given o’er,
Since all my force, the weaker one repell’d,
And he, no doubt, more hard to circumvent,
So manly grown, in native dignity
Erect. Not that I fear him, but expect
To meet, and test his valor’s utmost worth.
And, even should an open contest fail,
There yet remains sharp practice, in my guile
To track his footsteps, and conceal’d await
Unguarded moment, opportune to tempt,
Let what may such adventure sly, befall.
But this redemption, that he mainly vaunts,
And on which his advent, ’tis said, depends,
What is ’t ? Something inclines me to regard
It old, tried heretofore, found empty, vain.

Is't that which Noe preach'd, and lost a world?
Or after, that which led to Abram's call,
And final settlement in promised land,
Of his seed multiplied to countless hordes?
Which soon to idols fell, that is to me,
Who led their wisest king by female snares,
To worship at my shrine, and me adore?
So, hath he not, time was, and is again,
Them sharp rebuked, call'd stubborn, stiff-neck'd race,
And oft resign'd them to my peoples' sway;
Who scourged, despoil'd, slew, dragg'd in chains,
And for long years wiped out their very name?
Wherefore, if his redemption hath not fail'd?
And should the remnant, two bare tribes, define
Whether against, or for him, they would be,
Doubt not Hipparcus' fate would his be soon.
If this be thy new plan then, Son of God,
I claim the contest fought, the vict'ry won,
Thou art defeated, as thou wast before,
Since not thy will alone can this effect,
But man's incline, which inly tends to me.
Meanwhile, till this his plan begins to work,
'Tis mine alert to hang upon his steps,
And sober watch keep o'er his devious ways."

Now had the Baptist gan aloud his cry,
Whom Bethbera long time conceal'd, where fruits
Of reticence he cull'd, and grew in grace;
More rich than Noe, preacher of justice,
Type of this, who erst between two worlds stood,
Pleading with man to leave his evil ways;
Plead long, but not more earnestly than John,
Last of the prophets, chief of th' anchorets,

Whose voice the wilderness awoke, with that
Seraphic cry—Behold the Lamb of God!
Transcending in his mission entheal,
The choir prophetic, and than those more bless'd ;
Fill'd with the Holy Ghost before his birth,
Endow'd to prophesy the Son of God,
And more than they, Him privileg'd to see.
Meeker than Moses, he before the Lord
Did stand, clothed in penitential garb,
On rudest fare, locust and honey fed,
His drink the limpid brook, his bed the lair
Of savage beasts; yet, greater than Elias,
Whom ravens fed at Carith, while he shut
The heav'ns, the truth of Israel's God to prove.
As he on Carmel stood, on Jordan's banks
The Baptist stands, and with loud voice proclaims
The axe laid to the root of every tree,
Which beareth not, with fire unquenchable
To be burnt up, unless to penance true,
Fruits worthy penance, they should now bring forth.
Him, at the ford of Jordan, Israel flock'd
To hear; chief priests, and scribes, proud pharisees,
And lowliest of the poor; to hear, and feel
Its pure regenerating waters flow,
Pour'd by his hand, on their repentant heads.
To this voice crying, Jesus also came;
Not to be cleansed from sin, but typical,
Obedient to the law he came to teach,
To be baptized, who knew no sin himself,
Yet bore the sins of all; sins then to be
Eluted, when blood and water freely flow'd
From out his sacred side. Him, John beheld

Approaching, and with voice aloud proclaim'd:

“Behold the Lamb of God! of whom I spake,
Predicting he should come, and now point out.
This is the Man of whom I said—There comes
One after me, who is preferr'd before,
Because he was before; long in your midst,
Yet not till now made known as Israel's Hope,
Her meek Oblation, in whom is no sin,
Nor guile found in his mouth. Behold the Lamb!
Who takes away your sins, who renders void
The dread hand-writing, which against you stands,
And with his blood blots out your guilty stains.
With water unto penance I baptize,
But take no sins away; this, He who comes,
Assured performs, baptizing you with fire
And with the Holy Ghost; whose shoes I am
Not worthy to unloose. His is the fan,
With which he fans the floor, garners the wheat,
But all the chaff consumes with quenchless fire.
Him have the prophets taught, and long'd to see,
Him oft predicted, waiting till he come.
Be not deceived, nor let my voice delude;
He comes not forth with pomp, nor vain display,
Nor as a mighty conqu'ror drench'd in blood;
Not as of old, when Moses heard his voice,
Nor yet, as midst Shekinah's hallow'd light,
Where his effulgence shone with mellow'd ray;
But meek and lowly, clothed in our flesh,
Our elder brother, touch'd with our distress,
With power to lift the burdens which we bear,
And Israel raise to more than former state.
On him the Holy Ghost will soon descend,

And manifest to all our Shiloh come,
Immanuel, Messias, God with us.
Attend my words; let penance bear its fruits:
For lo, the axe is laid to every tree
That doth not yield good fruit, to be cut down,
And burn'd in flames of everlasting fire."

So shone the Baptist's milder beams before
The Sun of Righteousness, to greet his dawn,
Forerun his coming, and prepare the way;
As when Aurora, blushing, tints the sky,
And o'er the ocean spreads her rosy veil,
But hides her glories when the eye of morn
Peers from the Orient in full blaze of day.
Whom absent, he had taught, present he owns,
Then from his office finish'd, meek withdraws;
Though not till Jordan's consecrated stream,
Pour'd by his hand, enlaves the Saviour's form.
To which end coming, Jesus now drew near,
Submissive to the law he had enjoin'd;
To whom deferring, humbly John withheld:
"Lord, what is this thou of thy servant would'st?
I rather ought to be baptized by thee,
And comest thou to me? Refrain thee, Lord;
Why should the greater of the lesser ask?
Or how th' unclean essay to wash the Pure?
Thou, in thyself, all goodness dost contain,
And can'st not, asking, but receive thine own,
Nor dost thou need that we should thine bestow."

To whom th' Obedient for obedience sake:

"Who makes the law, himself should law obey,
And I, who this enjoin, but crown my work,
Who come the law and prophets to fulfill.

Did not himself with circumcision seal
The Father of the faithful? I as well,
Th' Exemplar of whom I have come to save,
Not less desire to do as well as teach.
Hence I, if I receive baptism from man,
None should refuse, but glad the same partake.
Nor is it naught to thee, that these should hear
My Father's voice attest his Son; nor Him,
The third Triune, see visible descend,
And irrefragable my mission prove.
Yet this to past, nor thee, alone doth look,
But higher motive, soon to be reveal'd;
Whereby regenerate, old Adam dies,
Deep buried in regenerating flood;
Perhaps the saving waters consecrate,
And thereby typify the inward fruits
Of that baptism, which with fire shall come,
And secret motion of the heav'nly Dove;
A rite, to show that man, unless new born
Of water and the Holy Ghost, shall ne'er
See God, nor in his kingdom come.
I then, the first baptized, th' example give,
Though needing not, as clean, and lead the way,
By which alone, who me believe, buried
A moment in the renovating stream,
May truly' arise from death, with life indued;
Thus, not with words, but now in very deed,
I, a new rite, not meaningless, confirm.
For justice sake then, suffer it to be,
Since thus 'tis meet all justice to fulfill."

So, straight descending in the cleansing font,
The Teacher of th' Evangelists received

Its sacred waters at the Baptist's hands.
Then, from their depths advancing to the shore,
Behold, the heav'ns disclosed, wide spread her gates,
And from her golden portals, as a dove,
The Holy Ghost descending, on him sat ;
Whilst rays of glory wide dispensed the place,
Direct from Fount of unapproached light,
And, loud as voice of many waters pour'd,
Or thunder rolling o'er the cloud coped sky,
A voice from the Invisible was heard.
Not as Elias herd on Horeb's top,
Whon fierce winds rove the mountains, piecemeal torn,
And crush'd the trembling rocks, whilst earthquakes
The solid ground, and fires their forces spent ; [moved
Nor as in still small voice of whistling air,
Which gently bade the prophet go his way.
Nor terrible, nor whisp'ring soft, as these,
But grand, sublime, and loud, loud, yet serene,
Befitting well the Gospel's clearer dawn,
To win, not terrify, who heard the words,
With which the Father thus attests the Son :

“Lo, this is my beloved Son, in whom
I am well pleased : by nature mine,
Begotten by me e'er the worlds began ;
True God of God ; light of my light ; begot,
Not made, and consubstantial with me found,
By whom all things that are, his work, subsist.
Yet now, for your sakes, who thus hear my voice,
For your salvation from the curse of sin,
From heav'n comes down, incarnate, God made Man.
For which cause I have so exalted him,
And given him a name above all names,

That in the name of Jesus all should bow,
Each tongue confess, in heaven, earth, and hell.
Him shall ye hear, through him, to me approach,
By whom alone salvation is conferr'd;
For under heav'n no other name than His,
To man is giv'n, whereby he may be saved.
In him my soul delights, and who would love
The Father, first must love the Son, nor hope,
Save in his love, e'er to draw near my throne.
Him shall ye hear, believe, and him obey,
Who will my mysteries to you unfold,
The myst'ries of my providence to man;
The way of peace disclose, the way to heav'n,
To present, and to everlasting joy;
Joy, which no eye hath seen, no ear hath heard,
Nor hath it enter'd into heart of man.
Such is my sole Begotten, well Beloved;
Who him attend shall also be my sons,
Adoptive sons and heirs, though now condemn'd,
And subject made to Death, through mortal sin.
To these I'll manifest myself, will love,
And he will love, and they and we be one." [dispersed,

Here ceased the Voice, the awe-struck crowds
When by the Spirit led, the new Baptized,
Towards the wilderness directs his way.
Dismal the road the lab'ring Godman trod,
Through where Engaddi's waste leads to that sea,
Which Death, on hov'ring pinions, dark o'ershades;
Thence east the Jordan, hard and devious tract,
Where Galaad's range hangs threat'ning o'er Jaboc,
On all sides round o'erhung with rugged crags,
Frowning on narrow defiles, dark and drear,

Whose sterile soil, averse to pleasing growth,
Or smiling foliage, scarcely 'endures the root
Of scraggy shrub, bramble, or knarled pine.
No flowers spring in his path, nor limpid founts
Gush forth in pearly streams to lave his feet,
Or quench his anguish'd thirst; but thorns and briars,
And prickly pear, ferine, oppose his way,
Whilst turbid torrents rush impetuous down
Through dark ravines, umber'd by tow'ring cliffs,
And obverse reave their labyrinthian course.
Vast was the solitude and wild; by man
Scarce trod, but versant to the feet of brutes,
To savage beasts and ven'mous things a prey;
Fit place for demons, gorgons, horrors dire,
Of every shape and name, hideous to dwell.

Thither the arch-defrauder then withdrew,
When he, defeated by the Virgin, fled,
New frauds, and fresh piacular deceits,
To ruminate. Thence saw, though powerless
To forefend, th' advent of the Son of God;
Amazed saw the second Man, first fruit
Of second Eve, and in him saw the same
Almighty Power, whose thunder o'er his head,
Hurl'd him, sore press'd with shameful, ruinous rout,
As lightning from the battlements of heav'n.
Saw, and aghast stood, at th' auspicious dawn
Of man's redemption: wonder'd at the plan,
And fired the base heart of the Edomite,
The Innocents to slay, Him to involve.
Rodent with spite, abortive all his wiles,
Th' immitigable fiend, with redient hope,
Now saw the Lamb of sacrifice traverse

The dismal confines of Bethbera's wastes.
Solitary went the Son of God his way,
While on his steps perdu the Devil hung;
In guile than whom Ægyptus Cetes calls,
Far more expert, who, on Carpathian shores,
So said, transmutes his slipp'ry form; now seems
A tusked boar, with bristly hide, and now
A tree, with stately foliage crown'd; then glides
A stream, rolling its amber flood transverse
The plains; here blows a storm, and there a breeze,
Balmy reposing on some placid sea;
In every form quick to elude the grasp,
Or covert, 'scape from every ambush set.
Thus Satan now his various tricks employs,
T' elude the vigilance of God made man.
One while a serpent's folds enclose him round,
And then a spotted leopard sly conceals;
A lion next, he gleams with savage glare,
Or as a vulture, on some jutting cliff,
Looks gloating down, where'er he wends his way.
Thus mask'd, the grand Deceiver changed his form,
As oft as whom he sought, his place, and roam'd,
Or flew, now far, now near, for prospect large,
Or close, waiting some vantage gain'd, intent
On bended wing to swoop, or couchant spring
From bush or brake, his unsuspecting prey
To seize; but strangely felt himself withheld,
And felt how thin was all disguise with him,
On whom his fruitless wiles were now display'd.
For him, th' omniscient Saviour thus beheld,
And heeded not, but onward moved, stately
With royal step, whilst innate dignity

Adorn'd his brow and held the foe at bay.
Whereat the Devil, wond'ring, inly wrought:
 " What pow'r withholds me, potent heretofore,
Now impotent? To seize, and hold possess'd,
Mine was erewhiles, with force to work my will
On man; to lead, mislead, and low before
Me bow, or cringe, or fly distraught with fear,
As for my purposes I fittest deem'd.
Thus Aaron, at the foot of Sanai, me
Adored, whilst Moses talk'd with God atop;
An equal homage done, and equal shared,
Though I, through native worth, the greater part
Rather, obtain'd; so as 'tis meet, who reign
Monarch of earth and hell; ' he only ' of heav'n.
So Saul me servilely adored on earth;
His fav'rite Saul, whom I long time possess'd,
And now award him his deserts in hell;
Just mulct, my jealousy inflicts, on whom,
E'en momentarily, durst own another Lord.
What hosts of victims on my altars smoke,
My power to deprecate, my wrath forefend,
Or choice, proclivous turn'd tow'rds me their king,
'Twere boteless here to say. On all the race
My mark indelibly is set; e'en so
By him confess'd, in spite of all his plans.
What then withholds me now? Is it goodness?
Virtue? Former Eve had both, and yet, she,
From his to my dominion, easy fell,
And Adam after her, lured by her charms.
Afore this, drew I not with me, third part
Of heavenly hosts, longer who disdain'd,
With abject service to propend his throne;

Preferring freedom here, to vassalage
In heav'n, albeit obnoxious to some pain?
Goodness and virtue! Ah me! in them once,
How pre-eminent I stood! How fall'n now!
And what would venture to regain that state,
Created first like others to enjoy.
Are these made better, and more firm to stand?
This second Eve, this Man, so godlike both,
Are they superior e'en t' angelic mold?
So my repulsion ruinous forebodes.
But may not this foreboding me deceive?
Howe'er it be, deceiving or deceived,
One thing is fix'd, my enmity is his;
My force shall him oppose, while force remains.
He can but conquer; I, annihilate,
But die; if this ethereal substance can
Dissolve, which much I doubt, since it withstands,
And has so long withstood, his fiercest brunts.
Not deathless, then far better death, better
Annihilation, than the contest yield.
What e'er result, or be he God, or man,
Or both united, him I now essay."

Thus he, the while a cormorant, high perch'd,
New frauds devised; and then, on gyral wing,
Foul, graveolent, to eye the spot where he
Might best alight, soar'd high in ambient air.
Far in the wilderness a ravine deep,
Near Galaad lies, through which the Jaboc
Coursed its way to blend with Jordan's stream,
Hard by the witness heap, which Laban raised,
His cov'nant with the patriarch to seal.
Thither, sore journey, after many days were pass'd,

Jesus famish'd came; beside the torrent,
Faint, exhausted, lay, and scoop'd its waters
Within his sacred hands, and sought to quench
The pangs of ardent thirst, but nothing found
T' appease the craving appetite for food.
Not Jacob's house so sore the famine felt,
Which grievously and long oppress'd the land;
Nor that lone widow, who, with her lone son,
Her last meal measured and prepared to die;
Nor such the pangs of that lamenting seer,
On evil times, midst evil men, who fell,
That for the truth was long deprived of bread,
And causeless in the miry dungeon cast.
Dark was the hour, and desolate; that hour
Alone more dark, when in Gethsemini,
His sacred brow gush'd forth with drops of blood,
The while he knelt in agony of prayer.
That moment opportune the Devil chose,
To tempt the virtue of the Son of God.
From bestial to angelic form restored,
The counterfeit of some bright spirit he seem'd.
A flowing robe his gashful shape conceal'd,
His waist a cymar girt, and on his head,
He wore the semblance of a kingly crown;
But passion marr'd his face, his lustre dimm'd,
Whilst rude grimace for smiles, distorts his mouth,
And so, with shuffling gait, and leer askant,
Hesitant, from doubt how the essay might end,
The Tempter, tempting Jesus, thus began:
 " What! art thou then indeed the Son of God,
Whom we have heard of late so loud proclaim'd,
And of whom fame such wond'rous things doth tell?

Not such was Israel's great Deliv'rer thought;
They hoped a powerful Prince, a Councilor,
High named, of high descent, not abject thus,
Strong to set free, and wise to rule the state.
Nor yet mere human shape, depress'd, but God,
Since Son of God was their Messias call'd;
And, if the same as I have heard relate,
Who sat in glory' at His right hand enthroned,
Equal in splendor and extended rule,
Hard must it be to recognize in thee,
Emaciate, deserted, wan, forlorn,
And in this desert like to die of want,
That mighty Ruler, who in time should come.
Much I could wish to have this doubt resolved;
For, if thou be as said, it cannot rest,
That such a Father would deprive such Son,
Or leave him without help in time of need,
When all of earth is at his sole command.
E'en man sometimes he hath endow'd with pow'r,
To work amazing wonders with high hand,
Some temp'ral need to serve; how much more Thee,
His own Son named, would he to succor haste,
Or speedy urge thee, strong from innate pow'r,
To satisfy the hunger want impels.
Arouse this power, latent, yet possess'd,
Nor suffer thy distress to bow thee low,
Else own thyself th' imposter some would fain."

So he, affecting doubt of what he knew,
And tempting to distrust, deadliest of sins;
Since, who distrusts the providence of God,
On self, or some forbidden source relies.
Thus tempted he Jehoram to exclaim—

This evil is the Lord's, why should we look
To Him for further aid, or longer hope?
Job once the trial knew, but kiss'd the rod,
And triumph'd o'er th' unseen Tempter's pow'r.
So Jesus now with condescension meek,
His Adversary, thus unmask'd, repels:

“Didst thou in truth not know me as I am,
(Though this I not the least confess to thee,)
Thou would'st not here have follow'd to attempt,
Nor, coming, wove thy web of glozing lies.
But deeming me the refuge sole of man,
Thou hop'st by fond delusion, trick bold play'd,
To stumble me, and thus defeat that aim,
Which leads me to high task so well begun.
Thou know'st my meaning, that late felt the foil
Of her, though weak, who proved too strong for thee.
Nor is thy tempting new, if somewhat changed;
Though, if thou had'st not so attempted Eve,
Who stood not then as I in need of food,
Still would its baldness thy pretext betray,
And prove thee' as superficial in device,
As thin in thy disguise. That I refrain
To strip, and send thee howling to thy place,
Deem for response sufficient to thy quest.
To parl here e'en, were sin to all save One,
To be persuaded by thee to do aught,
Though it should seeming needful be for life,
Would e'en my cause attain; nor have I least
That mind. But waiving, let that pass the while.
Since when, hast thou such marv'ulous zeal indued,
So anxious grown, to prove me Son of God?
'Twere to be thought thou would'st that proof defer,

Who tasted once the force of his just wrath,
And sorely felt the weight of his strong arm.
But, were it needed, proof hath been enough,
Since, if thou stood'st at Jordan's ford, and heard,
Which I doubt not, me thrice proclaim'd the Son,
Thou well might'st me believe, natheless no act
Of mine own special force be now vouchsafed,
'Twixt thee and me alone, in this bleak waste."

To Him the Tempter boldly this return'd :

"This weak evasion proves thy metal false,
Thy high pretence, like all the rest, a sham.
Many there be, who claim superior birth,
Sound their own praises, and exalted aims,
Lo here, lo there, affirm themselves the Christ,
But prove their boastings vain, when call'd to work
Some wonder to attest their call of God.
So thou, it seems, not less evasive, mean'st
To sound thy trumpet, some weak minds to dupe,
And credulous make hope Messias come ;
But careful hold'st the proof, though earnest sought,
That only can confirm what thou would'st seem.
Was 't ever heard of since the world began,
That a true prophet fail'd to work by signs ?
The list is long, and many might be named,
But one will well suffice t' illustrate all ;
One, specially design'd to shadow Him,
Who, many' unite in firm belief, shall come ;
The same, that led this people through the wastes,
That erst described the Prophet who should rise,
As like unto himself. How he their wants
Supplied with manna, quails, and quench'd their thirst
With water in the desert, struck from rocks,

And proved his power, must be well known to thee,
E'en though that promised Prophet thou art not,
Nor needs that I should time consume to tell.
Much more for thee, if thou be as 'tis said,
Should some great marvel interpose to save;
And this from thee would set my doubt at rest.
If thou be He, transform these stones to bread;
Thy stern necessities supply, nor wait,
In vain expecting needful aid from heav'n,
Which clear deserts thee in this last extreme."

To whom our Vindicator firm replied :

"And think'st thou then, that I should deem it worth
To give thee proofs? As well cast pearls to swine.
Could proofs have moved thee, thou long since had'st
From ill pervert, to some more worthy work; [turn'd,
Nay, thou had'st ne'er to ill been least inclined,
But like the rest had'st stood confirm'd in good.
Yet, error mid'st, proofs have not wanting been,
For those, who seek to profit by their scope.
But proofs are not thy wish, not needing tests
Of what thou knowest now full well display'd;
Nor mere dexterity of sthenic skill,
Brief show of power to useless end, and vain,
Thy sole aim be'ing, by me to be obey'd,
That I unwitting may be drawn to sin.
One word will show how shallow thy device,
And how inapt to serve thy bent. Hast thou
Ne'er heard, man shall not live by bread alone?
This, he, by thee invoked to aid thy plea,
Did fully illustrate, when, in the Mount,
He fasted forty days, and talk'd with God.
For further proof it was, he, forty years,

The tribes led through the desert, tried with want,
Afflicted, and with manna fed, which ne'er
Their fathers knew; showing, that not by bread
Alone, a man may live, but in each word,
That doth from out the mouth of God proceed.
Thy reas'ning vain, hence proves thee reason void,
And not the least avails to gain thine ends,
Albeit so many fall by this deceit,
And some perhaps who deem themselves absteme."

This said he, not devoid of power to change
The elements which he had made. Order,
Who out of chaos brought, who bade the sun
Dispense his golden beams to rule the day,
The moon the night, and worlds innum'able
To glitter in immensity of space;
Who out of dust made man; the same hath pow'r
Here to transmute from stones, life-giving bread.
He came as Man to suffer and be tried;
Obedient, he took a servant's form
To serve, that by his trial well sustain'd,
From sin exempt, and service freely given,
Sin, he might blot, and mend the broken law.
Sorrow, he came to bear, suff'ring, and want,
And shed for each a sympathizing tear,
So, strong with Word of God, our foe rebuked.
The Spirit's sword, thus wielded, Satan felt,
And change his roll, another ruse to try.
Exposed, defeated, yet the bolder grown,
Precipitously rash, the Lord he takes;
Then, swift as spirits may, so Christ allows,
Wafts him through air to porch of Solyma,
High on the Temple's pinnacle alights,

And ostentatious thus his scheme unfolds :

“Since then such show of pow’r thou deemest vain,
’Twixt thee and me alone to work some sign,
I yield thy motive, and shall not be nice,
But give thee ample scope to prove thy right,
To such exalted name as thou would’st claim.
Behold this temple, costly built with gold ;
See its high towers, its walls and spacious courts,
Worthy his fame who raised, and His for whom,
Its victims daily smoke, and off’rings rise.
Behold its ample gates, with people press’d,
Its mitred pontiffs, solemn, rich enrobed,
And vested Levites, thronging in their train ;
An endless multitude, and audience fit
E’en for the Son of God, if he were here.
These all expect Messias, Him await,
And would, did’st thou sufficient motive yield,
Fume thee with incense, turn their prayers tow’rds thee,
And hail with fervor their Messias come.
If thou be truly He, whom they expect,
Cast thyself down from hence to yonder pave,
In their full view, and safe before them stand.
Thou need’st not fear, though dizzy be the height ;
The Scriptures, which thou quotest, clearly say—
He ’ll give his angels charge concerning thee,
That in their hands they bear thee up, lest thou
Perhaps, shalt dash thy foot against a stone.
Do this unharm’d, when such renown shall rise,
Such honor to thy name, as well might please,
Did thy ambition utmost glory crave.
Borne on men’s shoulders to the height of power,
Softer than angels hence would waft thee down,

A word, a nod, a simple look from thee,
For law would stand, and none its force disown.
Jerusalem would not contain thy praise,
But fame extend it to earth's farthest bounds,
Till all the world, submiss, to thee would look,
And lustre add to thy imperial crown."

Failing to shake the Saviour's trust, Satan,
Quick in expedients, thus to rashness tempts,
And quotes the Scriptures, as the Devil must,
With parts suppress'd, that make against himself.
To keep thee in thy ways, the Scriptures say,
Not out of them; none else may rest secure.
Still, he no nearer to his purpose drew,
To sway by word or act, whom he assail'd,
Or demonstrate more clear who he might be,
But hasten'd rather his condign repulse;
For Jesus the malignant Spirit knew,
Knew he would fain attempt what he suggests,
And held th' arch felon's power restrain'd,
Whilst with the word's refulgent brond he slew:

"If simple act were vain conferr'd on thee,
Dost think vain glory better for thy shift,
To draw me to thy purpose, just reprov'd?
But holding thee to this, do men give crowns
For bold gymnastic tricks, or agile feats
Of acrobatic skill? Or grant they may,
And something like it may the world have seen,
What value should be set upon a prize,
Like soon to be displaced by fickle crowds,
Pleased with some new or loftier tumbler's reach?
This for thy folly take as apt response,
Though I naught shun thee on the ground assumed.

If He to man thus gives his angels charge,
(And, save the part suppress'd, so it is writ,)
Why should man merit gain, or reap reward,
When it is common to all whom 't concerns,
And each might gain, who rashness hath to try?
But I, if He, thou hop'st to hear me say,
Not being man, could not the promise plead.
Hence then, thy test stands thus. If I be man,
(Holding thy vain construction to be true,)
I fall, to rise unharm'd, and prove a god!
But if I be Messias, said to come,
I cast me down, whom naught the word concerns,
And justly meet the fate such folly brings;
Hence, God prove mortal! mortal man a god!
If thy false reas'ning prov'd the void before,
This scarcely less should merit than insane.
But I thy purpose more direct repay.
Though it be special meant, that He who comes,
Should most profuse by angels be upborne,
As most deserving angels in his train,
Who them created and confirm'd in good,
Still would thy tempting on thyself recoil,
Break thine own head, and prove thee what thou art,
Which needs no asking on my part of thee.
Here then the word of thy condemning rests—
'Tis writ, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.
In either sense this holds, of God, or man,
For He no promise gives, nor help, to those,
Who multiply the dangers of their way,
By scenes through which they are not call'd to pass.
Who thus attempt, or who His patience try,
To save from rash or ill-confiding trust,

No help from him receive in reckless need,
But swift the forfeit of their rashness pay."

As burst the withs by which the Nazarite
Was bound, so this true Nazarite the bonds
Of Satan thus, nor with more effort, broke;
Or, as the shepherd youth, with pebbles ta'en
From brook, Philistia's champion subdued,
So Jesus struck his Adversary dumb.
Perplex'd, abash'd, the Devil silent stands,
A moment stands, then redient to the charge,
With power permissive, taketh him from thence,
And placed him on a mount exceeding high.
With force concentr'd in his fav'rite aim,
He now, facund, the Son of God attempts
With pride, ambition, lust of place and power,
Which him first led t' essay th' Almighty's throne;
Then, more successful, this our mundane sphere.
By power theurgic, or angelic ken,
For spirits know no obstacle to sight,
Opaque, translucent, or condense, or rare,
Through all they see, and through all equal roam,
He spreads the world before Him as a plane;
Shows him earth's kingdoms, and their power displays:

"Let thine eye roam," so he began perfuse,
"O'er Ganges ancient stream, which 'fore thee rolls
Its shining waters to the Indian sea.
Behold the fields by that rich flood enlaved,
Whose gemboss'd banks, azure jazel produce,
Topaz, jacinth, the onyx, precious stones,
Ruby, turquoise, coral, and orient pearl.
The glory view of Thibet, Ormus, Ind,
Wealthy Chinese, and gold Chersonesus;

Traverse those sandy seas, by camels plough'd
In caravans, freighted with Persia's stores;
Cross Hindoostanie, whose rich soil, perfumed,
Voluptuous winds fan, breathing th' odors sweet
Of aromatic plants, spice, rosewood, teak,
And that pure oil which yields its weight in gold;
Where sabadars and rajahs, high enthroned
On ivory and pearl, with gems thick strown,
And richest stuffs of India inwrought,
Bedizzen'd gleam in palaces of gold,
Which emulate the glories of the sun;
True Ophir deem'd, whence Israel's third King drew
His wealth, not from Taprobana's fair isle,
Though scarce less famed, and long for Ophir held.
View Ethiop's golden sands, and Afric's coasts,
In ivory and precious ores replete,
From where Gerisa rules and Thebes, to plains
Where Sofala sits queen in regal state,
By Mocaranga, Manic, Mosambique;
Wealth kept secluded from the sway of Rome,
Reserved for thine acceptance, now by me
Reveal'd, and freely offer'd to thy need.
Nor less Europa let thy vision lure,
By Rome's imperial eagles oversway'd,
In arms renown'd, in letters not remiss;
Magnificent in temples, statues, shrines,
With domes and proud triumphal arcs imbow'd,
With monumental aqueducts and baths,
Trophies of cunning art, and boundless wealth,
By merchant princes generous bestow'd,
Or wrought through conquest o'er barbaric foes,
Holding the world in tribute to their greed.

Scythia sends her furs, the Baltic's waves
Heave amber in her lap, whilst Babylon
Her costly fabrics weaves, and rich brocades;
Myoshorn annual sends her hundred sail,
Blown by the hot monsoon to Malabar,
Ceylon, and spicy isles, whence silk, pearl, gold,
And aromatic spices flow; pearls pay
Comaria's tribute, diamonds Bengal's,
Gems and sweet spice, Supar's and Celebes'.
Nor less by native wealth and glory crown'd;
Whose vine clad hills, whose vales, and fertile fields,
Repay her husbandmen with pulpy fruits,
With olives, gen'rous grape, peach, apricot,
Pomegranates, and those nectarous globes,
Which in Hesperian gardens hang, and draw
Their hues aurate, from golden beams of day;
Whilst earth, with bounteous stores profuse embrown'd,
Its cereal treasures in her garners pours;
And flocks and herds, well-fed, contented browse
On every slope, green mead, and pleasant vale.
Nor from her surface sole, but, disembowl'd,
Mineral wealth yields, silver, gold; richer far,
Tough ribs of iron, livid gray, copper, zinc,
Lucent quicksilver, cinnabar and brass;
Liparian quarries equal treasures yield,
Pentelecus, Carrara, more renown'd,
And countless stores beside, that need not here
Exhaust thy patience, dull to be recount,
Though rich the revenue from each derived,
And worthy their discern, who seek to rule.
But wealth perhaps small influence o'er thee wields,
Long bred to want, as sprung from a poor house,

Though high, and oft thy belly pinch'd for food.
To hearts, it may be, more thy thoughts incline,
Who rather would rule peoples, than possess
Their treasured hoards; though I the latter show,
As that, which most the people sway, since who
Earth's garner'd wealth secure, find easy hold
On all the rest, and purchase what they will;
As witness Sylla, Crassus, Lepidus,
Who by their gold, and largess well dispensed,
Drew all the Roman world beneath their sway;
And thou wilt need, believe me, no small sum,
Ere thou attain thy father David's throne.
Or, if 't be true, as said, thou aim'st to rule
The world, a world of wealth would scarce suffice
To buy such power, which none but I can give.
But thou, so be, prefer to win, not buy,
To sway by bonds of love, and wisdom's lore,
(So seems the tenor of thy life begun,
Who wisdom vaunted from thy earliest years.)
Rather than bind thy subjects e'en with chains
Of gold, or glaze their vassalage with gems,
Luxurious feasts, and wealth's seductive goods.
What thou dost wish, is here preferr'd to hand,
A world of peoples, all earth's tribes and tongues,
My willing slaves, whom I acquit, ready
To be transferr'd to thee, willing to serve,
Thine every wish obey, if thou but grant
The sole condition, soon to be made known.
Let us expatiate whence last we view'd
Wealthy Europa's coasts; from Rome's high tow'rs
Look down on all that worthy is the name
Of grand; thence easy glean the subject world,

Bound to her car, dependent on her smile,
And abject led in her triumphal train—
A power by me erect, to me submiss,
Where, whom I will, receives deific rank.”

E'en as he spake there rose before the view,
A scene triumphal, on the Camp of Mars,
A motley crowd, midst military bands,
Legions of foot, with brazen helmets topt,
With dancing plumes, with shields thick boss'd, and spears,
Swords, coats of mail like scales, more strong than hide
Of hippogriff, leviathan, to turn
The point of spear, or keen Damascus blade;
Here, turms of prancing steeds, champing their bits,
Restive, with lordly knights, arm'd cap-a-piè;
There, chariots with smoking teams advance;
O'er all with banners waved, vexilla gay,
With standards, high by hardy veterans borne;
An endless train of foot and horse, with fruits
Of conquest graced, and now in pride return'd,
With hosts of conquer'd peoples led arrear,
The captive kings of valiant Gaul, Egypt
Voluptuous, Asia's effeminate hordes,
Spain, Africa, whom courteous Juba led,
At first the foe, after the pride of Rome.
All these and more, too long to be narrate,
March stately' along the great Triumphal way,
To bray of tube, horn, trumpet, shrill clarion's voice,
Through Camp Flaminius, by Triumphal gate,
To where Rome's capital nods from its hill.
Ænотria pours her people forth to see,
From Magna Græcia to Cisalpine Gaul,
Crotona famed, where Milo saw the light,

To where the Var laves th' Adriatic shore.
Earth's martial valor ne'er such pageant gave,
None equal'd, from that day when Cyrus' troops
Return'd from Babylonian conquest grand;
Or he of Macedon from conquer'd world;
Or who, that later emperor rose of Gaul,
From plebian low to rank of proudest kings,
Made kingdoms toys, their princes hurl'd from thrones,
And to his people gave with slight regard;
So little valued he what men most prize,
Yet died at last on bleak St. Helen's isle.
Liguria swells the host, whom Genua crowns,
The Taurini, who proud Augusta claim,
And fleet Veneti, ancient friends of Rome,
By whom the Carni hold, and that bold tribe,
Which Isæus fills, and fair Benacus' shore;
Her muse sweet Mincius sends, to laud in verse,
The glory of that power which sways the world:
So Athesis, that claims Catullus' birth,
Ravenna, Mutina, with equal zeal,
Their cohorts lend to swell th' increasing tide,
And those whom Drusus led from Ticinus.
From Tiber south, and Anio's broad fields,
Where Rome's sev'n hills erect their stately heads,
Pour Latium's sons and daughters to the field.
Picenum next, for juicy apples famed,
Her rural population copious yields;
Caieta thence, famed for the fun'ral pile,
By son of great Anchises ancient built,
But since for greater cause, illustrious more,
Who oped her gates, no victim to entomb,
But Rome's high Pontiff to secure from harm,

And nobly save from hand of evil men ;
The same, who honor'd was, to deck the crown
Of heav'n's Queen with gem immaculate,
And with Beatitude so stands endow'd.
No tribe was wanting of the conqu'ring race,
None of the conquer'd, midst that pompous show ;
All races, dark or fair, inert or brave,
To ease bred, or to strife of savage war.
Earth in epitome lay at his feet,
High vaunted by the Tempter as his own ;
Nor in epitome alone ; Spain, Gaul,
And academie Greece, Europa north,
To farthest verge, Asia's extremest coasts,
With Afric's burning sands, and sooty tribes,
Lay in broad view beneath the Saviour's feet,
And peopled shores, to Roman world unknown.
Touch'd by the Devil's wand, up from the ocean
Westward, as a mirage, sprang the new world,
Vast, ridged with rocks, Andes, Cordilleras,
The Rocky mount, and Apalachian chain,
Thick ribb'd with glitt'ring ores, and mines of wealth,
Sparkling with gems, and laved with crystal streams ;
Throng'd with new people, frequent tribes and tongues,
Towns populous, with grandeur built, adorn'd
With temples, palaces, and girt with walls ;
Whose plains, prophetic mounds remote o'erspread,
And pyramids ; majestic monuments,
Surviving nations, long since with the past
Number'd, and now by savage hordes o'errun ;
Predating Montezumas horolage,
When leaves of juicy Maguay served for books,
And signs and sounds uncouth, denoted speech ;

Empire vast, from Arctic t' Antarctic drawn,
By oceans wash'd, with green isles studded o'er;
Satan's estate, and undisturbed retreat;
Oft worshipp'd in the palace of the sun,
In light'ning's fitful flash, in thunder's roar,
In ocean's foam, and hurricane's fierce blasts,
Where superstition deems him ruling pow'r.
Thus made th' Imposter, with inflated words,
Display; show'd all the kingdoms of the earth,
Their glory, wealth, and power; then turning tow'rds
The Son of God, with impious tempting said:

“Thou see'st the mighty pow'r I here wield,
The splendors of my empire, its extent;
All kingdoms of the earth, their glory mine,
Grandeur of cities, multitudes of tribes,
Beauty of earth, the wealth of kings and lords;
Rich palaces, great temples, gardens, groves,
Whence hecatombs of off'rings to me rise;
Arms and arm'd hosts, and trophies of their fame,
Fleets of tall ships for merchandise or war,
All to my service bent, and all disposed,
To whom my choice inclines. if they my cause
Subscribe, my service choose. Nor need'st thou fear
By supple acrobats to be displaced;
For, none may hold them, but to whom I yield,
None sway their pow'r, but as from me received,
Nor longer than I so permit to rule.
To Thee then, these I'll give, if, falling down,
Thou wilt, on bended knee, me now adore,
As god of this fair world, and prince of air.”

So spake the first grand thief, Satan, Eden's
Forbidden fruit, who stole, and thence earth's wealth

Appropriated to himself, from Him
Estranged, who made it, and pronounced it good.
Longer, the Son of God waits not, to blast,
With indignation just, th' obdurate fiend,
And thus disrobes him of ill-gotten power :

“ Whence hast thou, Satan, gain'd this boasted right
To sway earth's goods ? to give them, or retain ?
Whence came they ? Not from thee. Where wast thou then,
When earth's foundations, deep and strong were laid ?
Did'st thou behold, when morning stars first sang,
When Pleiades first join'd, or Arcturus
On fiery axis, ruddy light diffused ?
Or canst thou move, with thy united pow'rs,
The smallest planet, that it bring the day,
Or cause to stand at will, to lengthen night ?
Thy bold usurping of His rights, who made,
No right confers on thee, who artful, stole.
But grant thy boasting, yield earth's goods are thine ;
How small thy patrimony ! vain thy boast !
Compared with these vast orbs, which he who made,
Roll'd at a word with ease through boundless space,
Earth's meager point, invisible to those,
Is but a mote, that flits unseen through air ;
Which, if destroy'd, would not the more be miss'd,
Than smallest speck from out this clod of earth.
And canst thou, vain, with such an atom, hope
To buy, what in no case becomes thy state,
When He, who made all these exhaustless worlds,
And to whom sole allegiance is due,
Can, whom he will, reward with countless worlds ?
Judge then, (if thou material goods wilt boast,)
If it were best to kneel and worship thee ;

And judge how vast their loss must be, who yield
Such homage, due to heaven's King, to fiend
So foul as thee. But give to earth its praise,
Value at most, its cumulative stores,
What nearer art thou to thy base design?
Thou did'st not make, nor was it giv'n to thee.
Hell only is thy portion and desert.
The earth's the Lord's, the plenitude thereof;
His are the cattle on a thousand hills,
And all its cumulated stores beside,
The whole round world, and they that dwell therein.
He rules its kingdoms, gives to whom he will,
Whose empire everlasting stands secure;
And if the while his wrath abstains to crush,
And bind thee to the penalty deserved,
Or leave permissive o'er wide space to roam,
'Tis but to hold man's free will as intact,
As first he made it, not from fear of thee,
Who future, in his time, shall fast be bound,
Held under chains in darkness evermore.
Nor are thy proffers less than thou thyself,
Mendacious, arrogant, pretended, false;
Vain promises to dupe, who thee adore.
Since, having not, thou can'st not gifts bestow,
And e'en though having, mean'st not to confer,
But only hopest, by sleight, to lead to sin.
Let these suffice to ward thy wretched aims,
Though needless giv'n, since thou well know'st 'tis writ—
(Nor want I other word to curb thy pride,)
The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him
Alone shalt serve. Hence then! avoid thee! quit
My sight; lest light'nings of fierce wrath transfix

Thee, whirlwinds seize, and hurl thee 'fore thy time,
To that dim prison, made for thee and thine."

So spake the Son of God with kindling ire,
Nor needed second admonition give ;
For, as some cloud, with niter charged and storms,
O'erlours the sky, shading the vales below,
Or, as when Hecla boils, her surging fumes
Hang dark o'er land and sea, so Satan, black,
Not less in size, nor umb'ring less the plains,
On ebon wing took flight ; took instant flight,
Whilst fear his flying sped, his visage limn'd.
Hell groan'd profound and trembled as he fled,
Deep to her inmost depths shook, boil'd with rage,
And, hopeless, gave her cause to blank despair.
So, as when Phœbus, glory of the sky,
Drives night's dull shades before his fulgent car,
Did Christ the Devil's futile wiles unveil,
His bold temptation with a word dispel ;
And, as his beams illume the gather'd clouds,
Turning their blackness into shining gold,
So He converts, by splendors of his grace,
Assault to victory's triumphant notes.
The earth relieved, with exultation shouts,
The heav'ns inclining, greet its rising day,
And rapturous with halleluiahs ring ;
Whilst legionary hosts of seraphs pour,
In exultation from their crystal gates,
The Saviour's victory to hail, and Him,
With angels' food, ambrosial zest, sustain.

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF
REDEMPTION.

ARGUMENT.

The Messias, having fully entered upon his mission, calls the Twelve, and sends them forth to proclaim his Kingdom at hand. He signalizes the commencement of his mission, by changing water into wine at Cana. He thence departs, leaving Mary at Nazareth, and exhibits his divine power in the regions bordering on Tiberias. Attracted by his wonderful works, multitudes follow him; to whom he preaches a sermon on a mount; he afterwards miraculously feeds five thousand people in the desert. They, astonished, believe in him, and wish to make him King. He escapes from them, and, with the Twelve, enters into a ship; a storm arises, which he quells with a word. He arrives at Gadara, and heals many people, casts out devils, and does many wonderful works. The repentance and pardon of Mary Magdalen.

REDEMPTION.

BOOK VI.

Now had the Lamb of God his mission oped,
With vict'ry o'er his unrelenting foe ;
Now the foundation of his kingdom laid,
And raised his voice divine th' elect to choose.
Not to the righteous he, but sinners, call'd ;
Nor to the worldly wise, the rich, or great,
Gave he to be chief messengers of grace ;
But to the lowly poor. Simon the rock,
And Andrew, first he named, fishers of men ;
Next after, James and John, Salome's sons
And Zebedee's, the heav'nly mandate heard ;
Heard, and their nets forsook to follow him.
Soon Philip of Bethsaida, own'd his voice,
And quicken'd into zeal, obey'd the call ;
And so Bartholomew ; then Thomas, great
Of heart to die with his afflicted Lord,
Though momentary doubting in his faith,
Astonish'd that the dead, self-raised, should live,
Came at the Saviour's bidding to the task,
Of raising souls from death of sin to life.
At Christ's inviting accents Mathew rose,
The customs left and his pursuit of gain ;

Next follow'd James of Alpheus, who, join'd
With Thaddeus, embraced the Master's cause;
Last, he, who, nameless here, betray'd his Lord.
Unletter'd, rude, and ignorant of arts,
Unknown to great, or wise, profound, or skill'd,
These, unction Jesus gave, indued with pow'r,
To heal the sick, to raise the dead, lepers
To cleanse, and cast out devils in his name.
Poor in their spirit, poor in purse, nor shoes
Their feet supported, nor with staff their hands,
Who, without scrip, were sent to go their way,
And gather the lost sheep of Israel's house.
Superior to the twelve whom Gessen knew;
Those earthly, these with heav'nly thrones endow'd;
And greater than that Madian shepherd,
Who, from out the burning bush, God's voice heard,
Calling him the Israelites to lead,
From Egypt's bondage to the promised land.
These rather God's true Israel conduct,
From earth to his true Canaan in the skies;
Whom, now commission'd, thus the Master sends:

“Go forth, companions dear, associates made
With me in this great work; go seek the sheep,
Long lost, of Israel's house; and going, preach,
The kingdom of heav'n is nigh at hand.
Go heal the sick, raise the dead, the lepers
Cleanse; freely you have received, freely give.
Cheerless the field before you lies; from truth
Afar, the people, and from God estranged;
Iniquitous, perverse, contentious, proud;
With hearts depraved, and manners deep debauch'd,
By lusts unclean, concupiscence inflamed;

Though nominal, in ceremonial rites
Perfuse, external doers of the law,
By faction rent, and sect conflicting torn;
Alive, yet dead; in legal waters wash'd,
Yet foul distain'd, unsanctified of heart,
Corrupt and vile; wolves in God's heritage,
Who fleece the hapless flock. So Pharisee,
And Saducee, Herodian and Essen,
Their mazy errors weave to Juda's hurt,
And Satan's purpose subserve, obdure.
These, ere the schools of Hillel and Shammai,
Disjoin'd, were long for error sadly known;
This, sore the writ by oral law oppress,
That, spirit, immortality denies;
One, or from Herod, or Gaulonitis, derived,
The gentile law blends with Mosaic rites;
The last, from Hasdanim, forbids the law,
Increase and multiply, and fill the earth;
And all, astray, their devious errors spin,
Oppressors diverse of God's law become;
Binders of burdens for the people's back,
Which they, perverse, refuse themselves to bear;
Blind guides, and hypocrites, who heav'n shut,
Nor entering there themselves, nor suffering those
That would; with sanctimonious look and dress,
With broad phylacteries and fringe enlarged,
Who public, ostentatious, lift their voice,
And God thank, they are not as other men;
Yet poor devour, tithe cummin, anise, mint,
And leave the weightier matters of the law,
Mercy' and judgment, still less to faith incline.
They, for one proselyte, encompass earth,

Then render twofold more the child of hell.
Extortioners, corrupt, faithless and proud,
Who strain out knats, and swallow camels whole,
Scruple small sins, and easy great commit.
Foolish and blind, in lustfulness abased,
Clean outside, like the cup and dish, within,
Of rapine full, and every impure thing;
Whited as sepulchers without, yet charged
As they with filth, with charnel horrors crown'd;
Though outwardly to men appearing just,
Full, inward, of hypocrisy and sin.
They build the prophets' tombs, yet prophets slay,
As they will you, both in their temples scourge,
And persecute, and crucify, and kill,
That on them every just man's blood may fall,
From Abel to the son of Barachias,
Between the temple and the altar slain."

So He the field, to whom he call'd, display'd,
Much tare by Satan sown, and little wheat;
Abundant sin, hypocrisy and guile,
Till justice, mercy 'and truth, depulsed, withdrew
Abash'd from men, up to their native skies.
Yet fired with zeal, by Him who them had sent,
Th' Apostles shrank not from their direful task,
But peaceful went their way, lambs among wolves,
His peace t' impart to all who worthy sought;
To heal the sick, the kingdom nigh proclaim,
And so with joy return'd, for in His name,
Subject to them, e'en devils trembling fled.

Midway the glassy Chinneroth between,
And middle sea, upon a fertile slope,
Stood Cana; rural town, whose people bland,

Their simple life pursued midst much decay.
A virgin here espoused a Nazarene,
Whose marriage feast, the Mother of the Lord
Adorn'd; and thither, with his chosen few,
Jesus invited came, with pow'r to bless,
And raise to sacrament of the New Law.
White were the fields with tents, where joyous bands
Of youths and maidens, join'd the nuptial sports,
And elders grave their deco'rous presence lent,
Extremes of mirthfulness benign to check.
Humble the festive board was spread; nor useless forms,
Nor labour'd ornament, friv'lous appear'd;
Mosaic meats, with barley bread, and fruits,
Supply the rural feasts, six days prolong'd,
With sacrificial off'rings strict enjoin'd;
And now the seventh dawn'd, to close the rites.
'Twas at the mid-day feast, when festive mirth
Wax'd innocently gay, when age, grown bland,
Rubied with genial smiles and wholesome cheer,
Seem'd redient to youth, the wine gave out.
Discreet, the Mother whisper'd to the Son,
With meaning in her tone—They have no wine.
A row of urns, for legal washings meant,
Stand empty near the place. These, at his word,
The ready waiters now with water fill,
And, wond'ring, rest, to learn what new command,
The Son of Mary next might give, or see,
By what strange pow'r, from water, he the feast
Should grace with wine. Wonder, unheard before!
Nor sound, nor sign, bespoke the change he wrought;
For He, who once on chaos breath'd, and earth,
All living things, fruitbearing trees, and vines

With purple grapes adorn'd, the heart to cheer,
From void, successive at his motion, sprang;
Here simply will'd, and water changed to wine.
No sound the silence broke till Jesus spake,
And bade them bear the new made wine to him,
Who sat supremely at the festive board.
Then stands the Son of God reveal'd to men,
His glory manifest to all the guests;
Who, when they saw, and tasted, then believed,
And own'd th' Almighty hand in this first act,
Which the Messias' dawning reign approved.

Departing thence, to Naz'reth Jesus came,
Where he his sacred Mother left, to wend
His weary way alone. But fame before
Him went, him swift pursued, and throng'd his steps
With multitudes, the God made man to see.
The Galileans first his favours knew,
Then round Tiberias his glories shone;
Next Syria heard his fame, Decapolis,
Jerusalem, Judea, and all they,
Who dwelt beyond the Jordan's swelling flood;
Whose peoples flock'd to hear him, and enthrall'd
His footsteps, as he journey'd on. Within
Their synagogues he taught, the kingdom preach'd;
The contrite heart he heal'd, deliv'rance gave
To captives, and the bond set free; to blind
Gave sight, made deaf to hear, the lame to walk,
And loud proclaim'd the acceptable year.
Diseases, at his bidding, ceased to waste
The sick man's frame, and joyous health renew'd,
In cooling streams, coursed through his fever'd veins;
Palsy grew strong of limb, and danced for joy;

The leper, freed from tainting spots, grew clean ;
Tormentings ceased ; lunatics, sound of mind,
To loud hosannas senseless gibb'rings changed.
Chorozain beheld his mighty works,
Bethsaida saw, but they repented not ;
Capharnaum exalted was to heav'n,
But deeper than Gomorrha sank to hell ;
For there, his wonders chief he gracious wrought,
Before it long the Deity unveil'd,
Yet no soul saving penance crown'd his works,
No sackcloth, dust, nor ashes, on them threw,
Their penitential sorrow to proclaim.

Hard by where Jordan pours its troubled stream
Into Tiberia's sea, there lifts a mount
Its stately head, and wide o'erlooks the plain ;
Nameless, until the heav'nly Shepherd led
His following flock, to its imbower'd side ;
Since then, the mountain of Beatitudes
Is call'd. This, now the Father of the poor,
And Teacher of th' Evangelists approach'd.
Along its grassy slope, gently declined,
Shaded with elms, with clust'ring ivy crown'd,
The eager multitudes around him crowd.
He sat ; when streams of heav'nly wisdom, free,
From his bless'd lips, in charming cadence flow'd :

“ Bless'd are the poor, for theirs the kingdom is ;
Blessed the meek, for they the earth shall have ;
Blessed, that mourn, for God shall comfort them ;
Bless'd, who for justice long, they shall be fill'd ;
Blessed the merciful, they mercy find ;
Blessed the clean of heart, they God shall see ;
Blessed the peacemakers, his children call'd ;

Blessed they, who suffer persecution,
Are reviled, ev'l spok'n against untruly,
For my sake ; rejoice, for great is your reward
In heav'n, where you the kingdom shall possess.
Salt of the earth are ye, light of the world,
A city set on high ; your savor keep,
Let your light shine, that all may see your works.
Keep the commandments, ev'n the least, and teach
Mankind to do what your example sets.
Be angry not ; nor call another fool.
Your gift before the altar lay, depart,
And with your adversary first agree,
Then come and offer to the Lord your vows.
Nor swear, nor forswear ; let your speech be yea,
And nay ; and suffer, but revenge not wrong.
Love ev'n your enemies ; to them that hate,
Do good ; and pray for those who persecute,
And base calumniate your name and deeds.
Do naught for praise of men ; before your alms,
The trumpet do not sound, nor let your left,
Know what your right hand does, and he, who seeth
In secret, will you openly reward.
Nor be your pray'rs with ostentation said ;
But when you pray, pray secretly, and say—
Our Father, who in heaven art, thy name
Be hallow'd ev'r. Thy kingdom come. Thy will
Be done on earth as 'tis in heav'n. Give us
This day our daily bread. Our debts forgive,
As we our debtors. Into temptation
Lead us not. Deliver us from evil.
Thus pray, and fast ; not as the hypocrites,
With sad, disfigured face, but head anoint,

And washed face, for God looks on the heart.
Lay not up treasures for this world, where moth
And rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal,
For hardly shall, who riches have, be saved ;
Since, where the treasure is, the heart abides.
Be anxious not for life, nor meat, nor drink,
Nor wherewithal ye shall be cloth'd. The birds
Sow not, nor reap ; the lilies neither toil
Nor spin ; yet God feeds those, and these he clothes
In such array, that Israel's wisest king,
In all his glory, naught with them compares.
Judge not, that ye may not be judged ; nor yet,
The mote within thy brother's eye regard,
But first the beam within thine own cast out.
Ask, and you shall receive ; seek, you shall find ;
Knock, and it shall be open'd unto you.
Well knows the Father, who in heaven is,
How all his children with good gifts to bless.
All things soever, what ye would that men
Should do to you, do you also to them.
Enter the narrow gate, which leads to life,
And shun the broad, that leads to endless woe.
False teachers heed not, who, though cloth'd as sheep,
Yet inwardly are false and rav'ning wolves.
Not all that name my name shall enter heav'n,
That preach, devils cast out, or wonders work ;
But they, who, hearing, do as I have taught.
That man, who heareth and performs, is he,
Who builds his house upon a rock, which floods
And winds shall beat in vain ; who doeth not,
Is he, who builds upon the sand, whose base,
The angry winds shall sweep as chaff away."

Mellifluous, in heavily accents, thus,
(Though strange his doctrine to their listening ear,)
The Saviour taught, with power, not as the Scribes;
Then bade the earnest multitudes depart.
But they, to silence awed, hang on his words,
Forward incline, with eyes intent, and lips
Dispart, as seeming still to hear him speak;
Gaze on the godlike Man, his features scan,
His comely face, mild look, celestial air,
Glow with his speech, nor doubt who he may be.
Much had they heard, much seen, believing all,
And loath to leave on whom their hopes depend;
Who dries the weeping eye, who sins forgives,
Who every fount of sorrow sweetly heals,
And from immund, jaspadean makes clean.
So they of Ninive' round the prophet drew,
Close press'd his footsteps, and repenting heard;
And so Eliseus to the Thesbite clung,
And begg'd the spirit that his master fill'd.

His sacred feet again salute the plain,
Whilst surging crowds still press upon his steps,
This way or that, where e'er his purpose tends,
To see his wonders and implore his grace;
Servant or lord, no pref'rence Jesus gives,
But show'rs his blessings free on all who come.
'Twas thus the leper sought his fav'ring aid;
Next the centurion's servant felt his pow'r,
And rose, restored to health, at Jesus word;
So to the ruler—Go thy way, he says,
Thy son is heal'd. Capharnaum beholds
The paralytic cured, his sins forgiv'n.
Fever, from Peter's house, his word dispells;

Nain receives its dead, to life restored,
And Jairus' daughter 'scapes an early tomb.
Now from his robes the healing virtue flows,
And numbers simply touch him and are heal'd :
Here, with a look, the wish'd for blessing gives,
There, with a word, dispensing saving grace,
And e'en a sigh, in secret whisper'd, hears.

Eve, brilliant hues, chatoyant tinged the sky,
With shades dedalian, azure, carmine, gold,
Wide spread her blushes o'er departing day,
And fann'd with zephyrs Jesus' aching brow,
As, press'd by peoples, and o'ercome with toil,
He nearer drew Tiberias' placid shore.
The place was desert, and their homes afar,
Whose zeal refused to list to nature's needs,
But still upon his footsteps eager hung,
Three constant days and nights, with naught to eat.
Fill'd with compassion for the frequent crowds,
That fasting, now so long, had follow'd him,
The Man of sorrows, pity'ing, tow'rd them yearns,
Their temp'ral wants, with all-embracing love,
As erst their spir'tual, freely to supply.
Thus, graciously inclined, he to the Twelve :

“I have compassion on the multitude,
Who now continue with me these three days,
And have not what to eat; nor will I send
Them fasting on their way, lest they should faint,
For some of them have come to me from far.
Whence then shall we buy bread, that these may eat?
Or what provisions have ye now in store?”

This said he, well advised what he would do;
For, prescient of his wonderful design,

Benignity sat on his brow, forecast
Of deep devising, all-providing pow'r.
For who had once, his murm'ring children fed
With manna, in the desert, from the flint
Bade streams of living water flow, had now,
With handsel skill, unwonted means devised,
To satisfy the hungry throng with bread ;
When nature's laws he quite reversed, and stood
Philosophy abash'd, to find the parts
Were greater than the whole. Andrew replied :

“There is a lad here, who of barley loaves
Hath seven, and of fishes two ; but what
Are they among five thousand men, women,
And little ones beside, that all might have
The smallest share of each, much less enough
To satisfy their craving want of food,
Nor yet their needful strength the least repair ?
Two hundred pennyworth would not suffice ;
How vain the hope to satisfy with these.”

But yearning with ineffable desire,
Jesus these few loaves takes, and bids the men,
Upon the grassy sward sit down. Blessing,
He breaks ; and breaking, gives to them the bread ;
So, of the fish the same, and all partake,
And all are fill'd ; and of the fragments, when
They all had eat, twelve basketfuls remain.
So, at Sarephta, he, by prophet's word,
The widow's meal, and cruse of oil, made serve
The need dividual, of many days ;
And so, at Kibroth, multiplied the quails,
To serve quotidian his people's wants.
Prophetic wonders, which his grace design'd

As mystic prototypes of flesh and blood,
Broken and shed, to nurture man's true life;
Shadow'd at Cana, here more clear portray'd;
There water, wine, now bread strange multiplied,
Shown openly to sense, to prove his pow'r,
That slow of faith might feel, and own his truth,
When wine to blood, and bread to saving flesh,
He changed, to feed a world, through these redeem'd.
Refresh'd with life sustaining food, again
The Shepherd of the people, bade them go.
But closer round him press the satiate throng,
And with strange clamors fill the sounding shore:

“Messias' come! the Prince of peace, our King,
The King of Israel he, and Lord of all;
Who with good things his people fills, with corn
And wine; none empty from him go away.
This truly is the Prophet, that should come;
Give praise immortal now to Israel's King.”

When Jesus knew, that they by force would make
Him king, he to the mountains straightway fled;
Where, hid by thickets, and the shades of night,
Lissom the royal Prophet shuns the crowd,
And, with the favor'd Twelve, on th' other side
Descends, to Galilee's ensabled shore,
Where Peter's ship at easy anchor rode,
Upon the bosom of the treach'rous tide.
Thither the hardy mariners ascend,
Upheave the anchor, free her cordage set,
Give to the breeze her sails, and put to sea.

Soft breathing zephyrs play around the bark,
Its flowing canvass swell, impel the keel,
And urge with gentle force its seaward way.

Sway'd by the fragrant breeze, the billows heave,
With easy motion rock the gliding craft,
And part their snowy crests before its prow,
As conscious of the precious freight they bore.
Favonius now, on softest pinions borne,
Fresh odors wafts, from off the neighboring shore ;
Sweet hyacinth, wild thyme, and daffodil,
Blended with lotos' sleep producing balm ;
And through the cordage, soft eolian sings,
Soothing the weary senses, whilst he fans
The throbbing temples of the Man divine,
And peaceful seals his drooping eyes in sleep.

Long had the Devil fit occasion sought,
To wreck his malice on the Word made flesh,
But found none, and much raged, to find himself
Still foil'd, until at distance he thus saw
The bark of Peter skim the azure plain.
Swift on destroying bent, the prince of air,
Aroused the demons of the howling storms,
The brood of Orcus, and those sisters three,
Who fret the elements, Eumenides,
With vengeance armed, pestilence and war ;
And earth's nefarious brood, Abdeel, vexer
Of God, Talmai, of Anak giant son,
Whose atlantean back, from ocean's depths,
Upheaves the waves, and rocks the solid ground.
These now he bids concenter all their force,
Upon the bosom of Tiberias' sea,
With foamy winds, loud blust'ring, to oppress,
And wreck their malice, on the slumb'ring crew.
Nor dally they ; but, swift as missile, shot
From hollow tube, sharp cuts the shrieking air,

They speed fuliginous their sev'ral ways.
Terah the north wind blows, Hermon the south,
To meet tempestuous on the boiling waves.
Enon the sky with brumal mists obscures,
Whilst writhen thunderbolts dread Barak weaves,
And livid flames shoots thwart the crasset sky.
Gerasa first their cressive fury feels,
Whose ruins still attest their dev'lish spite,
Dreaded by Ismael, and Djerash call'd.
Blacker than night, two clouds, by demons driv'n,
From points adverse, in angry contest meet,
With hell's insufferable nitrous fumes,
With patt'ring hail, and roaring torrents, charged,
Obscure the azure cope and blot the stars.
As two athletes meet, in wrestling skill'd,
Equal in fury and impetuous force ;
If small with great contests may be compared ;
They clinch, they stand, they strive, then plough the field,
Involved in clouds of dust, that reach the skies ;
Hither and thither turn, then prostrate fall,
Inseparably join'd, shake the firm ground,
And cleave deep furrows through the gory sand.
So these convolve, awhile contend aboon,
Then, with resistless force, impetuous swoop,
And tear the ruin'd town ; its turrets crash,
Huge beams dispart, and wide its ruins spread ;
Lop ancient oaks, and root them from the soil ;
Nor stay their fury there, but seek the main,
And o'er Tiberias' sea tempestuous pour.
Accressent grown, its nappy billows heave,
As lofty mountains copp'd, and white with foam,
Then, fierce effused, o'erwhelm the hapless bark,

Her cordage snap, enrive her snowy sails,
Split her tall masts, and whelm her in the waves.
The furies ride upon the howling blast,
Grin from the clouds, and roar amidst the sea,
Deep ope its boiling chasms, and the frail ship,
From height of crested billows, frightful hurl,
Down the steep plane to yawning gulfs below.
As some shorn leaf, the hoary forests pride,
By whirlwinds driven, skims the sere champaign,
Here toss'd in eddies, there aloft the skies,
Alternate beats the tortured earth and clouds,
And rest finds none from the autumnal wave.
So Peter's bark, on bouging billows borne,
Now passive sinks, now scuds the blaring storm.

Roused from their slumbers, drench in briny foam,
The seamen frightened wake, and piteous moan,
Ply all their strength, tug at each ore in vain,
The storm defies them, and the demons rail.
They, sore dismay'd, upon the Master call—
Lord! car'st thou not we perish in the storm?
Save, save thy chosen, who implore thine aid.
From sleep profound, the Master waking, rose,
His face irradiant, and his mien composed;
He on the boiling ocean calmly gazed,
And to its troubled waves said—Peace, be still.
The elements, their Maker's mandate hear;
Light'nings to flash cease, thunders hush their roar,
Clouds swift disperse, the wild winds check their course,
Th' impending billows sink, and all is calm.
Soft zephyrs, tripping o'er the smiling sea,
Ambrosia tinctured, od'rous scents exhale,
Whilst each glad star, desert the azure dome,

Shines o'er the waves and mocks the blushing dawn.
The chosen Twelve salute these fav'ring signs,
Their Master worship, and his pow'r extol;
Revive their courage, soon dismiss their fears,
New spread the sails and steer towards the shore;
When bands of cherubs seize the trembling wreck,
And instant waft them where they wish'd to be.

Gadara kiss'd his feet, and all the coasts
Of Pella, Gerasen, and Dalmanuth,
Where pow'rs of darkness, undisputed held
Infernal sway. Here he his grace display'd,
And legions dispossess'd, transferr'd to swine,
Driv'n headlong fathoms deep beneath the sea;
Unloosed the tongues of whom the devils bound,
With sweetness to discourse his praise; open'd
Their sealed eyes, his glory to behold;
Healed the rich man's son, whom spirits tore,
Hurl'd oft in fire, or in the gurgling pool;
Made them confess his name and heav'nly birth,
Him Jesus call, Son of the most high God,
And prone, entreat him to withhold his pow'r.
Nor only those he saw heal'd, but gracious
Sent his all-commanding voice, majestic,
To th' utmost bounds of Juda's vexed realm.
Syrophenicia heard, and greater faith
Display'd than he in Israel had found.
The Tetrarch's steward's wife, Joanna, thus
Deliv'rance of him sought, and seeking, found;
Nor less Susanna, who, from demons freed,
Dispensed needful aid to him, who, though
Possess'd of all, poor for their sake became.
Such acts of grace the Merciful dispensed,

Till through Judea willing crowds pursued ;
Some to believe, others to scoff and gibe,
The Saducees to doubt, the Scribes to mock,
And Pharisees to cavil at his words.

Imbosom'd in a circling ridge of hills,
Beside Taberias' placid lake, where once
Its shores with floral bloom, with juicy plants,
And fruits, and fragrant shrubs, were rich imbrown'd,
(Though desert now, with awful silence ruled,
As well befits which heard the Saviour's voice
Command its raging billows to be still,)
Reposed Magdala, villa far renown'd,
Voluptuous retreat, costly adorn'd,
With teeming fountains, streams, and gay parterres,
Whose shaded alleys, ambient declined,
Through gentle slopes, and undulating meads,
With myrtle, ivy, hazel, laurel, crown'd,
Whose various perfumes, bland, diffused the air
With enervating sweets, and soothing balm.
Birds ever warbled in their leafy shades,
Whilst purling rills, and brooks, cascades, and founts,
Their nect'rous dew distill'd in golden spray.
Not famed more Alcinous' gardens bloom'd,
Nor varied more with fruitful plants and trees;
Nor those of him incestuous Myrrha bore,
Whom annual the Syrian maids lament,
Anemone, by Argive's daughters call'd;
Nor more licentious those, than this retreat.
Amidst its groves the stately villa rose,
Of costly cedar built, fretted with gold,
By skilful hands with ivory inwrought,
And plates of burnish'd silver rich emboss'd;

Voluptuous with couches, crimson screens,
With hangings, fringes, cornices and frieze,
And floors with cunning marquetry inlaid,
The splendid garniture of lustful pride.
Here Mary, surnamed Magdalen, abode,
When e'er caprice, or satiate desire,
The o'erstrain'd senses clogg'd, with vain delights,
At Herod's court. A high born Jewish maid'n,
She, a sensual beauty, frail as fair,
Virtue had barter'd for those transient joys,
Which on the Tetrarch's train seductive hung
Of friv'lous youths; or, at Magdala, fed
The flames of her inordinate desires;
Where, cloth'd in tissues, wrought with silk and gold,
She plied lascivious wiles on those who saw,
And hung upon her smiles; or, skill'd in song,
With lute and harp, beguiled the fleeting hours;
Or, crown'd with garlands, bacchant led the dance,
Her golden tresses sporting in the breeze,
As coy she fled, or bold advanced to meet,
Who follow'd in the train, thus wanton led.
Altern capricious, sad, as gay before,
Oft melancholly wove its baleful spell,
And sudden dash'd her evanescent bliss.
For sev'n bad spirits, Asmodai the chief,
Long time possess'd her, as the lustful sev'n,
Whom Sara wed, nor ceased till fishy fumes,
By Tobit raised, dislodged the spright, and drove
Him from his prey; or, as the son of Cis,
Whom oft familiars held, till Isai's son,
With pastoral harp and song, charm'd them away.
Some fame of Jesus Magdalen had heard;

His beauty, matchless excellence, and truth,
Compassion, wisdom e'en in youth display'd,
Integrity unbending, virtue strong,
Which from the path of rectitude ne'er swerved.
She wonder'd at his words, more at his pow'r,
Such as report had brought them to her ear,
And long'd to see so marvelous a man.
Meanwhile, compunction fill'd her sensuous heart;
Her wanton life disturbed her and distress'd,
Grief roll'd its troubled waves o'er her sad soul,
And oped the sluices of her beaming eyes.
The luctual tide her snowy bosom heaved,
And penitential tears her cheeks bedew'd.
Jesus beheld her, though she knew it not;
As he the guileless Israelite first saw,
Or her, who came from Sichar to the well,
Long ere his presence their devotion warm'd;
Saw her, and heard each sigh, treasured each tear,
Nor waited more that healing balm to yield,
Which secret bade the impure demons flee,
And gave th' impulse that her towards him drew.
The secret influence her spirit own'd,
Yet knew not whence its soothing force emaned.
Rising, she sought the Saviour through the town,
And sought long time in vain with tears and groans.
Not stronger, with desire to quench his thirst,
Longs for some cooling stream the panting hart;
Nor with such anguish sought the Tyrian queen,
Her absent hero on the Libyan shore.

Now Jesus sat at meat in Simon's house,
With many, who had come the Man to see,
Whose works, coterminous with Jewry wrought,

Cressive diffused his thaumaturgic fame.
Him, there, at last, when almost lost to hope,
The trembling penitent believing found.
Unspeakable compassion sat serene
On his unsullied brow, while sanctity,
With beams pervasive, radiant deck'd him round.
That, sweetly urged her on, but this withheld,
Recall'd the tainture of her guilty soul,
Depress'd her spirits, paralyzed her limbs,
And held her fainting, scarce the threshold o'er.
Sore conflict raged within; the prime impulse
To shrink, and fly whom ardently and long,
She had, unworthy, sought. But love divine,
The contest brief decides, and swift impels,
Whom fear repell'd before. Versant in grief,
And o'erwhelm'd with woe, prostrate in dust,
At Jesus feet, the sinner hative bows.
No word she utters, no complaint prefers,
But sighs and groans, with flooding grief renews.
The sacred tide elutes the Saviour's feet,
Streams o'er his couch, and pours along the ground,
Acceptable to him, who saw its flow;
Each drop more precious deem'd than costliest pearls,
Than diamonds, or rubies, gems or gold.
The flowing tresses of her silken hair,
So oft with winsome toil to lure bedight,
Profusely fall, and veil her beauteous face,
In mazy folds float round her loving Lord,
And wipe the briny torrent as it rolls.
His feet she kisses, noints with costly nard,
And sighing, faints with ravishment away.
As Mary, thus in low contrition bends,

And meek her sinfulness with tears deplores,
The self-sufficient, inward doubting, shrank
With loathing from the wailful scene, and thus
Within himself gan doubt—If this Man were
The Prophet that 'tis said, he would have known,
Who, and what manner of woman, is she,
That toucheth him, and this opprobry shunn'd.
E'en his disciples, with indignant brow,
And other some, who sat, ask'd—Why this waste ?
So that grand thief, entrusted with the bag,
And sold his Master's blood t' increase his store,
With dark'ning brow at Bethany complain'd,
The treasure was not lavish'd on the poor.
Not that their needs, him infamous, concern'd,
Who, evil-eyed, but gloated on his gains,
And envious gazed on every gen'rous deed.
Th' Omniscient saw, and their misjudging judged,
With words perite their murmurings suppress'd,
And on the suppliant his compassion pour'd.
Meanwhile, the Magdalen her gifts bestow'd,
Whose fragrant odors fill'd the house, and rose
Acceptable as incense, to the throne,
Where Mercy sits ; yet, more acceptable
Her sighs, her tears, her precatory grief,
That ne'er the ear of Mercy plead in vain.
To whom, returning love, for love thus giv'n,
With sense of joy, ineffable composed,
The Blest One, blessing, sweetly beaming said—
Thy faith hath saved thee, Mary ; go in peace.
Much hast thou loved, and much hast been forgiv'n.

Such were the links celestial, acts of grace,
The golden chain, from love and mercy wrought,

Which drew and sweetly bound each penitent,
Familiar to the Saviour's shelt'ring side.
Nor only deeds; sweeter than e'er her songs
Arcadia discoursed, or minstrelsy,
Beside her babbling rills and grassy meads,
Symphoneous to her past'ral pipes, entoned,
His words, harmonious, clear, oracular,
With grace endow'd, divine morality,
Compassion soft, in melting cadence flow'd.
Such as the lips of Daphnis ne'er attain'd,
Who from Castalia's fount took copious draughts
Of eloquence and harmony divine.
Or than the royal Psalmist's harp more sweet,
Which breath'd, the livelong day, enchanting notes,
And vied with music of celestial spheres;
Or bless'd Isaias, who, in burning verse,
His voice prophetic lent, to celebrate
The holy One, who deigns my song t' inspire.

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE
SEVENTH BOOK
OF
REDEMPTION.

ARGUMENT.

Jesus converses with the Samaritan woman, who believes, and also many of the Samaritans; departing from among them, he returns to Galilee; he foretells his death. Peter's confession of the faith, and his reward. The Transfiguration of Christ on Mount Thabor. He commences his journey to Jerusalem. Crowds follow him from all parts; his journey becomes a triumph; the people salute him with hosannas, pave the way before him with their garments, and with palm branches. He weeps over the city, and pronounces its doom.

REDEMPTION.

BOOK VII.

Twixt Ebal and Garizim, sacred mounts,
With sylvan bowers and shades the midst, gardens
Luxuriant in spices, myrrh, and balm,
The vale of Sichem lowly lies conceal'd;
Where all the Patriarchs serenely sleep,
In rock hewn tombs, enduring as the hills,
And pious pilgrims annual resort,
To mourn the dust of their departed sires.
Now Jacob's well was there; and fervid noon,
With rays direct, fell sorely on his head,
As near its brink, the Saviour, wearied sat.
Hard by stood Sichar, where plantations broad,
Of olives, yearly shed their snowy flowers,
Their silver leaves spread, and mature their fruit.
Fruit, which on Olivet first grew,
Whence Noe's faithful dove her token brought,
Of the assuaging flood. Hence Lucia came,
Intent to draw water from out the well.
Custom by Rachel sanctified, and through
The east with due esteem observed. Of her
The Master courteous ask'd to drink. So he,
Whom Abram sent, of Bathuel's daughter ask'd,

And of the comely maid received, with all,
Who journey'd in his train. But Lucia said :

“How is 't, that thou, a Jew, dost ask to drink
Of me, who am Samaritan? Thou know'st,
Or ought to know, since Persia's greatest king,
The tribes restored, who on Garizim built,
Where all men should the Father strict adore,
(Though you say at Jerusalem's the place,)
The sons of Juda with Samaritans
Communicate not, nor observe their law.”

Thus she ; to whom the Merciful replied :

“If thou didst know the gift of God, and who
It is, that saith to thee—Give me to drink,
Thou would'st, perhaps, have gladly ask'd of him,
That he to thee would living water give.
Who drinks of this, though cool and crystal clear,
Shall thirst again ; but, of the water, he
That drinks, which I will give, shall ne'er thirst more ;
For in him it shall rise, a living fount,
A well-spring unto everlasting life.
Believe me, for the hour draws near, yea is,
When on this mount, nor at Jerusalem
Alone, ye shall the Father's name adore.
Ye worship what ye know not ; but we know,
For only is salvation of the Jews.
God is a spirit ; and, who him adore,
Must thus adore—in spirit and in truth.”

With words like these, the Chief of seers spake,
Held her amazed, while he her life portray'd,
His Gospel shadow'd, its true spirit preach'd,
And from the elemental flood, upraised
Her easy thoughts to that pure fount, which flows

From out the throne of God, exhaustless stream,
And boundless sea of mercy, truth and love.
Purer than Cedron's waters, on whose banks,
The Saviour loved to wander, and at night,
When Cynthia's placid beams his couch effused,
Who had not elsewhere to repose his head,
Would lay him down upon its bank to sleep ;
Or Siloe, sacred pool, whose streamlet,
Gently, and with noiseless flow, th' oracle
Of God enlaved, and healing virtues free
Bestow'd, when Ithiel's pinions fann'd its waves.
Material these, and to surcease disposed,
With local bounds, and partial to the race ;
That, spiritual, laves the Maker's works
Wide as the world, coterminous with air,
With genial flow pervades diseased souls,
And yields to all its health restoring balm.
Its overpowering flow, Lucia now felt,
Deep drank the precious stream, so freely oped,
And briefly thus her wak'ning faith express'd :

“ I know that the Messiah comes, the Christ ;
And when he comes, all things he will unfold.”

Jesus that moment chose his truth to seal,
And to the sinner thus himself reveals :

“ I am the Christ, who now do speak with thee.”

Prevenient grace, its soft'ning influence lent,
Rain'd gently o'er, and fructified the seed,
Congenial sown, in long time fallow soil.
Moisten'd by streams from this celestial fount,
The seed sprang up, and speedy bore its fruit,
And ready whiten'd stood, for harvest ripe.
Contrite before the Teacher, Lucia stands,

In sadden'd plight, with all her life reveal'd;
Proof to her mind, that he the Christ should be.
By this absorb'd, no longer she delays,
But turning, hastily to Sichar flees,
There tells the wond'ring people all she heard,
And earnest bade them, ardent in her hope,
Come see a Man, who hath my life disclosed;
Behold, and say if this be not the Christ.

Astonish'd at her speech the people rise;
They come, they see, they hear, and own the Lord;
More from the words he spoke in their behalf,
Than for the woman's words, who first believed.
Tarry'ing awhile, with meats refresh'd his chos'n,
Knew not, Messiah thence departs, once more
Through Galilee to wend his weary way.
Familiar with the Twelve, he holds discourse,
Unfolds the scriptures, prophecies explains,
Compendious reveals the Gospel's plan,
And all the suff'rings that his life must crown.
Shows them that he must to Jerusalem
Repair, be there as felon seized by scribes,
By ancients, and chief priests; there be condemn'd,
And put to death; but that, triumphant o'er
The grave, he on the third day should arise.

"Let him;" for so the heav'nly Teacher said;
"Let him then, who would follow me, himself
Deny, take up his cross, and thus pursue;
For who his life would save, his life shall lose;
But who, for my sake, will his life resign,
The same shall save. But naught shall profit him,
Who gains the world, and casts himself away.
And he, who is ashamed of me, or words,

That I shall speak, of him, the Son of Man,
When in his majesty he comes to judge
The world, at the last day, ashamed shall be.
And now I say to you, that some be here,
Who shall not taste of death, until they see
The Son of Man in his new kingdom come." [heart

With sadden'd mien, with thoughts depress'd, yet
To kindling heart, close in communion join'd,
They journey'd on the dreary desert through,
Until with bleeding feet, to Paneas

They came, when thus he question'd whom he sent,
Question'd, though not unknowing what he ask'd :

"Whom do men say, that I, the Son of Man, am?"

All men he knew, and needed not that man
Should him instruct; who every heart had made,
Omniscient read, what every heart contain'd.

But that momentous hour had come, when he
Design'd to constitute that corner stone,
On which, next to himself, his Church is built.

With various tribute to his varied powers,
Or, as they several received th' impress,
They thus replied: "Some say the Baptist, ris'n
From the dead; and others some, Elias;
Others attest, thou Jeremias art;
And some, or he, or of the prophets one."

Jesus, benignant, to the faithful few,
Then ask'd: "But whom do you say that I am?"

With ready faith, unhesitant they stand,
With one accord, to own him Christ the Lord,
Th' anointed Saviour, whom the prophets preach'd,
And Israel long with expectation sought.
But he, who first was call'd, was forward most,

The first was now to say, the one for all:

“Thou art the Christ, Son of the living God.”

Not in his own strength, nor as of himself,
The inspired primate this confession made.
Though first in zeal, impetuous yet, and rash,
He least might seem to merit this renown;
But, taught of heav’n, him the Father chose,
Chief to proclaim, Jesus the Son, divine.
With heav’nly complaisance the Saviour smiled;
Smiling, he spake, and thus the Chief endow’d:

“Bless’d art thou Simon; for, nor flesh, nor blood,
Hath this reveal’d to thee, but God alone,
My Father, who in heaven is enthron’d.
And now I say to thee, Simon, Bar-Jona,
Son of the dove, who hears and who obeys,
Thy name henceforth is Cephas, Peter, Rock;
And on this rock, will I build up my Church,
Nor ’gainst it shall the gates of hell prevail.
The Keys of heaven I to thee will give,
And what thou bind’st on earth, or what thou loos’st,
The same shall be, or bound, or loosed, in heav’n.”

So spake the Author, Finisher of faith,
And set that Rock, which next t’ himself secure,
Doth stand; nor storms of time, nor floods of wrath,
Hell’s powers insane, nor error, heresy,
Or sin, from its firm basis can remove.

Earth, and the pow’rs of hell, full oft had paid,
Their tribute to the great Immanuel’s name;
But now, to seal the truth of Peter’s faith,
A dazzling ray gleams from the throne on high,
The Sun of Righteousness bedecks, and part
Reveals his native splendor of the sky.

On th' eastern border of Esdrela's plain,
Mount Thabor lifts its odoriferous head;
Renown'd before, but now immortal made,
Since, on its flowery heights, the Saviour deigns,
To unfold the crystal gates of his abode,
And with celestial legions throng its top.
Brighter than those of old, a num'rous host,
Which Debhora and Barac thither led,
By mandate of the Lord, till Sisera came,
With banner'd hosts, in panoply of war,
When Israel, victor crown'd, resplendent stood.
Greater than those, outnumber'd and outshone,
The radiant hosts emblaze the cresset air,
And closely gird the sacred mountain round.
So, once, the heav'nly hosts impearl'd the walls
Of paradise, ignescent which, with light
Sequaceous glow'd, when primal innocence
Innate, the prime of human kind adorn'd.
Though less resplendent that, than this besseem'd,
As planets shine less than the noonday sun.
Apart from others, Christ, the favour'd three,
Peter the Chief, and James and John beloved,
Led from the vale up Thabor's fertile top,
And 'fore them heav'nly bright, transfigured stood,
Whilst Moses and Elias with him talk'd,
Of what should him at Solyma befall.
His face was changed to lustrous as the sun,
As, glorified, his form translucent shone,
With spotless sheen encircled, where he stood
Raised from the ground; though all its brilliance forth
He put not, in mid fulgence mild withheld.
So Moses saw it, talk'd with God, and lived,

When terrors crown'd the mount, where laws
Promulg'd the mulct of sin; but peace this,
And dawning light, with ray serene, portray'd.
So Saul of Tarsus, breathing threats of death,
This vision saw, and struck with blindness, fell.
Beneath his feet as liquid crystal seem'd,
White, clear; whilst dazzling rays, on all sides round,
Up as a fountain luminous arose,
In countless streams, celestial bright and pure.
His garments whiter than the driven snow,
Canescent glow'd with th' increated beams,
Beams inaccessible, serene effulged,
That from eternity the throne imbrow,
And veil the Deity as with a cloud;
Dark from excess profound, unfathom'd bright,
Which seraphs, thrones, and powers explore, nor scan
Undazzled, but enthrill'd, their faces veil'd,
Prostrate on heaven's golden pavement fall,
And hide them from the else too radiant beams.
Nor stand the chosen three; but, sore afraid,
Prone, on their faces fall, enerv'd, when from
A bright o'ershadowing cloud, the Father's voice
Was heard exclaim: "This is my Son, beloved,
In whom I am well pleased; the figure
Of my substance, substance of myself,
Who equal with me, and eternal reigns;
In whom alone, who me would please, can please,
Through whom alone, the Saints be raised to bliss,
And by whom the redeem'd are saved from death.
Him, shall ye hear, true Teacher of the world,
In whom the law by Moses is fulfill'd,
Old things dispensed, all things become as new.

Him hear, believe his words, and Him obey,
The legislator, who alone gives law,
Who gives, and in his right, who takes away;
Gave you the Old, and now indites the New.
Who, to your Fathers spake, and with high hand,
And outstretch'd arm, redeem'd from Egypt's yoke,
Led through the wastes of Mara to this land,
Which to the Patriarch had promised been;
But now himself in person, who comes down,
True Israel to lead, through wastes of Sin,
To everlasting joys beyond the skies."

The Son, whom erst the favour'd three had seen
Disguised as man, debased to servants form,
Now glorified, as God before them stands,
With his celestial splendor manifest;
Attest complete, reflex divine, of all
The Father's brightness in the Son enshrined.
So they beheld him, in his fulgence bathed,
A sea of light, exhaustless round them pour'd;
And saw how Adam's flesh, though sin pollute,
When in the Mediator's righteousness
Regenerate it stands, irradiant glows,
And simulates the glory of the skies.
With rapture thrill'd, suffused with heav'nly joy,
They long to tabernacle at the gate,
Where Moses and Elias with him talk'd;
Unknowing what they said, in doubt to move,
Such reverential awe held them transfix'd
To that bright spot, where glory stood disclosed.
But Jesus bade them rise, and gently led
The way, from Thabor's glorious height, with charge
To tell no man the vision they had seen,

Until he had arisen from the dead ;
Then, brief discoursing, thus beguiled their ear :
 “These things the Father hides from worldly wise,
But to the meek his mysteries unfolds ;
None but th’ onmiscient Father knows the Son,
And those, to whom the Son himself reveals.
Prophets and kings have long’d to see the things,
Which you behold, but died without the sight ;
To hear these things, but not the priv’lege found.
And now, up to Jerusalem, I go,
To do and suffer, as hath been fortold.” [breath’d,

Spring now had twice with fragrance sweet, soft
On Juda’s fertile soil, and gaily thrown
Her emerald robe of beauty ’cross the fields,
With Flora’s glowing train enamell’d o’er,
Since Jesus had his heav’nly mission oped ;
The third, he bent his steps tow’rds Sion’s hill.
Perfumed the air was with Jasmina’s breath,
With Hybla’s thyme, and Cacia’s spicy lobes ;
Her golden circles ’round Amellus flung,
And fill’d her cups with Carmel’s crystal dew ;
Balsam and fir, by clust’ring ivy twined,
On each green slope and russet mead disposed,
From scented blossoms sweetest airs exhaled.
Here, shaded alleys, tall with cypress grew ;
There, leafy elms spread, willows pendent hung,
Till purple vines, their broad leaves flexile threw
Around their leafy tops, a pleasing shade.
More pleasing now, illumined by those rays,
Which round the Saviour’s sacred head still glow,
The beams of heav’n, on Thabor’s top assumed.
Native to Him, but to that prophet lent,

Who, on the mount of terror, talk'd with God,
When, through Petraë's sterile wastes, he led
The stiff-neck'd tribes, and gave the law in vain,
To whom this Prophet, antitype of him,
Brings grace and truth, with mystic shades dispensed.
To Naim first, the Glorified his steps
Directs, where he the dead to life restored ;
Divergent thence, through Jezrael he pass'd,
A beauteous vale, luxiant in palms,
Profusely water'd by perennial founts ;
Where Achab built his palaces and groves,
And after, met the vengeance just of heav'n.
Thence down by Bethsan, near that limpid bourn,
Which Jezrael empties in the hallow'd stream,
Springing a fount, near Telelradi's slope,
And with the Bantias in the Houly flows,
Through flowery fields with graceful verdure spread,
And growth luxuriant of herbage wild ;
Nor wanting sandy plains, with pinys deck'd,
With grateful interchange of flowers and ferns,
Of joyous sunshine, and refreshing shades.
Here, fenny banks, with osiers, bulrush, reeds,
With bending willows, in dense coverts grew ;
There, beachen glades, intersped the hills between,
With tamarisk and arbut, dotted o'er,
Whilst nodding oaks, on every hill top grew ;
Alluvial meadows, here rich pastures yield,
Which bulls of Bethsan fatt'n, with favour'd kine,
And wanton fleecy flocks, and am'rous goats ;
Manasses lot, rich heritage, possess'd
By Ammon once, to Gilead outspread,
And Edom, laved by Jordan's swelling flood ;

A prospect large, luxuriant diffused,
Where Israel his pastoral skill display'd.
Not unobservant pass'd the Son of Man,
These verd'rous scenes, yet paused not for repose,
Nor ceased his heav'nly mission to fulfill,
Tracing his way profuse with acts of grace.
Here heal'd the sick, there snatch'd from death his prey,
Now penitential grief with pardon sooth'd,
Then dried each weeping eye, and, with the oil
Of gladness, bounteous pour'd, each heart assuaged,
Till hill and valley glad, responsive rang,
With rapturous acclaim Immanuel's praise.

The ford of Jordan he at Bethsan cross'd,
Pursued the wand'rings of that famous stream
To Zephon, thence Amathus took, Succoth,
Rural retreats, in Jordan's verdant vale,
To Debir, tortuous course, until the ford,
Where John baptized, Bethbera, now once more
Laves his worn feet, and gently o'er the stream
To Juda's hallow'd soil, bears him refresh'd.
The city' of palms receives him next, where rose
That fount, whose waters, barrenness and death
Brought, blight untimely, premature decay,
Until the prophet bade them healing flow.
But now, a greater than Eliseus, stands
On that sequester'd spot, and richer floods
Pours out of tenderness, compassion, love,
Chief of Samaritans, who came with these,
To heal the nations, and redeem, who sit
The shadowy vale within of sin and death.
Here blind Bartimeus, and that hapless twain,
At Jesus bidding, ope their eyes, to see

Whom, pertinacious they had loud implored.
As him, the Canaanite believing sought,
With zeal persistent, till her pray'r was heard;
As long who of his friend in vain ask'd bread,
By importunity at length obtain'd;
Or, who, with constant ply, the unjust judge,
Perpetual wearied to avenge her cause;
So these, for earnest asking, though rebuked,
Were heard, awaked to life and light, and made,
Not temporal sole, but heav'nly joys to see.

Bethania soon the Saviour's triumph hails,
Where he o'er death new trophies had achieved,
By Laz'rus, roused from slumber and the tomb.
Wide spread his fame was, and transcendent pow'r,
In sacred peans hymn'd, with loud refrain,
Borne on the voice of gath'ring multitudes,
That profluent his way prevented, hemm'd,
And, in unsever'd phalanx leagued, pursued.
Far other triumph than Thriambus knew,
With bacchanalian revels lew'd distain'd,
Which Romulus ensanguined, Tarquin, proud,
With laurel, vine leaves, ivy deck'd, and spoils,
Led through Flaminius Campus, to that gate,
Which sprinkled was with blood of captives slain;
Made hideous more by sounds of revelry,
And shrieks of victims, dissonant with drums,
Pipes, cymbals, lutes, and horns, in discord bray'd.
Not so the Son of David; but, with crowds,
Released from bondage, on he conqu'ring comes;
His triumph graced with captives, freed from chains
Of death and hell. Before him leap'd the lame;
Saw him the blind; shouted his praise the dumb;

And every sick man, redolent with health,
Grew strong to swell the rolling tide, which bore
Him fluent on tow'rds Olivet's blest hill.
Thousands, whom he had fed, and whom set free
From Satan's dition fell; the lepers cleansed;
Captains of bands, centurions, rulers, they,
Who had his works beheld, and who believed.
Lunatics, strong of mind and reason now,
With powers devote to him, who them restored;
Many, who touch'd his garments and were heal'd,
Or, on whom, he his sacred hands had laid,
Or at a word, bade fever, rheum, flux, gout,
And slow consumption's ghastly ravage, cease.
The Twelve close follow'd, with their Lord the midst,
Meek, lowly, seated on a gentle foal,
New to the yoke, on which no man had sat,
Until the Master now his use employs;
As Iddo's son, inspired, before had sung—
Rejoice, daughter of Sion; shout for joy,
O daughter of Jerusalem; behold,
Thy King will come to thee, Jesus the just,
Thy Saviour, poor, and riding on an ass.

Sing now, O muse, in flowing numbers tell,
Who thus their faithfulness anew display,
To grace the triumph of the Son of Man.
First sing the seventy, those whom Jesus sent
To heal the sick, the pow'rs of hell subdue;
Of whom stood Lucius chief, evangelist,
Physician; later, friend beloved of Paul;
Then Marcus, the first fruit of Peter's zeal,
Who th' other Gospel wrote, divine inspired;
Next Zebedee, whose sons were of the Twelve,

And John's disciples, to the Master's care
With love bequeath'd. Simon the leper, heal'd ;
Bartimeus blind ; then, who his bed took up
And walk'd, his palsy cured, his sins forgiv'n ;
His brethren, James and Joseph, Simon, Jude,
Believers now, with hope, love, joy and peace,
In his blest footsteps, glad with others tread.
Nor fails to find his place, though distant, he,
Who to the Master came by night, and learn'd
The mystery of the newer birth, without
Which, none approved, the heav'nly kingdom see ;
So Zacheus, chief the publicans among,
His zeal displays incongruous from the tree.
Conspicuous in the way, Cleophas comes,
Near kinsman of the Lord, with Alpheus ;
Whilst Lazarus more near, amidst the throng,
His loud hosannas to the Saviour sang ;
Refret melodious, borne on num'rous tongues
Of men, and holy women not a few,
Who of the Saviour's grace had freely drunk ;
A throng innumerable, all whom to name,
Nor mortal tongue be found, nor ear to hear,
Though each be written in the book of life.
Supreme midst these, as first in merit, She,
To whom the angel hail said, 'bove all bless'd ;
Though reticent, retired apart, as best
Beseems the pattern of humility ;
On either side by two sustain'd, who bore
Her name, and humbly shared her faith, her love,
Devotion, and her zeal ; this, Magdalen
Surnamed ; that, she, who chose the better part,
Which nor the world could give, nor take away.

So Martha, from much serving now released,
The one thing needful carefully attends.
Salome next, with Susan, and Joan,
Not less their pious ministrations lend,
Who all, from Jesus, some rich blessing gain'd,
Nor thought too much their substance thus to yield,
And ready service, to requite his love.
So Lucia, now in legal wedlock bound,
Her place finds in the midst those joyful bands;
With utt'rance glad, her twofold spousals sings,
And loud hozannas to Messias come.
Not less replete in numbers, nor with love
Less glowing, came that earnest band, whose babes,
The Saviour to his bosom pressing, bless'd,
And set before his chosen as the sign
Of meek simplicity, confiding love,
Through which alone the kingdom is attain'd;
Whose voices now, amidst the frequent throngs,
In silver sounds of sweetest melody,
Complete the diapason of his praise.
Far o'er Judea's plains the music floats,
Hosanna to the Son of David, King;
Their lisping babes repeat the hallow'd cry,
Till echoing rocks return the rapt'rous theme,
Hosanna to the Son of David, King;
The hills rejoicing, multiply the sound,
Soft breezes waft it on their trembling waves,
Hosanna to the Son of David, King;
Blessed is He, who cometh in the Lord.
Whilst meads, and vales, and Jordan's amber flood,
Cascades and fountains, streams, and sparkling rills,
Awake their voice, and loud hozannas sing.

From Israel's utmost bounds the triumph rolls ;
All hail Messias bless'd, and own him Lord.

Sarephta pours her numbers copious forth ;
Libanus' fruitful vale unites, nor less
The plains, brow'd by fair Hermon's snowy range.
Batanæa, to half Manasses' sons
Allot, irriguous vale, from Canatha
To Galaad outstretch'd, which Argob ruled,
And Astaroth, where moon'd Astarte reign'd,
To other precepts now lend chasten'd ear,
And other praises warble on their tongues.
So Zabulon, the land of ships, to Tyre
And Sidon seafaring, on thither side,
On this, by Cisson copious enlaved,
Their sons from Abila to Hepha send,
To join the chorus of Immanuel's praise.
Nor fail Tiberias' coasts, where most his works,
And most his mighty pow'r, were free display'd,
From Gerasa to Gelbus, fields of blood,
Adusted long by dev'lish malice, spite ;
But now redeem'd and fruitful made in works
Acceptable, by David's royal Son,
Last of the prophets, last of Juda's kings.
The last Anointed, whom the people sing.
Nor Perea stands remiss, by Ammon fenced,
By Arnon, Jordan, Pell ; for in his train,
The sons of Reuben, from those rugged heights,
Incrassate numbers pour, conjoin'd with Gad.
And so Samaria, frequent dotted o'er
With sacred footprints of the Son of God,
Her grateful tribute to his honor pays ;
Who now believing, hastens to adore

Messias found ; from every fertile field,
Each sunny hill, from busy mart and town,
The beauty of her daughters, pride of sons,
Free homage grateful, thus profusely yields ;
And with the seed of Benjamin and Dan,
With Simeon's sons, and Juda's, that believed,
In waves tumultuous roll, far as from shore
Of dread Asphaltites to middle sea.

A band more dense than that, and fervent more,
Which from the land of bondage came, across
Arabicus, through Shur and Setim led ;
More num'rous these, more earnest, and more glad,
The air with shouts and jubilation fill ;
Messias victor hail, the Prince of peace,
Victor o'er sin, and death, and hosts of hell,
Author of grace, the Way, the Truth, the Life.

On Olivet's commanding brow, at length
The Mediator stands. Before him winds
Gehenna, vale of death, grim gate of hell,
Which they from Hinnom name, and those sad fields
Of judgment yet to come, harsh Josaphat ;
Whose fires to Moloch, strong with human flesh,
Unsuaged with human gore, perpetual burn,
Insulting heav'n, and loud for vengeance call.
Beyond, o'er this dread vale, stupendous rose
That sacred hill, mount Sion, thence beside,
Those other three, Moriah chief, where stood
The house of gold. Not that by Israel's king,
Replete endow'd, where glow'd the Mercy seat,
The cov'nant Ark, the altar's sacred flame,
And where between the golden cherubim,
Shekinah mild his radiance diffused,

In unconsuming fire, or neath a cloud,
The bright effulgence temper'd of his beams ;
But that, which Antipater's basest son,
Propitiatory built, of glitt'ring white,
And thick emboss'd with gold; whose sacred porch,
Whose porticoes and towers magnificent,
Profuse with sculpture exquisite o'erwrought,
Irradiant glisten'd, glorious as the sun.

In orient splendor shining, wide before
Messias, now its regal courts unfold,
Its pinnacles, and turrets, bright emblazed,
Beauteous to sight extern, but foul within;
A house of prayer to den of thieves convert.
On either side, fair Salem's spacious ways,
Before the sorrowing Messias spread;
Her walls impregnable, all her proud domes,
Her palaces, and heav'n assailing towers,
In stately grandeur lift their lofty heads.
Prescient, he seem'd to tread that grievful path,
Which from Antonia's base to Calvary led,
Through gate of Justice, soon to be distain'd;
Explores her crowded streets, her temple throng'd,
Her proud, perfidious, unbelieving race.
From foot of Mercy's throne, Probatica,
In silent streams, its hallow'd waters pours,
Whilst round the sacred pool, its lofty gates,
Direct to whence its healing virtues flow;
Celestial Caphoreth, true source, whence grace
Supremely springs; to Israel proffer'd oft,
As oft repell'd; to Israel proffer'd now,
By Mercy's self, who from the heav'ns descends,
And o'er thee weeping, thus thy fate deplores :

“Jerusalem, my well beloved, hear ;
Ye men of Juda, to my words attend.
I had a fruitful vineyard by the sea,
Planted with choicest vines, from Egypt brought,
Water’d by copious streams, hedged, wall’d, and built
With lofty towers. Deeply the vine took root,
And fill’d the land ; its leafy boughs were like
The goodly cedars green, and hills, beneath
Its pleasant shade, rejoiced. Men of Israel,
Between me and my vineyard, now judge ye.
What more could I to it than has been done ?
And lo ! I look’d for fruit ; but, wild grapes found !
For wine, and naught but vinegar and gall !
Now, what my vineyard shall befall, attend.
Its hedge shall be destroy’d, its wall removed ;
Wild boars shall root it up, fierce beasts devour ;
No more shall it be water’d, pruned, or digg’d,
And fruitful only be in briars and thorns.
Thou, house of Israel, my vineyard art ;
You, men of Juda, are my pleasant plant.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that dost
The prophets slay, and stonest those, who have
To thee been sent, how oft thy children would
I glad have gather’d to my shelt’ring side,
E’en as the hen her brood beneath her wings,
But thou wouldst not ; and now, behold, thy house,
Favour’d so long, shall be left desolate.
O would that thou, in this thy day, hadst known
The things which make thy peace ! but now they’re hid
From thee, infatuate ; blind are thine eyes,
Nor see that soon the evil days shall come,
When all thy foes shall trench, and compass thee

About, and straighten thee on every side ;
Thee and thy little ones, and beat thee down,
Nor leave one stone within thee not o'erthrown.
The cup of thine iniquity is full,
Press'd down, and running o'er; accomplish'd are
The weeks : rejected is thine only Hope ;
Whom, yet a little while, and thou wilt slay.
Woe, woe, Jerusalem. Men of Juda', weep.
Behold, your desolation now begins ;
Destroy'd, your city and its holy place
Shall be, and o'er its smoldry ruins raised
Th' abomination, which your sons abhor."

The Man of sorrows and with grief acquaint,
With sighs and tears, thus dolorous deplores ;
Then, pensive, wends his way from Olivet,
To Sion's favour'd hill, by Bethphagé,
Fain to escape the throngs, which round him press,
And still with loud hosannas rend the air ;
His way with garments spread, thick strew with palms,
Fresh flowers in garlands weave, and constant shout—
Hosanna to the Son of David, King ;
Hosanna in the highest ; thrice blessed
He, who cometh in the name of the Lord.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF
REDEMPTION.

ARGUMENT.

Satan, seeing the triumph of Christ, calls a council of the devils. Assembled in the central regions of the earth, they consult how they may arrest his progress, and mislead his followers. After proposing various measures, they return to the upper air, and urge on Judas and the Jews to betray the Messiah and bring him to trial. Satan presents himself under the guise of an old man, to the former, who is stealthily passing by night along the valley of Tophet, as usual to count over his hoards. He overhears Judas' soliloquy, and encourages him to present himself to the Sanhedrim, then in session. Meanwhile the blessed Redeemer partakes of the Pascal supper with his disciples, institutes the mystic Sacrifice, and predicts his betrayal by Judas. Jesus prays for his disciples.

REDEMPTION.

BOOK VIII.

In regal state of godlike seeming pow'r,
Surrounded by his chiefs, the flow'r of hell,
Though faded, Satan supremely sat, whilst
Blank defeat, and frustrate hope, hung low'ring
On his gashful brow; baleful, portentous,
Shadowing dire revenge, which to concoct,
He held high council with his dev'lish peers,
Deep in the central orb's embowel'd fires,
Where thus, malignant, their consult began :

“Comrades in weal, compeers in every woe,
Untoward contests seem of late the brunt
Of strife, on our part, felly to abash,
And call for new device, with which to meet
Th' unwonted Pow'r, adverse to us oppugn'd,
And in us mere excite hate and revenge.
Ye see with what exult this second Man,
O'er all our forces triumphs, and the world,
Where e'er he turns, draws in his train; whilst we,
Who erst stood sentinel o'er this opaque,
Fix'd in irrevocable empire, firm,
Now fly before fatiferous his word.
'Tis true, as yet but little space he holds,

Whilst ours diffuses o'er the circling orb;
But with what speed his growing influence runs,
Ye see; which, at like rating, soon must leave
It questionable, whether I, or he,
Shall greater claim have to be Prince of air,
And ruling pow'r, o'er this sublunar sphere,
Too dearly bought, too highly prized, to yield
But by necessity and dire constraint.
What is to be, our arms must quick indite,
Our ready wits extill, while aught remains.
No fabian delay, nor flexuous wiles,
Avail our purpose here, sure of defeat,
By this our ancient foe, though seeming man.
Unless with dext'rous hand we him requite,
And by some lucky stroke forefend our foil,
That, which we needs would shun, must supervene.
Nor do I doubt, this vantage we may gain.
Through promise darkly giv'n, and words, himself
Let fall, 't would seem the end of this grand scheme
Is death; through which, 'tis said, ensues our thrall.
Believe the first, give to the winds the last,
And let him who would most deserve of hell,
The speediest means propound for this bold aim."

So spake the subtil fiend, and sat the while,
Who should his promptings second or withstand;
Nor waited long, for soon Asmodeus rose;
The same, who fired with lustfulness, the bed
Of Raguel's chaste daughter, lewd beset;
And who the heart of Solomon misled
With lusting after Meabitish wives,
And foreign gods, Astarte, Priapus,
Libidinous, with sensual rites endow'd.

He Siddim ruled, and cities of the plain,
Wrathful consumed, by fire from heav'n rain'd down,
Burning bituminous, with sulph'rous stench;
Whose desert wastes, the sea of death enlaves
With lethal tide, whilst wailful sounds, and moans,
From spirits cursed, rise out the gurgling pool.
Passion his face dimm'd, glared his bloodshot eye,
As thus, with fem'nine voice, his instinct ran :

“Prince of the damn'd, and you, ye pow'rs, hear.
What e'er the diff'rence that our views divide,
One thing is constant, all our aims unite,
And ever to but one point mainly tend,
Thé hurt of Him, our freedom who enthalls.
To this, no middle course my feet impel,
Who run with wanton haste to lure to ill.
But ill to haste, may our own aims defeat.
Advising speedy ill, is to advise
Rushing headlong, and ours expose to raid,
To direful rift, and heaven's senseful scorn ;
Or worse, lissom to let our victims slip.
Was it not so at Rama? Haste to slay,
Whom we have cause to hate, backwards recoil'd,
And our side shent: since, whom we sought, escaped,
And th' others sent with speedy flight to heav'n ;
Who, left to rise mature, by our conduct,
Might grow as maculate, as bright before,
And in themselves, and by their progeny,
Innum'rous, befoul'd with lust, us serve ;
So, far extenuate, who people heav'n,
And frequent crowd the luctual plains of hell.
Nor are we sure, the death our Chief protends,
Will serve us better, or e'en rest secure.

Who mightier than himself among hell pow'rs?
And hath his mightiness not this same test
Applied in vain, when from the pinnacle,
Or mountain's top, he fain would cast him down?
Nor mind ye not, when on the sea, all hell
In tempests blew outrageous, mingled sea
And sky, fierce rove their fragile bark athwart
The nappy waves, that at his simple word,
The waves grew calm, the frightened furies fled,
And zephyrs softly fann'd the placid lake?
Thrice we the hearts of Jews perfidious fired,
To take up stones to stone this charmed Man;
Thrice, unperturbed, he pass'd their midst unharm'd.
Once, to the brow abrupt of Sion's hill,
They led him, with attempt to thrust him down;
But walking through the press, invisible,
Or blinding them, as those of Sodom once,
Fiercely who did besiege the patriarch's house
To rape with men, and felt in vain the door;
So he, like easy 'scaped, and went his way,
Whilst they, at fault, confused, still sought him round.
Since then he laughs at our despite, estopp'd,
And thus accretive grow the following crowds,
From our side won, and number'd as his own,
Whilst we, if he but speak, before him fly,
Who of our hosts will venture Him t' assail?
Or, but his daring hand lay on the mane
Of Juda's Lion, and expect to live?
This query I propound, that all may hear,
Lest unawarn'd, they heedless rush within
Destruction's gaping jaws, or whimp'ring flee,
With terror wing'd, whilst vengeance swift pursues.

So dangerous a scheme then I forefend,
As sure redounding to renew'd defeat.
But if I lead your sense, or catch aright
Your ear, stand thus advised—No vi'lent hand
Lay on the Son of God, nor those, who him
Obey; but close besiege, inflame their lusts,
Or flesh, or pride of life, each to his bent;
With beauty, wit, and wine, incite, allure:
Give every soul his spright, or ten, if one
May not suffice; inebriate their sense,
With sensual joys, their passions eager feed,
Nor give them moment respite from your toils.
Hell must be poor indeed, in strategy
And guile, if some fall not; but, fall, some must,
And drag the weak with scandal down, engulf'd
In the same vortex, passionate, pollute.
And if there be, who stand, let them not pass,
But blacken and defame; infix the brand
Indelible, of every nameless crime,
Child murder, incest, wantonness impure,
Deep graven on their front, that all may see,
That infidels may laugh, deride, blaspheme,
And, true or false, harass them with infame.
Thus, whilst we slay not, we perite destroy,
Defeat his aim, and who would serve, deter."

Abrupt so ending, sat the lustful fiend,
When Mammon, low debased, his lead thus took:
"Beauty, I yield, O chiefs, and wit and wine;
And what else delights, to whom these, as baits
To lure withal, prefer, and not object;
But claim my province is, with stronger ties
Than utmost passions, to seduce mankind.

Who sets my idol up, cannot serve God;
Nor this, so call'd, his Son. So he hath taught,
And ye may well believe. 'Tis easier far
To thrust a cable through a needle's eye,
Than him, who wershups me, conduct to heav'n.
What more could hell desire? What more achieve?
Remind ye not the rout of Jacob's sons,
At Hai? how Achan fell, by me ensnared?
And what the curse, him and his house o'erwhelm'd?
Were ye not witness when Giezi fell,
Lustful of the Assyrian's glitt'ring stores,
And when he from Eliseus' presence went
Accurs'd, a loathsome leper, white as snow?
Shall gold with these, less pow'rful prove than those?
I trow not; but more rather. Ye shall see
Dissensions, scornings, spite, betrayal, hate,
Pride, envy, malice, jealousy and guile,
From this source spring, the love and greed of gold.
Lordly, the rich shall turn their heads away
From their poor brethren; and so most, when from
The dregs they lowest spring, and plume themselves
As gods, nor feel the deathless worm at heart.
The holiest bonds shall sooner break by this,
Than withs which Samson bound; traffic, shall priests,
Most sacred things for gold; sell faith, sell hope,
And charity the chief; fawn on the great,
Cleave to the rich, and evitate the poor.
Nor less the masses, for this cause, with hell
In compact firm, their souls to death will bind.
Thus shall the Eden, which this new Man builds,
Of all its verdure nipp'd, frosted, soon fade,
Whilst winds blow frore o'er every gen'rous deed,

Freezing the sunniest fountains of the heart,
And Charity's most sacred bonds disrupt.
But some, ye say, will wealth despise, affect
Despise, and shun? Be 't so; 'twill be but few,
And I forbid not other wiles to warp
From good; bring all the enginery of hell,
And new invent, to sap this growing pow'r,
Nor deem me less with hate inflamed t' oppose,
Than fiercest of hell's forces here deploy'd.
Wiser from frequent contests grown, I do
But urge our abstinence from actual fight,
In conflicts so oft worsted by our foes;
Whether superior grown since our descent,
Or we impaired in prowess by the fall.
Besides, what have ye gain'd, with all your hosts,
Since this adventure summon'd us from hell?
Naught but contempt, defeat and shame; whilst I
Have so well wrought, and with such wily brigue,
That of his chiefs I hold, who bears the bag;
And doubt not, but through him, to scatter all
The rest; perhaps, obtain the grand result
Ye strive, and reap with others' hands his death.
At least, whate'er the end, still I advise
To use such arms, and shun too close a war."

He ended midst a storm of hoarse applause,
Highly approved by Satan, and the peers.
Though not so all approved; for now arose,
Scowling with horrid front, Beëlzebub,
The brightest spirit that from heaven fell;
Next to Satan, head; some say, his other self;
Like him, at least, a murderer from the first.
Blacker than night he stood, and thus with voice,

Loud as when Hecla roars, or ocean's surge,
The central orb shook, where apart they sat:
 "Hell, on herself, for shame, might well recoil,
Were sole such counsels to employ her peers.
Not that I scout these baubles in their place;
Nor those, who use, of laurels strip so won.
But, death is the grand argument of hell;
That, for which, hell endures; nor more would be
Hell, death extinct, than heav'n, heav'n without life.
Destruction is our aim, our purpose sole,
The whole weight of our war, and Heav'n's despite.
Earth planted He with life, and lasting joy;
Hell came, and grafted death on all it saw;
On man, on beast, on flow'r and tree, diffuse,
And draped in mourning all this vast terrene.
Should we from our glum shadow now recoil,
Hell darts would of themselves take wings and slay.
For death, I plead then, torture, blood; and laugh,
The more I see our gory hands imbrued;
So most, when arm'd on armed rushing, hosts
Are slain, and seas of blood roll slipp'ry o'er
The plains. Let Death then in all shapes assault
Their ranks; num'rous our own, a handful theirs,
Who, soon o'erwhelm'd, swept from the earth away,
Will leave us as before, supreme in pow'r.
Bid each high priest of all our tow'ring states,
Send Feciales to the hostile field,
To hurl the spear defiant midst their ranks;
Alarm the states; the gods in danger cry;
Devise new tortures, quiv'ring limbs to tear;
Hurl to wild beasts, and slow consume with fire;
Crush, stone, transfix, scourge, rack, boil, crucify,

All who the Nazarene name, or contemn
Our smoking altars, and forsake our fanes;
Whilst we dire portents thunder through the sky,
Bid auguries, and omens, sinister,
Fearful calamities in wrath foreshow,
Clouds, lightnings, tempests, earthquakes, gloamy signs
Of hell's avenge, and anger of her gods.
So shall ye sweep this race from off the earth,
Nor leave a vestige of its raid behind;
So shall ye sit, secure as high, in pow'r,
And laugh at Heav'n's fitful efforts, vain."

The bick'ring flames grew ghastlier as he spake,
And o'er the cope of intramundane skies,
Cast livid hues of incandescent light,
In baleful shades, grim, nubilous, around;
Till seething winds, aloft, on fetid wings,
O'er plains, soft, solid, lakes and seas of fire,
Bore waleful sighs and moans; and nature, sad,
With mutt'ring sounds, gave signs of inward woe.
Meanwhile, th' arch dragon, pleased with his chiefs,
Nefandous who, still counsels nocent, turn'd
Against whom, he so oft had tried in vain,
And they not daft, applauded much their zeal;
To them his new devices part reveal'd,
And thus, with flatt'ring words, set phrase, began:
"Imperial princes, thrones, dominions, pow'rs,
Worthy of heav'n, and high approved, gods;
Not long, I deem, extruded from your seats,
Heav'n born, by force of merit there to reign,
Who thus your prowess vaunt in feats of arms,
Well skill'd in such devices as, ere long,
Must win successful conquest o'er the sky.

For, if 't be true, as now so often said,
The Son of God must die, why then our pow'r
Is to slay; and if to slay, to death make
Subject, why not him in penal chains drag?
Or, of his thund'ring arms clean shorn, which us
Pursued dolorous, what shall us forbid,
In turn him to transfix, and bind etern,
With his, in that dim prison, first ordain'd
For us, who too well freedom loved, ages
To serve his vassals, prostrate the throne?
If nothing, as 'twould seem, then I maintain
Our triumph near, when we shall reign, our right,
And all things under our dominion bring:
Whereof a ray of hope illumes the sky;
For I doubt not, some vantage may be reach'd
Now, o'er the Twelve. One, we have gain'd outright;
And Simon, fain I hope to sift as wheat,
Nor fear, but in him much chaff may be found;
Some trace at least, of such defection bides.
Twice harsh rebuk'd, he 'fore his fellows stood;
T' whom 'twas said—Get thee behind me Satan;
High compliment besure to me thus named,
Custom'd to be the first, and sit supreme,
But, stern reproof; and for worse cause repeat,
When he, to meet his Master on the wave,
Essay'd. Here doubt was clear. Doubt is distrust;
Which if fomented well, when trouble comes,
Denial breeds, or worse; be it, how'er,
Our care this weakness to assail with force;
Perhaps, when least aware, we make him ours,
And with the head fall'n, topple all the limbs.
But deem the task not light; long contest is,

I ween, before us; fields of strenu'ous fight;
A varied war, that varied arms demand,
And utmost skill. Nor underrate our foes;
Nor smallest things despise; strange though it seem,
The weakest here oft times o'er strong prevail,
As boys with pebbles, giants have o'erthrown.
Meantime be active, bold, courageous, strong;
Gird on your swords puissant, shields and spears;
Perpetual harass, each strong hold sap;
Give rest to none; of miserable, make
Most miserable, those who follow him.
Broad is the way, well peopled, that ours tread;
Narrow their road, and few to him succeed.
Ours, all th' advantage is; man's thoughts, adverse
To good, still tend to ill; facile descent
Is, though it lead to hell. Then arm, advance;
Time bids you quick pursue and flesh your prey;
Success determine, and success ensues;
Doubt nothing boldly, but intend and win,
And long be empire as your trophy held."

Thus they, estiferous, the hollow sphere
Within, rack'd, and rag'd against the Highest.
Earth, in her entrails torn, felt the sharp throes,
Upheaved her tenuous crust, with fearful sounds,
And ominous in all her craters burn'd.
Hard by Jerusalem, in Hinnom's vale,
A ravine, deep and dark, polluted lay,
Tophet, wherein th' arch traitor, Judas, seal'd
His compact firm with the infernal powers.
Now o'er the earth had night her sombre veil
Profoundly cast, when this grand thief, as wont,
With stealthy step, obverse, to count his hoards,

Took tortuous way through that glum vale of death;
Whose fires burn'd sinister as he pass'd on,
With baleful stench effused, whilst livid rays,
Hell's proper hues, shaded his visage grim.
Close on his steps the prince of darkness trod;
Unseen, him captive held, his thoughts perturbed,
Which, passionate, at length in sighs found vent,
As wholly not yet banded to hell's thrall:

“Ah me!” he said, “why should I thus his grace
Despise? whom he hath raised so high in place,
Next to himself among the Twelve; to be,
(When, who can tell?) endow'd with thrones; an aim
Worth striving after, if 'twere true; yet, so
He promised, when his kingdom comes. Doubtful
Alternate. Who knows when that is? Promise
Is easy; not so easy is perform.
That but a word; th' other a flick'ring hope.
Should not I then seize present good, and leave
To who believes, the promised and unknown?
Two motions urge me; which shall I attend?
This says betray, and glut your growing store;
That bids the lesser leave for greater gain.
Both motives base; but who the motives knows?
Doth He? 'Twould seem; else why his prescient pow'r,
So oft to them shown, who his grace invoke?
What if he truly be Messiah sent?
'Tis hard to say; still more 'tis hard to doubt.
Who but Messiah could such works perform?
Who but Messiah would such works project?
But, if he be, as he would have us deem,
Why did he number me among the Twelve?
A greater mystery is this than all.

Why place me, traitor, near his sacred side?
Trust me the bag? his secret counsels teach?
Perchance to sway me by his goodness 'twas,
And lead me to repent. Alas! that goodness,
How it burns within! like coals of fire heap'd
Upon the head, and urges to relent.
But, woe is me! that goodness how I hate!
Nor less his look of innocence and love,
So calm dispensed from peaceful brow serene;
And so perhaps, when most oppress'd with care.
His tender accents too, forgiving words—
(O heav'n! what torture doth the thought inflict,)
Fresh streams of grace on obdurate let fall,
Let freely fall; the callous more, the more
To penance moved, by grace profuse besought.
High as the heav'ns by grace received uplift,
By grace condemn'd, to lowest hell thrust down.
Thou hell! wilt thou not here withhold thy hand?
Nor shrink the fearful task? or, if perform,
Some other instrument devise than me,
One of his friends profess'd, his bosom friends?
Nor cease to urge repeat the crime of Cain,
Repeat, with base augment and tenfold shame?—
But, should I shrink, how ease my just revenge
For public scorn, open rebuke, on me
Unjust imposed, with all the rest, who plead
The poor man's cause, when he the precious nard
Let run to waste? Or, how increase my store?
(To me chief aim to follow his behests;)
Whence multiply my gains? Could I, secure
Of other self abide, I might relent,
And seeming be most steadfast of his friends.

But there the doubt hangs, and my mind suspends."

Thus far his musings led, with inward strife
'Twixt bad and worse, nor semblance held of good,
When Satan opportune the moment seized
To front the felon, quite resolve of doubts,
His passions stimulate, and tempt his greed.
Seeming a grave old man, with reverend beard,
And form inclined, supported by a staff,
He cross'd his path, and ready this advanced :

"Thoughts cloth'd in words and given to the winds,
As thine a moment since, are past recall,
And may, with harsh recoil, break his own head,
Who utters, or redound to weal, suppose
He wisdom hath to profit by their vent.
To choose concerns thee now, as thou shalt learn.
This sign informs thee, I of Bethdin am ;
Whither my feet direct me through this vale.
I, who thou art, ask not, to whom thy speech
O'erheard, betrayeth of the Nazarene ;
One of the Twelve it seems, who bears the bag,
And not unwilling to increase thy store.
Prime chance for thee advenes, and pelf, well worth
Thy seeking, proffer'd is, with honors high,
That well might tempt to boldest venture,
Him, who the state would serve, now sore distraught,
And Jewry further save from this Man's brawls.
These then the terms that him shall gage, who doth
This Nazarene betray ; nor deem the pledge
Transcends their pow'r, who promise, to bestow.
High shall he be exalt, who these subserves,
With badge emblazoned on his lofty brow ;
His fame all peoples learn, all times extend ;

Be raised too high for envy's keenest shaft,
For, none shall envy, none say—Would 'twere I.
Nor this the end be; but, suffice it now—
The price thou askest shall be amply paid,
And more than may be mentioned in the pledge.
The Elders this debate; thither thy steps
Fleet speed thee; me, this way, now mine exact."

Ambiguous thus, with promise seeming fair,
The grand Dissembler spoke, then straight pursued,
Through gloom of night, his way, in varied guise,
Alert his part nefandous, still to act;
Nor left his complice sole, but close begirt,
With legions of bad spirits bent on ill.
Not less than some great leader train'd to war,
With myriads armed on some hostile shore,
Deploys his forces, all his outposts sets,
Then scours the wide champaign, and whom he finds,
Imbanded holds, their country to betray.
So Satan now, the victim in his toils
Embraced, cautious invests the sacred hill;
Through Hinnom's vale, Cedron, and Josaphat,
His legionary forces copious pours,
And all the skirts of Sion close besets;
Invades the holy city, crowds its courts,
And troubles with his presence, whom he will.
Hebon the night grew, ominous with signs,
Oppress'd the air, surcharged with baleful breath,
Dull vapors, humors, mists, whilst howling winds,
With doleful dirge, lament the coming storm.

Within the temple's sacred precincts, half,
And half without, the hall of judgment stood,
Where sat the Bethdin, high on burnish'd thrones,

In scele'rous council daft the Son of God.
A grand rotunda 'twas, deep, spacious, broad ;
Whose stately dome, of azure deck'd with stars,
On massive columns, polish'd porph'ry, stood,
Corinthian carved, and patined thick with gold.
The floor with variegated marbles shone,
A cunning work, that wond'rous skill display'd ;
Whilst purple hangings, vi'let, green, and blue,
With silken cords in ivory circles run,
Around its walls their ample foldings threw.
A triple row of amber, odorous lamps,
With oil of myrrh burn'd, spices, sweet perfumed,
Hung pendant from the roof on chains of gold,
With jacinth gemm'd, crystal and orient pearl ;
Though not their wonted brilliance now diffused ;
But lurid glare cast round, with ghastly shades,
And sulph'rous tainture of the Stygian pow'r,
Who, present, his malignance baleful breath'd,
On those, who there in dev'lish conclave sat ;
Chiefs of the Pharisees, Doctors of Law,
Princes of Priests, the Levites in their rank,
Scribes of each sect, and base, perfidious Jews.
High on a throne, exalted 'bove his peers,
Caiphas supreme the rash assemblage ruled ;
Th' Abethdin next, sustain'd the right, in place,
Shacam, the left, and thence in lengthen'd line,
Each of the Seventy in his own degree.
When thus their chief, with malice caliban,
And rage against the Just, his cause disposed :
 " Princes of Israel, Doctors of the Law,
Ye scribes, to whom it wisely appertains
The sons of Abraham to teach, give ear ;

And you, ye priests and levites, this attend.
Let minor differences be laid aside,
All meaner questions merged, for graver themes
Demand your care, and shrewdest counsels move.
You all do know this Nazarene, this Pest,
The Son of Joseph, who is Jesus call'd ;
How he disturbs the people, them misleads,
Seduces, and withdraws from Moses' law :
What mischief he in Jewry works ; what lies
He teaches ; sabbaths breaks ; ourselves defames ;
Consorts with sinners, and foments their brawls.
You, hath he not abused ? call'd vipers, fools ?
And charged with all hypocrisy and guile ?
White in appearance only, full of crime ?
And at your door laid all the just blood spill'd,
Since Zacharias was between th' altar
And the Temple slain ? What further would ye ?
Do not these suffice your anger t' arouse,
And draw your vengeance justly on his head ?
Then learn how he blasphemes this sacred fane.
'Destroy this Temple !' so he says ; and thus,
In mock'ry adds—'I'll build it in three days !'
Shallow device ! Not daring he to lay
His sacrilegious hand upon its gold,
Would tempt the fools, who hear him, to destroy ;
Doubtless but glad, to see its glories bite
The dust, that he, with naught to loose, might seize
Its wealth, and 'mong his rabble base, divide.
And stops he here, suppose ye ? or believe,
He makes himself a God ?—Nay, nay, good friends,
Withold a moment, and, I pray, be calm.
Yes, makes himself a God ! Messiah ! King !

And Juda's tribes amuses with his tricks,
Wrought by Beëlzebub, to lure his dupes.
Have ye not heard the piercing echos roll
Along fair Jordan's vale, with peans hymn'd,
'Hosanna to the Son of David! King!'
Nor he rebuke the impious clamor raised?
What shouts are those, which now, on every breeze
Borne, clang the ear, and Israel fill with dread?
'Jesus Messias is! our Priest and King!
Blessed is he, who cometh in Lord!
See with what mock'ry' of regal state he comes;
His path with ivy, myrtle, palm leaves, strown,
His brow with laurels crown'd, inwove with flowers,
And countless multitudes meanwhile the ground
Thick clothe with robes, and hoarse with praising sing.
I tell ye, Princes, that this Pest must die!
This to devise—when, and by what best means,
With wile, intrigue, or subtilty arcane,
You now are summon'd to debate. No friend
Of Cæsar here will plead excuse; who would
Be Cæsar's friend, or Israel's, let him speak,
If he some counsel to this end may show."

The chief Priest, wrathful, thus prologue began,
Then sat. Stifled their rage was, him who heard,
By strenuous effort, and main force kept down,
Struggling for vent, with moans and hissing taunts,
Gibes, groans; signs of fierce wrath, not all suppress'd.
As subterranean fires, closely pent,
With restless heavings chafe the troubled ground,
Till from some mountain's grisly brow they spume,
Roll down its sides, o'erspread the fertile fields,
Consume green forests, tumbling torrents dry,

Seeth, hiss, roar, boil, and dire destruction spread;
Or, as wild beasts, a moment held at bay,
Restless, with bloodshot eyes, and foaming jaws,
Their panting sides lash with their frenzied tails;
But once released, impetuous shake the plain,
And rush with frightful roarings to the fray.
So these, as soon as Caiphas ceased, brutal
With wrath, the angry contest wage against
The lowly Nazarene; his life defame,
Mistate his teachings, base malign his deeds,
Impute to magic, or the pow'rs of hell;
Attribute doctrines false, then easy rend,
And make him minister of every ill.
The prince of darkness fann'd the kindling flames,
With malice fed, and urged the wordy war;
Till one arose, a Doctor of the Law,
Renown'd for wisdom, love of justice, truth;
Whom now to hear, the strife awhile surceased.
Calm was his aspect, venerable his mien.
Deliberate his speech, as age became:

“Wise men of Israel, learned in the Law,
If aught in former times, I have deserved
Of deference from your ear, me now attend.
Let no unseemly passion stir to blind
Your riper reason, or your sense obtund;
For I, your keenest judgment, clearest sense,
Collected wisdom, and forbearance, need.
Distasteful should my cause be to your ear,
Bear with me gently; if not for its sake,
Yet for my years, who Israel's welfare strive.
Remember too our fundamental law—
'To judge with equity, and first to hear,

Without respect of persons, great or small.
Then, first I ask, who is this Nazarene,
Whom without trial ye would thus condemn?
At least he is a Jew. That, something fends;
And with the Jewish people much must plead.
But what is his descent? and whence his name?
For these are questions that deserve your care.
Consult the public registries, open
To all, as I have done; his lineage trace.
The Son of Joseph, ye repute. 'Tis well;
He was; the carpenter, poor and obscure,
And from this fact your pity more demands.
'Rescue the poor,' 'tis writ, 'the needy save.'
But who is he? A just man in the line
Of David; so the record says; read it—
The son of Jacob, Nathan, Abiud;
Abiud of Zorobable; and he
Of good Josias, king, in Ozias' line,
Whom Joram did beget; him Josaphat,
From Asa sprung; thence Solomon, direct
From David's loins, our prophet, priest, and king.
On th' other side, his mother, Mary rose,
Immediate from Joachim; remote,
Of Heli's loins, who was of Levi born;
So traced through Melchi, Janne, Addi; thence,
By Cosan led, through Helmadan and Her,
To Menna, Nathan, David; so that she,
From the same stock, the root of Isai sprang.
A royal priesthood this, a kingly line—
Bear with me, friends; I would not stir your wrath;
Nor yet speak aught but what yourselves may learn.
The record open is, and free to all;

And Israel at least, must scorn to be
Unjust, e'en to the lowliest of their sons.
This Man may be all that you charge, and more;
Nor do I say that he Messias is,
For that ye could not bear; but this I say,
Our law condemns not any till it hear.
You all remember when, a youth, he stood
Before the learned, in the sacred courts,
Expounding Scripture, and amazed us all
With questions and replies. You did not doubt
His wisdom then, but wonder'd at his lore;
Nor with his doctrines did ye aught find fault.
There be who sit here, that have with him talk'd,
As friend with friend, familiar; whether at meat,
Or going to him by night; they could tell,
If they would testify, whether he now,
From those great truths departs; but those who hear
Rather, impels to follow and obey.
Nor doth he secretly these counsels urge;
But open, with loud voice, in synagogue,
In temple, midst the public ways, enjoins
All that you teach, to hear, observe and do.
This not the seeming hath, as though he strove
To draw the people from Mosaic rites,
Or of his words the strictest scrut'ny fear'd—
Spare me a moment yet, my friends, I would
Not pain you; but, perhaps, from rashness save.
For, if his works, or counsels, be of man,
They'll come to naught; but if of heav'n, refrain;
Lest, hapless, ye be found to fight 'gainst God.
I would not rouse your wrath, his works to cite;
But, who hath not seen Lazarus, once dead?

Or who, the man born blind, restored to sight?—
I beg—be just—for ye are learned men;
Too high in power and exemplary worth,
T' o'erheed these hasty words thrown out. I pass
To other things. Hear me but one word more.
For I will pass the moral of his acts,
To kind, forgiving be, and merciful,
And just; the bruised reed not break, nor quench
The smoking flax; but ask at once, and end—
What doth he here, now, at Jerusalem?
He leads the people to observe the Pasch.
Would any foe to Israel's law, do this?"

So spake the bold good man, Joseph the just,
With many' a pause between, oft interrupt;
Single, against so many pitted, firm,
Unalterable, unmoved, unabash'd,
Nor fear'd their anger, malice, scorn or hate.
When, fierce, Matthias rose; not he, on whom
The lot fell afterwards, with Barnabas,
To serve, in place of that arch traitor, who,
His Lord, deicidal betray'd; but he,
Asmoneus' son, a priest of Modin,
Who, vi'lent, Bacchides slew, and then fled.
Dark passion limn'd his face, as thus in brief,
Brief from his rage, with choler choked, he posed:

"Is 't not enough this Brawler should disturb
The public peace? but—out upon it!—we
Must hear, in Bethdin, sung, the miscreants praise?
My voice is—seize and crucify the wretch;
And with him, all who pander to his crimes.
Traitors in our midst! O Abraham! hath
Israel fall'n thus? without the nerve to slay?"

Silent his tongue be, palsied be his limbs,
That speaks nor moves to compass this Man's death,
And cursed for aye in Israel be his race."

Thus froth'd Asmonides, when next, more shrewd,
Though not less fill'd with hate, Joazer spoke,
Boëthius' son; who, sleek, with honied words,
Judea sooth'd, when Cæsar's envoys chafed
The tribes with new enrollment, hard oppress'd.
He fear'd sedition, though by this he rose
To sacerdotal, from plebeian rank,
In that Matthias place, who fell deprived,
To sate revenge of Antipater's son;
And tumult fear'd, though not from love of peace,
But lest disturb should him deprive of spoils;
For this he spake, and thus his scheme apposed:

"Estates of Israel, princes, rulers, chiefs,
Caution, not less than our detest, should lead
Our quest as to what means may us relieve
From this bad Man, this wrangler, Israel's bane,
Who comes with show of seeming sanctity
Severe, and zeal, our priesthood to asperse,
And draw down vulgar odium on our rule.
Caution, lest the base rabble, who his feet
Pursue—wine-bibbers, gluttons, brawlers, lewd, infame,
So num'rous grown of late, should tumult brew.
Such have, not seldom, Juda's peace embroil'd;
And these, as seen, no less seditious, sow
Distrust, plot discord, and the state subvert
By civil war; as well ye know, erewhile
Did Alexander, who, a base born priest,
Uprose seditious, nor desisted till
He slew more than five times ten thousand Jews.

So, later, in the taxing Sadduc rose,
From whom the Sadducees derive their name,
Tumultuous rose, with rapine, slaughter, fire
And sword; nor spared the temple, but consumed
With sacrilegious brands; and all as now,
Under the plea of public weal misled.
So Amram, Eleazar, Tholomy,
Were left by our demur, to flesh their hordes,
And batten on the lambs of Israel's fold.
Thus now this Nazarene, with bold attempt,
Doth us assail, our priesthood, office, troth;
Nor do we know to what pass this may come,
If our connivance let him persevere,
And we no hind'rance bar to his defect.
Yet should we now assail with open force,
What hath so long been left accretive grow,
Some dire result I fear will supervene,
Sedition, slaughter, internecine war;
More to be fear'd than famine, pestilence,
Or the destroying angel's vengeful sword.
Some secret toil must then, I ween, be set,
By which entrapp'd, from threat'ning crowds withdrawn,
We him, perforce dragg'd from his lair, may bring
Before us; try by willing witnesses,
Suborn'd; convict, and so condemn to death.
Nor yet discretion waive, but cautious move;
Your deepest thought apply, lest tumult rise,
With detriment to state and solemn Pasch.
Ye see how frequent swarm his partisans,
By our high suff'rance now audacious grown.
Whate'er result this solemn council crowns,
Action should instant follow firm resolve."

With fond pretence, ardor well timed, and show
Of zeal for Israel's peace, Joazer thus,
Not without praise, advised ; and scarce had ceased,
When strange irruption thrill'd th' excited hall.
Or man, or demon, he might either seem,
Who slunk with gait unsteady in their midst.
Haggard his mien was, downcast was his eye,
Or roll'd suspicious, scanning whom he saw,
With gloamy look, askant, malicious leer.
Fell passion blanch'd his face with ghastly white,
Or livid shades threw o'er his shaggy brow ;
Whom Caiphas thus with troubled aspect broach'd :

“ Whence com'st thou, wretch, unbidden to this place?
No place for thee, unless thy doubting mien
Belies thee, one of the Twelve and Whom we hate.
Intent to pry perhaps, who counsel here ?”

So he with questions half, and half surmise ;
To whom the felon, unperturbed replied :

“ As thou me deem'st I am, nor aught belies,
One of the Twelve ; but yet, on these pry not
For Him, whom I as well hate, and with cause,
Whose tyranny sore presses those, who serve
His austere rule, strict motive, and severe,
Nor known to Israel's law. Him then I hate,
Have left, and would with these conjoin, did fit
Inducement offer ; and Him now betray.

Caiphas to whom, with joy insane, return'd :

“ Well is thy coming, friend, and opportune ;
Timely thy words, that merit much, if true ;
Though else, not spoken, or so, not perform'd,
Must fall with sev'nfold weight on thine own head,
Who promise ; as shall soon redound to all,

That cleave to this Man's cause, and us contemn.
Evil betide him then, who disobeys ;
But good to thee, if thy performing pace
Keeps equal with thy words and promise giv'n.
High shalt thou be exalt, who us subserv'st,
With badge emblazoned on thy lofty brow ;
Thy fame all peoples learn, all times extend ;
Be raised too high for envy's keenest shaft,
For, none shall envy, none say—Would 't were I.
Nor this the end be ; but, suffice it now—
The price thou askest shall be amply paid,
And more than may be mention'd in the pledge."

Whilst they, demented, thus compact with hell,
In words, which Satan had himself inspired,
Made firm and sure, innocent blood to shed,
The Son of God, and his disciples, sat
Around the paschal board, with legal meat,
Mosaic rites to close, and institute
The New, his grace designed, with flesh and blood,
Broken and shed, his own, true paschal Lamb.
Rising, the Master now the servant's place
Assumes ; disrobed, and with a towel girt,
The ready bowl, from well-charged ewer fills,
And meekly washes his disciples feet,
Enjoin'd with precept, by example giv'n,
To do to each as he to them had done ;
And so pronounced them clean ; clean, but not all ;
For whom he chose, he knew ; and so fulfill'd
The word's of Isai's son—Who eats my bread,
Hath spurn'd me with his heel, supplanting me.
The rite accomplish'd, and his seat resumed,
Peaceful his sacred brow, radiant with light,

Beams on the favour'd Twelve ; whilst thus to them,
These heav'nly words, serenely he address'd,
And thence the mystic Sacrifice endows :

“This Pasch, I have desired to eat with you,
Before I suffer and from hence depart.
The time is now, and I no more will eat
Of it with you, until my kingdom comes.
The Son of Man shall soon be glorified ;
But as, ere wheat springs up and brings forth fruit,
It dies, so must it be with him, who speaks.
What shall I say—Father, save me from this hour ?
But 'tis for this cause, I to this hour come.
Nay rather—Father glorify thy name.
Now is the judgement of this world begun ;
Now shall the prince of darkness be cast out.
And I, if I be lifted up from earth,
Will from the height draw all things to myself.
Remember what erewhile I said to you—
I am the living bread from heav'n come down ;
Of which, who eats, the same fore'er shall live.
Behold the myst'ry of redeeming love !
The bread that I now give you is my flesh.
Except ye eat my flesh, and drink my blood,
No life shall in you be. But he that eats,
And he that drinks, hath everlasting life,
And I will raise him up at the last day.
My flesh is meat, my blood is drink indeed ;
Of these, who eats and drinks, abides in me.
As now the living Father me hath sent,
And as by him I live, so, who me eats,
The same shall live by me, and never die.
The Spirit quick'neth ; flesh no profit hath ;

The words I speak are spirit, and true life.
And lo, the mystery is now explain'd—
Blessing this bread, I break; take it, and eat;
This is my body, which is giv'n for you.
This for commemoration do of me.
So of this chalice now I give to you—
This, the new testament is in my blood,
Which shall be shed for you; take it, and drink.
For of this fruit I now no more will taste,
Until I drink it new with you in heav'n."

Touch'd by the pathos of his sacred words,
The chosen bow, as from his hand, they take
That soul-sustaining food, and Him adore.
Wonder and awe, in silence hold them bound,
Till sadness opes the floodgates of their souls;
Sadness, with love infused, free torrents pours,
And copious bathes the hand which them so bless'd.
Meanwhile, the Saviour tenderly pursued:

"Err not, in what I say. Not all shall live,
Who of my flesh, or of my blood, partake.
For, who unworthy eats, or who thus drinks,
Shall guilty be both of the body' and blood;
And eats and drinks damnation to his soul,
Discerning not the body of the Lord.
You, have I chosen from the world; all whom
I know; and, one of you a devil hath.
To you 'twas said—The Son of Man will be
Betray'd. And now, behold! the hand of him,
Who doth betray, is with me on the board."

Conscious of guilt, the trait'rous coward quails;
But each the rest each innocent believes,
And shrinks aghast with horror, as o'erpow'r'd.

Fear smote their knees, sorrow their hearts depress'd,
Whilst each in turn, with troubled accent ask'd,
Or choked with sobbing grief—Lord is it I?—
Lord is it I? the same sad asking, plies
Peter, the Chief; so, Alpheus, Philip, James—
Lord is it I? with mournful voice entone;
And he, who lean'd on Jesus' breast, beloved,
With piercing anguish raised his tearful eye,
To search the Master's mind; whilst last, abash'd,
With husky voice, and stert'rous breath, repress'd,
The trembling felon asks—Lord is it I?
T' whom, meek the Lamb of sacrifice replies:

“He, who with me his hand dips in the dish,
That same is he. The Son of Man, indeed,
Doth go the way, as it of him is writ;
But woe to him by whom he is betray'd;
'Twere better for him, he had ne'er been born.”

The wretch stigmatic, fast by Satan bound,
Soon from the sacred presence stealthy slunk;
When thus the Lamb of God, serenely mild,
With words consoling, his firm friends composed:

“Let not your hearts be troubled, nor afraid;
God ye believe, believe also in Me.
Many a mansion hath my Father's house,
To which I go, your places to prepare.
The way I go, ye know—I am the way,
And I the truth am, and eternal life.
They who me love, will my commandments keep;
Them will my Father love, and I will love,
And open manifest myself to them.
Let not your hearts be troubled, nor afraid.
With you my peace shall bide, myself will bide;

For though I go from hence, I yet remain ;
A mystery, which but mine can comprehend.
And now behold, a new command I give—
Each other love, as I have loved you.
Much more I will not speak with you; for now
The prince of this world comes, as erst he came,
And in the desert tried, but in me naught
Could find, since naught of his within me is.
No greater love can man his brother show,
Than in his brother's stead to yield his life.
My life I yield for you, my chosen friends;
And know, the time shall come, when you shall thus
Be tried; from every synagogue be thrust,
And whoso killeth you, will service think
He doth to God. These things at first I told
You not, because I yet with you remain'd.
Now that I tell you, sorrow fills your heart.
But be not sad; for when I go away,
The Comforter will come, the Paraclete.
He then will comfort you, and all things bring
To mind which I so oft have said; the past
Shall all recall, and show all things to come.
Ye sorrow now; but when I come again,
Your sorrow shall be turn'd to joy; a joy,
Which none from you hath pow'r to take away." [sooth'd,
With words like these, their sorrowing minds he
Celestial balm pour'd in their every wound,
Assuaged their anguish, fill'd their hearts with love,
And knit their souls to his in sweet accord.
Softer his tone was, fragrant more his breath,
Than sacred oil, on Aaron's head infused,
Which down his beard ran, and his skirts perfumed.

More sweet than honey and the honeycomb,
Or dews that bathe the brow of Hermon's hill,
His words fell on their hearts, who him received,
With rapture own'd, believed, confess'd, adored.
Nor ceased with these; for soft, in silver sounds,
With teeming eye to heav'n upraised, sublime
The gracious Saviour thus the Father pray'd :

“Father, the hour hath come to glorify
Thy Son, who also glorifieth thee.
To me, o'er flesh thou hast imparted pow'r,
Eternal life to give to whom thou wilt.
To know thee is eternal life, and me,
Whom thou hast sent. And lo! the work is done,
Which thou hast given me to do. Thy name
Is manifest to men, who have believed
In very deed, that I have come from thee.
For these I pray. Just Father, keep them ev'r
In thy name, that one they may, as we, be.
Whom thou hast giv'n to me I've kept; and but
Perdition's hapless son, not one is lost.
And now I come to thee; I pray not these
Be taken from the world, but that they free
From evil be preserved. Them sanctify
In truth. Thy word is truth. Solely for them,
I pray not; but for all, who, through their word,
Believe in me; that they may all be one,
As, Father, thou in me and I in thee' art,
So, they may also one be made in us;
That they the glory thou hast giv'n to me,
May see, who loved me ere the world began.
Holy Father, the world hath known thee not;
But I have known thee; and, so these now know,

To whom I have been sent. To them have I
Reveal'd thy name, and still will make it known,
That they thy love may feel; the love wherewith
Thou hast loved me may feel, and full possess;
As mine in them, and thine in me, abides."

Softer than zephyr's breath his pray'r arose,
More pleasing than eolian harp to hear,
Or Israel's minstrelsy when sweetest tuned.
Swift through th' ethereal sky it wing'd its way,
Transpierced the golden gates, reach'd Mercy's ear,
Nor yet had ceased, when ans'ring grace return'd;
Whilst awe profound held his disciples mute,
Immoveably transfix'd, and bathed in tears,
Silent, but irrepressible. No sound
Disturbed the solemn impress made, nor broke
The pause, which his petition closed, till he
Himself—Arise, said, let us now go hence.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE
NINTH BOOK
OF
REDEMPTION.

ARGUMENT.

God witnesses from on high the course of events, leading to the betrayal of his divine Son. He summons the angels around his throne, vindicates his justice, shows the guiltiness of man, and bids them patiently abide the result of the contest, about to transpire between earth and hell, and Christ. The agony and bloody sweat, in the garden of Gethsemani; during which, Satan renews his attempt to subdue the suffering Godman. He prays; and God sends the archangel Michael to strengthen him. Judas approaches, with a band of soldiers, and betrays him with a kiss. They bind and lead him to Caiphas. He is condemned, and sent to Pilate. The remorse of Judas; he returns the price of blood, and goes out and hangs himself. The angel Areli is sent to warn Pilate, through his wife Claudia, to have nothing to do with the just Man. Notwithstanding which, Pilate scourges him, and delivers him to the Jews to be crucified, proclaiming at the same time the entire innocence of his Victim.

REDEMPTION.

BOOK IX.

Th' eternal Father, bending from on high,
Serenely views the passing scenes of earth,
And gives the summons, which around his throne,
Frequent, th' angelic citizens convokes.
Swift, at his nod, the flaming seraphs fly,
Thronging innum'able the heav'nly plains;
Who well knew, both as from angelic ken,
Which no obstruction finds through distant view,
And of late messengers from earth arrived,
The doleful sequence of redemption's plan,
Impending sorrow to the Son of God.

With pity touch'd, though not their bliss impair'd,
They wait the mandates of supernal Pow'r;
Whom, now attent, He calmly thus address'd:

“Princes of heav'n, celestial orders bright,
Participants with me in ceaseless joy,
Behold the measure of my love for man.
Before the worlds began, ye were; and ere
Intestine wars your blissful seats disturbed,
Or heav'n embroil'd, my providence ye knew;
Knew me, and on Whom from eternity,
The full effulgence of my glory shone,

Whom, co-existent, Son, I sole begot.
Him now I give, his life, for fallen man,
Justice and mercy, each to keep intact;
Promised to him, who fell not of himself,
But thereto drawn, by our malignant foe.
This day, the perfect sacrifice demands;
This day, the solemn holocaust begins.
God to himself for broken law atones,
Blots man's transgression with redeeming blood;
Purer than that, which Abel's altar stain'd,
Or that, which Carmel's hallow'd top enlaved,
Or pour'd its sacred stream along the plains,
When Maccabees thank off'rings to me made;
Whose sacrifices, fire from heav'n consumed,
As sign acceptable by me rain'd down.
But how, since my beloved Son must die,
My justice to appease, preserved unstain'd,
Shall justice reconciliation find, with mulct
To those who slay? May not rebellious, still
With reason judge, unjust the punishment,
That doth necessity on them impose?
With reason, true, if 't were necessity,
Which them impels, but not so, by free-will.
Death was decreed to mend the broken law.
But what death, who should slay, and how, from me,
No motion hath. Death comes unbid to all;
Nor seldom, by my high permissive will;
Or, as with agony and bloody sweat
Exhaust, or by man's guilt assumed, weigh'd down.
Death him would find then, vi'lence not imposed,
Did they leave this omit, nor shed his blood.
But, since their malice, stimulate by hell,

Or innate wickedness, no more defers,
Yet will I not forefend redeeming grace
From those ev'n, should they still their act repent,
That all alike participate its fruits.
Free made I them in this, e'en this extreme,
(Beyond which, mortal turpitude and hate,
And dev'lish malice, cannot farther go,)
Free to accept the safety that he brings,
Or to refuse, or deal with as they list,
That their condemning sole may on them rest,
And their deserving be from their own act;
Though, as by grace, His righteousness impute.
That I foreknew, doth not imply decree,
Nor leave them less free agents in their deeds.
Here then my justice shines, clear in all parts,
And no subjection hath to man's demur.
Nor more shall they, me, with their blindness charge;
Nor make me ans'w'able with their defect.
What more could I have done to keep them right?
What lavish more upon the stubborn race?
Prophets and priests, I sent them to instruct;
Gave oracles, and laws, and solemn rites;
Sent you, my messengers, with them to speak;
In divers figures oft myself reveal'd,
Or sent my Son, my image sole express'd,
And talk'd with them familiar, friend with friend;
Walk'd with them in the pill'r of cloud and fire,
With voice in thunder tones spake from the mount,
Or in the Spirits still small voice address'd,
With whispers, whistling as of gentle air.
Bless'd them in Jacob, multiplied their seed,
Begot them Barac, Sampson, mighty men,

Jephtha and David, types of him now sent;
Fought them their battles, raised their dead to life,
Wrought justice, kingdom's won, the mouths of lions
Stopp'd, harmless made as lambs, and saved them oft
From pestilence, and tortures worse than death.
Nor ceased with these, their wayward wills to curb;
But through successive times kept them advised,
With types and figures, and memorial rites,
The coming of the woman's promised Seed;
Nor with mute forms alone, though the whole law,
Law ceremonial, to this juncture tends;
But sent them seers, who saw before the time,
The date and dawning of Messiah's reign.
Bade them describe him, and his lineage trace,
Point out his tribe, tell where he should be born,
And by my servant Daniel named the time,
That all might know when his advent should be.
The fullness of the weeks at length arrived;
Messias went; in grace and wisdom grew,
(Or seeming grew, unfolding perfect Man,)
And daily open walked in their midst;
Received the Spirit visibly, baptized;
My voice heard, audible declare—This is
My well beloved Son; bade—Hear ye him.
Heard him, himself proclaim th' anointed Christ;
His teachings knew, his miracles beheld,
Works, which none others had the pow'r to do.
What more then, to this people could be done?
Or more paternal tenderness how show?
Yet they his mission willfully abuse;
His way obstruct, his miracles ascribe
To Beelzebub, or art, or magic pow'r.

His name blaspheme, and mine ; both him and me,
Reject ; him seek to slay ; and so will slay,
Calling his blood in vengeance on their heads.
What shall prevent ? Shall I ? That were to strike
Their free will nihilate, and abject slaves
Make, in the stead of sons. No, free I made
Them ; free to will and do ; free to refuse ;
With the known penalty, should they transgress.
The good they know, with liberty to choose ;
The ill before them, still as free to do,
And none to justly censure but themselves.
Stand then, ye Just, aboon this contest view ;
Earth and the pow'rs of hell, against the Christ.
Weak is their strength, and brief their conquest won,
If won—when, he who seems so abject now,
His face so marr'd, and stain'd with his own gore,
Stricken with grief, in agony of prayer,
Shall rise in splendor and o'erride his foes ;
Captivity lead captive, and his gifts,
To men of good will, strong in faith, impart ;
All things beneath his feet, at length subject,
And I with him supreme, be all in all."

So spake the Father, just in all his ways,
And love's redeeming mysteries evolved,
Now wrought to rescue man from guilt of sin.
Him heard the heav'nly choirs, that round his throne,
Thicker than stars conglobed, reflect his beams ;
Heard, and to him gave praise, thanks, honor due,
With right to do, as he to his deems just.
Not loud, sonorous, clear, with lively joy,
As wont, they now the Father's praise entone ;
Nor yet with sound of trumpet, psaltry, harp,

Nor dulcimer, with tinkling cymbals blent ;
(For heav'n that day, not music's rapture knew ;)
But tender, soft, in lengthen'd measure drawn,
And tremulous, with grievful voice depress'd,
Sad fugue, with plodding cadence, mournful, slow ;
Not wanting tears, pure crystal drops outpour'd,
Which, as they fell, transpierced with rays serene,
Th' ethereal painted in prismatic hues,
The bow of promise, that through heav'n portrays,
Mercy divine, clear shining 'bove the clouds
Of smother'd wrath, which hide his face from earth,
And darkly low'r on Calvary's fated hill.

Gethsemani, beneath the heav'nly view,
Desert and lone, in hebon darkness lay.
Starless the sky was, and with clouds o'erhung,
Without a ray to cheer the threat'ning gloom ;
Void of angelic guards, whom highest Pow'r
Had summon'd to the regions of the sky ;
From which dread moment, Gabriel and his hosts,
With all heav'n's shining messengers of love,
From earth withdrew, in darkling woe left drear.
The Lamb of God, in sorrow prostrate bows,
Neath sin's dire burden mountainous press'd down,
Till drops of bloody sweat, through anguish press'd,
And weight of others' guilt, embalm the ground.
O'er him oppress'd, with midnight wing outspread,
The prince of darkness horrible draws near ;
Nor distant far Sin's grimy shadow, Death,
Shakes, terrible with wrath, his savage dart ;
Whilst imps of hell, and nameless shapes around,
Midst hideous uproar, fierce beset their Prey ;
• When thus the fiend exulting vaunts aloud :

“Abject! art thou now subdued? and hast thou
Learn'd, that who reigns here supreme, the pow'r hath
His own to keep, against thee, join'd with him,
Whosent thee whence thou camest? Or would'st thou still,
Rebellious, farther proof demand, that I
No rival brook here, and of all, least Thee?
I, who, thy bold invasion of my rights,
Repel; rights by my prowess won, and skill,
Adventuring from the Stygean pool, where thou
Vain hoped'st to keep me, forceful held enchain'd;
Thine equal ever, thy superior now;
Nor more will spare thee torturing fine imposed,
Than thou spared'st me, who sought but to be free;
Sought, and in spite of thee, did fairly win.
Not spare thee, but with tenfold hate beset,
Will thee, lash'd by these furies, drag from hence,
To taste the anguish of that prison dim,
By Him almighty deem'd, enjoin'd on us;
When, who almighty is, thou quick shalt learn.
But if thou yet would'st my allegiance own,
Once offer'd thee, with all earth's kingdoms join'd,
I, even now, if thou wert wise t' accept,
Would fain divide with thee, to me submiss,
More merciful than Him, who naught relents;
Who makes to unmake, raises to dethrone,
And in his sport, capricious, all destroys;
Who spares not any, spares not even Thee,
His own Son call'd, whose blood distains the ground.”

With vaulting pride, the wily Serpent thus,
And threats, his project to seduce, renew'd.
To whom, though sad, deject, and sorrowful
To death, neath Sin's dire burden sorely press'd,

The Man of Sorrows and with grief acquaint,
Deaf ear turn'd, and the Father fervent pray'd :

“Father, all things are possible with Thee.
From me, this chalice, if 't may be, let pass ;
If not, amen, thy will, not mine, be done.”

The Son's petition pierced the Father's heart,
And his averted face turn'd tow'rds the spot,
Where his Beloved groan'd beneath our load.
Yearning the dol'rous weight of woe to ease,
Paternal tenderness for mercy pleads ;
But justice strict, the penalty demands,
Nor yields a tittle, from th' offended law ;
Or He, or man, the awful price must pay,
For that transgression, which entail'd us woe ;
Yet, not forbids some mark of mercy's bent,
Some messenger of comfort from above,
To speak of love supreme, and strengthen him.

“Go, Michael ;” so the Father said ; “go, clad
In thy puissance, arm'd with pow'r and might,
Th' infernal Adversary's force to quell.
Drive headlong from the field our mortal foe,
Who seeks anew, though vain, by man's last Hope
Destroy'd, or to his side withdrawn, his own
To raise o'er ours, and dev'lish empire build ;
And deems, from this dark hour's permissive grief,
That heav'n deserts its charge, to death consign'd ;
Nor sees the dawning day of triumph gleam
On man's redemption, man through grace restored,
With title clear, for so free grace awards,
To life and joy immortal in the skies.
Go, messenger of strength, sustain my Son,
Support his spirits drooping, raise his head,

Pour consolation in his sorrow'ing heart,
Assuage his bleeding brow, and strengthen him.
Not that he needs thine aid as not divine,
In might co-equal, co-etern, with me ;
But yet, as Man, susceptible of woe,
Of sin's defect, which all men must enthrall,
Toil, anguish, weakness, grief, and pangs of death ;
By him more keenly felt, who bears them all
Assumed, without the guiltiness of sin,
A free will off'ring made to me for them.
Tell him, his pray'r is granted, if he wills
The proffer'd ransom to withhold, imposed
Not by decree of mine, though glad accept,
As all-sufficient, offer'd once for all.
At his own option ta'en then, or dispensed,
He may as free perfect or pretermit,
Leaving the penalty there, where of right
The guilt and punishment alone belong.
So far thy mission ; leave the rest to whom
It doth belong, and ere the dawn, as earth
Divides the course of time, hither return.'

Swifter than thought, or flash'd from living mind,
Or hasting sent along those subtil wires,
Which, wove in meshes, like the mooned net,
Or spider's cunning web, enwheel the earth,
The warlike angel cut the star paved way,
And bright, dilated, huge as Atlas, stood,
With brandish'd sword, two edged, fronting his foe.
The Dragon saw, nor needed more ; but, bash'd,
Or impotent with rage, so swift subdued,
Or by superior Pow'r secure withheld,
Cringed beneath the flaming seraph's eye,

And fled incontinent th' impending doom.
 When he had fled, and all his goblin train,
 The martial hierarch, his look severe
 Divests, and mildly radiant, stands beside
 The bleeding, fainting, agonizing Man ;
 His waning strength with balm celestial roused,
 Composed his visage, wiped his bloodstain'd brow,
 And these words breath'd consoling in his ear :

“ Rise Son of God and man, thy pray'r is heard.
 Swift through the pearly gates it sped, piercéd
 The Father's ear, soft touch'd his sovereign heart,
 And me to thee, on high commission brings ;
 Though not as needing words, to ease thy care,
 In whom innate, all ease and comfort dwell,
 And from whom, as a fountain, living streams
 Of grace forever flow, on all thy works.
 But so it pleased Omnipotence, his ways
 To manifest to those, the sons of light,
 Now with amaze, on this stupendous scheme
 For man's redemption, gazing—man, else lost,
 But through th' assumption of his debt by Thee.
 By Thee assumed, without the guilt of sin,
 Freely assumed, not by decree imposed ;
 As free then to perfect or pretermitt,
 (For so the message runs, enjoin'd on me,)
 Leaving the penalty there, where of right
 The guilt and punishment alone belong.”

So spake the princely hierarch, submiss,
 With lowly rev'rence bow'd, and veiled face.
 T' whom thus the sovereign Master mild return'd :

“ 'Tis well thou deemest, Michael, Prince of hosts ;
 Solace of language doth divine not need,

In whom abide, by nature, peace and joy;
In me abide, essential, increate,
Who effluent dispense without decrease.
The greater wonder then, thou deem'st my pray'r,
To be released this cumulative grief.
Let wonder cease, in view of perfect Man;
Perfect in suff'ring, anguish, torture, grief,
As Deity in joy. This then exempt;
That, all the fullness bears of wrath for sin,
Pain, sorrow, death, justly sin's due, entail'd
On me, who, as thou say'st, freely assumed
The sum entire of punishmant for guilt.
Wonder not then, that Man, (not perfect else,)
Should some sign show of this stupendous weight,
This recompense unmeasured, infinite
Of woe, nor free will off'ring least impair,
Off'ring then made, before the world began;
Nor yet the agony unseen by me,
But willingly the one with th' other join'd;
Sufficient, did my people but refrain
With vi'lent hands to slay, to perfect make
The off'ring I intend, not wanting blood,
Without which, sacrifice for sin is not;
Nor wanting force to slay, that death to cause,
Which I, the willing Victim, long portend.
Here then, celestial spirit, ends thy task.
Leave me to perfect mine, nor aught omit.
The promised sacrifice will soon be made,
Mankind redeem'd be, and all those be saved,
Who my redeeming shall with faith receive.
The wine press I will tread alone, though red
My garments, and with dripping gore distain'd.

Whither thou cam'st, return ; the issue wait,
Till I for vict'ry strive o'er sin and death."

Nor longer now th' ethereal envoy staid,
But heavenward griev'd, took his upward way.
Then turn'd the Sorrowful towards the three,
Who, worn with sadness, slept the hour of pray'r;
And bending o'er them, gently thus he breath'd:

"Sleep on and take your rest; the hour 's at hand,
In which the Son of Man shall be betray'd."
And when at length the doleful hour arrived;
"Arise," he said, "let us go hence; for lo,
He, who betrayeth me, is now at hand."

E'en whilst he spake, the traitor thief advanced,
And gave the treach'rous sign to those he led—
"Whom I shall kiss, hold fast; the same is he."
And forthwith coming to the Lord, he said—
"Rabboni hail!" and Him with baseness kiss'd.

The stars their faces veil'd, sad Nature groan'd,
Night's foul wing'd birds took sinister their flight;
Earth, heaving, toss'd her troubled waves on high;
Hell leap'd with joy, and her infernal pow'rs,
In triumph, hail'd the end of all their toils.

"Whom seek ye?" sadly griev'd the Master ask'd.

"Jesus of Nazareth;" the base replied.

When thus the Victim meekly—"I am He.
But why come out as 't were against a thief,
Me, arm'd with swords and staves, to apprehend,
Who daily with you in the temple sat
Teaching, and none would raise his hand to seize?
If me ye seek, then let these go their way."

Awed by his voice, deport, majestic mien,
And ardor kindling on his sacred brow,

The trembling band fell backward to the ground.
So fell the Bethsames, whose look forbidd'n,
In Josue's field profaned the sacred ark;
So, at the Breach of Chidon, Oza fell,
Who sacrilegious raised his hand to stay
The consecrated wood, nor fear'd the Lord.
Those, instant by their rashness seal'd their fate;
These Mercy spares, not hasty to destroy,
That reckless seek the true Ark to profane.
But, heart restored, they seize him, bind, hold fast,
And drag impetuous to the Bethdin's door,
Where sat the wicked, Innocence to judge.
Forlorn, deserted, as he had declared,
By one, the chief, denied, with foes beset,
The persecuted Lamb, fore Caiphas stood;
Who witnesses suborn'd, false to convict
Of blasphemy, and so adjudged to death;
Whom then, with clamors, he to Pilate sends.

'Twas at the hour, when night's funereal pall,
Darkest obscures the earth, the Traitor came,
Wrack'd with remorseful pangs, by conscience stung,
And threw the price of blood at Caiphas' feet,
Then fled the presence; but, found no relief,
For his perturbed, and fiend harassed thoughts.
His guilt alarm'd him, horror chill'd his blood,
And torturing fears his palsied members shook,
As from the haunts of men, the Felon sped,
In solitude to seek rest for his soul;
But rest found none, whom furies still pursued,
And lash'd with scorpion stings where e'er he fled.
'Twas in the vale of Hinnom, where, fit place,
By anguish driv'n, oppress'd with blank despair,

His tortuous steps, the faithless miscreant turn'd,
And thus t' his thoughts in fruitless sighs gave vent:

“ Ah! me, betray'd him; whither shall I flee?
Where hide my guilty head? how 'scape his ire?
Betray'd, who me had bless'd! Consign'd to death,
Who blameless lived, whose every act was love!
Thou burning brand of infamy and shame!
Betray'd him with a kiss! Oh! infamy,
Hast thou a deeper depth? Open your jaws,
Infernal hell, I come—betray'd with kiss!
Hiss it, ye fiery demons, Him betray'd!
Emblazon it, betray'd Him with a kiss!
Yet live, unblasted by his breath! my name
Henceforth, the name for traitor and false friend.
I, once so near him placed, next to his side,
Made partner in his kingdom, crown'd with gifts,
Sold him for thirty groat! Scourge me, ye fiends;
'Tis my desert; seize this damn'd soul, abort;
Torture, and in your seething caldrons roll,
Where burn your sulph'rous flames with fiercest heat;
For I some ease must find e'en there, where most
Hell's wrath is spent—fit place for me, who him
Could thus betray, him ill for good requite.
' High shall he be exalt, who these subserves—
Ay! high as Aman, such my merit is,
With badge of Cain emblazon'd on my brow.
' His fame all peoples learn, all times extend,
For none shall envy, none say—' Would 'twere I.'
What serpent, demon, hiss'd that in mine ear?
Though false by nature, he was true in this.
I, serpent, demon, I, 'twas I alone,
Whose freewill did the hellish plot devise,

Devise and execute, reckless of shame,
Or damning ruin on my head rain'd down.
How shall I hide me from his wrathful face?
Or whither fly t' escape his kindling eye?
Earth hath no glen so wild, no waste so drear,
Nor ocean's depths a deep so dark, that hid
Within it, I his vengeful arm may shun.
Could I this state of being 'scape—what then?
Would that the hell which in me burns forefend?
Or still the worm which at my vitals knows?
Would 't ease my soul, with serrate fangs infix'd
Of dire remorse, fell sequence of the deed?
Vain, empty hope! that naught the wretched cheers;
Unless with death, all being were dissolved.
Happy extreme! but conscience tells me nay;
Who not himself hath made, cannot destroy;
And who hath made, doth not this boon confer.
Life, here or elsewhere then, is one to me;
A life of torturing, unconsuming fire,
Of keen remorse, of woful, wild despair.
Life? death! a living death, and I foraye,
Must in my guilty consciousness abide,
Think what I might have been, contrast what am.
Come, friendly tree, thou sole my solace art,
And Aman's fate, as promised, now is mine;
No room for penance can to me remain,
And worse than in me burns no hell can be."

Whilst thus perdition's son completes his guilt,
And thrusts his soul before the Judge unbid,
The sacred Victim, dragg'd to Pilate's bar,
In silence hears his mad accusers plead,
And him consign to malefactor's doom;

Hears the base rabble, who but yester sun,
Loudest his praises with hosannas sang,
Now, hoarse with murmurs, clamor—crucify.

Meanwhile Areli swift descends the skies,
Stands at the couch of Claudia, Pilate's wife,
Half wakes her slumbers, and her roving thoughts
Disturbs with dreams, so his commission ran ;
Not new endow'd, for such his province ev'r,
Nightly the slumb'ring fancy to dispose,
Lend vagrant thought substantial wings to soar,
Awarn of ill, advise, and safely lead,
Whom highest Power vouchsafes to show his will.
By his monition 'twas, that Joas' son
Slew Amalec, with all the Madian hosts,
Though thick as locust swarming Harad's vale ;
So he th' Assyrian king by night disturbed,
And then the captive prophet wise endow'd,
T' unveil the mystery of the monarch's dream.
The same to Claudia now was timely sent,
To warn from shedding of the Just One's blood.
Much did she marvel at the strange phantasm,
And suffer'd much, till sleep forsook her eyes,
Nor longer doubted what the vision meant,
And rising sought her lord with troubled mind ;
T' whom found, with much solicitude she said :

“Deep in the silent watches of the night,
When sleep my senses had securely seal'd,
A frightful spirit pass'd before my face,
Larger than life, and clad in lambent flame.
Thinner than air, yet glowing heav'nly bright,
It stood against me, terrible to view,
Though I its form discern'd not, fill'd with dread ;

Great fear oppress'd me, chill'd my shrinking form,
My hair made horrent, and my bones did shake.
Whilst thus I lay, helpless with terror, bound,
Still wond'ring what the vision might portend,
And suff'ring much, the spectral horror said—
'Beware, have naught to do with that just Man.'

The fearful message, Pilate's mind disturbed,
Already by demotic clamor vex'd,
And turning tow'rds the mild, deific Man,
Him, half deriding, half in doubt, besought :

"Art thou, as these now charge, King of the Jews?"

To whom the Seed of David: "Thou hast said."

Then held his peace, nor to th' accusing voice
Of priests or ancients, more vouchsafed reply.

To whom the gov'nor thus: "Dost thou not hear
What testimonies they against thee bring?"

But he, as sheep when to the slaughter led,
Or as a lamb, before his shearers dumb,
Oped not his mouth, but silent them withstood ;
Not haughty, sullen, nor with look austere,
As criminal with stern, defiant brow ;
But bland, sedate, with dignity of mien,
Conscious of innocence, and void of guile.
His aspect moved the pity of his judge,
Who knew the motives which th' accusers urged,
But fear'd to shield him from their stubborn wrath ;
And yet, resolved by stratagem to try,
Some plausible pretext to let him go.
His public fame he knew without reproach,
And large beneficence, that round him drew
The multitudes, diseased, distress'd and poor,
Whom he had heal'd, fed, comforted and bless'd.

Then Claudia's dream perplex'd his anxious mind,
And fill'd his vacillating soul with dread—
'Beware, have naught to do with that just Man.'
The inward conflict limn'd the weak man's face,
Gleam'd in his eye, and every feature traced.
This more inclined him now, then sway'd him that;
Mercy here urged him, fear there held him back.
As some tall vessel, long the ocean's pride,
With tap'ring masts, firm cordage, snowy sails,
And streamers gaily flaunting in the breeze,
But ballast wanting, or her rudder lost,
Unsteady ploughs the sea, toss'd by each wave,
Or leeward dips, obnoxious to the blast,
Groans in her timbers, in her cordage creaks,
Parts her fair shrouds, and founders in the deep;
Or, as some feather'd monarch of the sky,
With crippled wing, unequal beats the air,
Now rises sideling, now foregoes his flight,
Moves zigzag on, stops, flounders in the mire,
And falls a prey to him, who fast pursues.
So Pilate, hapless toss'd on faction's waves,
Vain effort makes and flounders in his fall.
For, whom he innocent proclaim'd, he scourged,
Then gave to death, the tumult to appease;
And thus his own condemning surely seals:
 "No evil have I found in this just Man;
No cause whereof ye him do now accuse;
Naught worthy death, and innocent of crime.
Of this, and of his blood, in innocence
I wash my guiltless hands; look you to it."

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF
REDEMPTION.

ARGUMENT.

Jesus, having been condemned to death, is crowned with thorns, mocked, scourged, and led forth, bearing his cross, to be crucified. The virgin Mother follows amidst the throngs which attend him; pierced with poignant grief, she prays the Father to avert the death of her divine Son. She is surrounded by holy women and the beloved disciple, who share her grief, and weep the fate of their persecuted Lord. He regards them with a look of compassion, but bids them weep for themselves and their children. He is nailed to the cross and mocked with railing accusations. Satan, seeing his death about to be consummated, hastens exultingly to hell, and relates to the demons his renewed success. Whilst he is yet speaking, the Son of God, having expired on the cross, descends in their midst, and gloriously triumphs over them. Having conquered the powers of darkness, he repairs to Limbus Patrum, releases the spirits there detained, and thence returns, with them in his train, to earth.

REDEMPTION.

BOOK X.

Oh ! for the plaintive voice of that blest Seer,
Who from the height of Sion's trembling towers,
In lamentations sang of Sion's fall ;
Her deep distress in sorrowing strains rehearsed,
And through the live long night entoned her woes,
Till sobbings oft his mournful measure choked,
And tears as rivers, from his eyes roll'd down ;
More sad than Philomela, who the night
In loud lamenting wakes, or Procne lorn,
What time she most her Philomela weeps ;
Or than that patriarch, who long bemoan'd
The child of his old age and best beloved,
Which more resemblance bears to what I deem ;
Or him, who at Mahana'im sore bewail'd
His disobedient son, that from the oak
Hung quiv'ring in the air, till Joab's spear,
Triple his heart transfix'd, and drank his blood ;
Just retribution that rebellious won,
Who mock'd, dishonor'd, and defamed his sire.
Sweeter to me than theirs thy mournful voice,
Who sang their own, but thou thy people's griefs,
Bewailing Israel's sin, and Sion's King,

And of his wormwood drank mingled with gall.
Descend blest prophet, and inspire my song,
By night my wakeful hours attend, attune
My heart, unskill'd the doleful lay to sing;
And you, sad Levites, who with bitter grief,
By Gingarnella's streams, on willows hung
Your harps, if ever you the woes deplored
Of Sion's sons, deplore them now with me.
No foe derisive asks your doleful strains,
No victor proudly taunts your silent tears;
But One, who for you weeps, and Jordan's flood
More copious swells, than e'er th' Euphrates ye,
Or Baby'lon's num'rous streams, enlaved with tears.
Dolorous is the way I sing, and dripp'd
With blood of Him, who red from Bozra comes,
O'erfraught with sorrow's cumulative load;
Way, hard for me to tread, o'ercome with fear,
That I, unworthy deem'd, obscure the theme,
Who long reluctant linger'd, lest my voice
Should midway fail me, sad, and slow of speech,
Or wing grow weary in its onward flight,
Unequal to the task, though clear defined;
More difficult from so familiar grown,
What to select, or how the verse indite,
Lest too familiar clog so sweet a song,
And human art but damp its sacred course,
Profuse display'd by heav'n-inspired pens.
Or, fearful lest, irrev'rent, I transgress
The bounds, prescribed to muse-inspired verse,
And too presumptuous haste to look, where
Angels veil'd refrain, and seraphs softly tread;
And, press'd by sense of guilt, which at the end,

Nail'd Him, who labors, to the accursed tree,
Should with unhallow'd finger trace the path,
That scorers sole may scout the sacred spot,
When rather penitential woe with tears,
The crucial way should mark, which Jesus trod.

Now o'er the wastes of Kadesh had the sun,
With pensile beams, reluctant, dimly shown,
Averse to smile, or run his wonted round
Whilst his Creator groan'd beneath the cross.
The mists of Hebron veil'd his dismal face,
And on the hills of Solyma some drops
Let fall, sad witnesses of Nature's grief,
That sympathetic join'd her wail of woe,
As scourged and buffeted, the Son of God,
His footsteps turn'd tow'rd's Calvary's clouded height.
The flow'rs and palm leaves, which profuse had graced
The Victor's triumph, still bestrow the way,
Which he so late in kingly state had pass'd,
But of the multitudes, whose loud acclaim
Had with hosannas hail'd Him bless'd who comes,
Not one is found to greet their suff'ring Lord,
Or save him from the malefactor's doom ;
And there the Victim stands, naked and lone,
Bound to the pillar, jeer'd, derided, scoff'd ;
Whilst those, who late so loud his praises sang,
Now join the miscreant throng with mocking tongues ;
Who sang hosannas—crucify him cry,
Who wove him garlands, now with whips annoy.
Sharp shriek the dripping thongs, as through the air,
Like patt'ring hail their knotted missiles fall,
Till gash'd, and bleeding, bruised, and sadly torn,
A gory halo cloaks the Saviour's form.

Yet naught the callous multitude appeased,
Softened their hearts, nor suaged their barbarous rage;
Louder their clamor sounds—"Away with him!
Release Barabbas—Jesus crucify;
We have no king but Cæsar—crucify;
His blood be on our own and children's heads."
Around his shoulders now the murd'rous band,
The scarlet robe in scornful mock'ry throw,
Plat him a crown of thorns, and pierce his brow,
For sceptre yield a reed, then bow the knee,
And him deriding, hail King of the Jews.
At length the Woeful wends his weary way,
Whither his persecutors fierce conduct,
Whilst hoarse, rough murmurs rend the brumal air,
And urge the madden'd furies to their task.
Pond'rous the wood, his mangled shoulders bear;
Grievous his toil, whilst weak from dripping gore,
His stagg'ring footsteps lead him trembling on,
Till fainting soon his languid limbs assails,
And he, the Pitiful, unpitied falls;
Falls in the way made slippery with his blood,
But still no respite finds from cruel blows.
Behold the Man! comeliest of Adam's sons,
The tender plant, sprung from a thirsty ground,
Wounded and bruised for sins, sins not his own;
Despised and abject, level'd in the dust,
His comeliness defaced, his beauty gone.
This, vi'lent hands lays on his sightless form,
That, binds with cords, another him blasphemes,
These vie with taunts, and those with ceaseless blows,
Though innocent declared, as guilty scourged.
See him—spit on, disrobed, exposed to shame,

Mock'd, struck with reeds, and dragg'd with force along,
With vile opprobrium cursed, condemn'd and scorn'd.
The Merciful, by merciless contemn'd,
Guiltless, by guilty causelessly defamed,
The Judge of all, submissive to be judged,
And Just for unjust, render'd up to death ;
Who heal'd the wounded and compassion taught,
No balm receives, no mercy from the crowd ;
Who with consoling voice the mourner cheer'd,
No voice consoling, finds in utmost need.

Hard by the port through which the Victim pass'd,
Examine, the Virgin Mother stands ;
How changed from second Eve, as wont before
The suff'rings of her stricken One began.
Her spotless robes neglected, trail the ground,
Ensanguined with his blood, distain'd with mire ;
Wildly dishevel'd hang her amber locks,
Or toss'd irrev'rent by the lepid winds.
Grief on her face its pallid impress sets,
And furrows her wan features deep with care ;
Clasp'd to her breast, with pain's convulsive grasp,
Her hands unconscious tear her spotless flesh,
Whilst crystal torrents from her eyes run down,
Commingle with the crimson tide that flows ;
The Lambs afflictions in her breast she bears,
And poignant feels each wound which pierced his form.
Anguish whilst thus her heaving bosom swells,
Her trembling lips in sighs her grief express :
 " Master of life, and sov'reign Lord of all,
Behold the sorrows of thine only Son.
Ah ! can it be that he, by thee so loved,
May from that love no succor now derive.

Behold him bruised, rack'd, torn, and sore beset ;
Who knows no sin himself, by sinners shent.
Oh ! can it be, thy son, and mine, must die ?
Father forbid it, and some plan devise,
Some other plan, by which the race redeem'd,
May still thy justice expiate, and live.
But if it be, alas ! by thee decreed,
That by his death alone the sinner live,
Oh ! send the shaft thyself, each moment fly
Ten thousand from the bosom of thy love,
To take thy children from the ills of earth,
And speed their entrance to the joys above.
Save these the guilt, which on their souls must fall,
Save him the pangs, that rend his sacred heart,
And me the anguish, which my life destroys."

Beside the Mother, stood beloved John,
Who sole of all the Twelve forbore to fly,
When wicked hands her matchless Son betray'd.
Hard by, a band of holy women move,
Too weak, to fend the Stricken from his foes,
Too strong in love, to fail him in his need ;
She of Magdala, fearless midst the crowd,
Salome, Mary, both the Virgin's kin,
With many, daughters of fair Solyma,
Who all some relics bore of Jesus love ;
Some dead to life restored, some sick made well,
Or fed, or cloth'd, or of their sins forgiv'n.
The Lamb they follow'd, with him sympathized,
And aided by their constancy and love ;
Yet, every eye a fountain, drench'd with tears,
And every feeling consonant with hers,
Who nearest to him stood, and call'd him Son.

Forgetful of his own in other's woes,
The Friend of sinners felt his pity move ;
For these he yearns, and longs their grief to suage,
And turn from him their weeping on themselves.
With look of love, ineffable and mild,
His face divine he meekly tow'rds them turns,
And words of admonition thus address'd :

“ O daughters of Jerusalem, forbear ;
Weep not for me, nor more my griefs deplore.
The burden of the cross I free assume,
With the whole penalty which it entails.
Nor deem the sign, opprobrious though it be,
Utter devoid of well borne suff'rings meed ;
For though it seems so contumelious now,
Erelong your glory' and crown it shall become.
Weep for yourselves, your little ones deplore ;
For lo, the day retributive is near,
The day of famine, pestilence and war,
When every barren blessed shall be deem'd ;
When every womb that bears not shall rejoice,
And paps, which give not suck, be fill'd with joy ;
When those, who triumph now, shall loud bewail,
On mountains call, to hide them from my face,
And vainly wish that they had ne'er been born ;
For, if such fire doth in the green wood burn,
How fierce the flame which shall consume the dry !
O daughters of Jerusalem, forbear ;
Weep not for me, nor aught my griefs deplore ;”

His feet the base of Golgotha commence—
What aileth thee, O rock ? why tremblest thou ?
Why cloud thy shaggy brow with low'ring gloom,
And heave thy grizzly sides as though in pain ?

Dost know thy Maker, and lest stern than man,
Would'st from the dread catastrophe recoil?
Veil, veil thy face in blackest hues of night,
For earth, so deeply dyed in mortal sin,
Some spot must render to receive his blood;
And what spot more such sacred washing needs,
Than that whereon such scelerous rabble tread?
Along the tortuous way towards the height,
Where boisterous multitudes already wait,
To consummate the sacrifice begun,
Breathless and faint th' exhausted Victim toils.
A darksome horror seized his anguish'd mind,
Bow'd him to earth, and shook his tottering frame;
Sin's spectral shadow stalks before his view,
In horrid shapes, with lethal terrors crown'd;
More terrible than mythagogue e'er feign'd,
Stheno, Euryale, Medusa dire,
With dragons' scaly hide, and snaky hair.
Sin mortal, venial, sin original,
With all their nameless train, and scorpion shapes,
Sin's hell begotten brood, roaming the earth,
Insatiate of prey, though from the first,
Glutted with feast perpetual of blood;
Wave after wave, voluminous it rolls,
As mountains huge, and o'erwhelms his soul,
Obscures the heav'ns, averted from his sight,
Or, only tow'ards him turn'd with threat'ning gloom;
More pain'd its monstrous weight of woe to feel,
Than all the pangs his murd'rous foes inflict;
For, no more stripes alone, but sins he bears,
In his own body on th' accursed tree.
Panting for breath beneath th' oppressive load,

On Golgotha the God-man prostrate lies,
Resistless, as extended on the cross,
His tort'ers nail him to the murd'rous wood.
Harsh sounds the clank of hammers on the ear,
As through his sacred flesh the iron grates,
And in his soul death's agonies renews.
Aloft the streaming wood at length is raised,
And all the woeful sight displays to view.
Behold the Man! Afflicted Mother, see;
Behold, who lay an infant on thy knee; his form
So beautiful, so tender then, so fair;
So mangled, bruised, disfigured now.
Daughters of Solyma, behold the Man!
He weeps, groans, suffers thus, for you,
That by his suff'rings you may now be heal'd;
Heal'd of the leprosy of sin; and wash'd,
Not in Abana, nor in Pharpar's floods,
Nor yet in Jordan's consecrated stream,
But in the river of his sacred blood;
Be wash'd, be purified, and wholly cleansed.
Ye men of Israel, behold the Man!
Not by his foes transfix'd, but by his friends;
His own familiar friends, men of his mind,
Who in the house of God, in Sion's ways,
In sweet accord together with him trod,
In his own house, which he had come to save.
Behold him, Israel, men of Juda, see;
Behold the Man, whom basely ye destroy.
Ah! had his own reviled, he might have borne;
Had but they hated, he had silent stood;
Behold, O fallen world, the Man, who blots
The dread hand writing of the dread decree,

Which stands against you from the primal fall,
And now sure fastens to th' atoning cross.
Behold, and witness, that no love like this,
E'er pierced the gelid mists of thy dark sphere,
Or warm'd the frozen heart of callous man.
Th' afflicted Victim suffers for his foes;
The Friend of sinners dies for those who hate.
Oh! wonder, wonderous the most, of all
The mysteries, Redemption comprehends;
The one grand mystery which redemption wrought—
Himself to death God gives, through love's excess,
That the death doom'd might by his dying live.
Three doleful hours the writhing Victim hangs,
In agony of blood, and sweat, and tears;
Whilst gloomy dark, more dense than Egypt felt,
O'erspreads the earth, and heaven shrouds from view.
Behold the man! and what return his foes,
Obdure, insensate, give—not love for love,
Not penitential tears; but, vinegar and gall;
Divide his garments, for his vest cast lots,
Him crucify, reproachfully contemn,
Their railing accusations o'er him place,
And passing by, with wagging heads blaspheme:
“Vah! thou that dost the temple' of God destroy,
And build it in three days, now save thyself;
If thou be Son of God, descend the cross.
Who saved others, canst not save thyself.
If thou be Israel's King, come from the cross,
And we will then believe thee as thou say'st.”
Now Satan, who, mauger his late defeat,
Had mingled with the base ignoble throng,
And urged his partisans to slay the Just,

Seeing his aims accomplish'd, straight withdraws
His dev'lish bands, exulting in their might.
Swift as electric flame athwart the sky,
More baleful than a comet in its course,
They noxious way hold down from earth to hell.
Where, when arrived, upon his flecker'd throne
Of sulph'rous fires, the Stygian Power sits,
Till dense around him draw th' infernal peers,
To hear related his advent'rous brigue.
Nor more delays the fiend, but thus begins :

“ Ye pow'rs of hell, who long our coming stay,
Behold return'd the legions which you sent,
Nor sent in vain, earth's empire to defend,
When first the note of danger to our state,
Was sounded through the flaming vaults of hell.
Who victory sought, are now with victory crown'd ;
As right, to wisdom, valor, victory
Belongs. Not that ye else should deem, who ne'er
Defeat could brook ; for what reverses
Might, sometimes, our arms attend, not long remain'd,
Nor unrequited, nor without repair,
As well they know, who battle with our hosts.
So this event proves, as in brief now hear :
The King of heav'n, (so call him while he reigns,
Though brief his empire, soon to end abrupt,)
Had late perfected, so he thought, his scheme,
To wrest our mundane empire from our lien.
By what mean think ye ? why, as if our spite
To bait, the same, with slight reverse, as when
Of old, created he the human pair ;
Adam made first, and after him, first Eve ;
Now second Eve, th' abortive Hand first form'd,

From her then, second Man, announced his Son.
Small change I ween, and like to end as ill,
For I this Man have slain, (or so near slain,
That brief the moments count twixt him and death;)
And what may more your wonder and amaze
Excite, by hand of friends; by this betray'd,
By that denied, forsaken then by all,
So by ours caught, tried, damn'd, and slain;
Whom soon athwart these burning plains I'll drag,
- A trophy of my prowess; and thus end
The new race, that was promised from his seed
Should rise and repossess the earth, thence heav'n.
So may his works all end, abortive, vain,
And ours triumphant shine, of right supreme."

He scarce had ended, and expectant sat
The loud acclaim of hell's assembled powers,
When from the height of Golgotha arose
A mournful cry, an agonizing groan,
Which roll'd its diapason, deep and loud,
To utmost bounds of extramundane space;
Dull silence pierced, confused the rolling spheres,
And plaintive reach'd th' empyreal throne on high.
'Tis finish'd—agonized, the Saviour cried,
And groaning bows his sacred head and dies.
'Tis finish'd—rocks, and hills, and vales, return,
Whilst seas with awful voice take up the sound,
And, It is finish'd, waft from pole to pole.
Earth, from her centre to circumf'rence shakes;
The Temple's veil is rent in twain; rocks split,
And blackest night involves her trembling sphere.
Profoundest hell through all the confines quakes;
Upheaved, her burning promontories fly,

As flaming meteors, through the sulph'rous air,
And for acclaim, amidst the hellish crew,
Fall thund'ring down. The seat of Satan first,
The dire shock feels, and tott'ring sinks beneath
The unexpected hail. Th' adamantine
Walls of Pandemonium, rent in twain, reel,
And with the hideous tumult inward roll ;
Her mountains, from their deep foundations torn,
Blaze o'er the vaulted dome, and crashing fall,
Upon the reprobated throng of fiends ;
Hell's molten seas pour forth their boiling waves,
Whilst cataracts of fire come hissing down,
And discord wild, commingles with the din.
Nor less the spheres, astounded, hear the cry ;
The sun from noonday sky withdraws his light,
Stars from their orbits flee, in dire amaze,
And vagrant courses take through ether's depths,
Or, crush'd to atoms, wide bestrow their planes,
And seem as not, long lost to mortal eye,
Till tube of Galileo brought to view
Their glitt'ring dust, on heaven's azure fields.
So deem the asteroids, fragments of worlds,
Late found, and undiscover'd myriads more ;
Worlds, blanch'd with horror at th' atrocious deed,
Hurl'd piecemeal, when the Saviour's dying groan,
On Golgotha, the universe convulsed ;
But oft'ner parts mysterious shooting space,
In fragments fall whither attraction leads,
As hissing aerolites, and dimly trace
The ruin, that o'erwhelm'd them what time earth,
With hand deicidal, her God did slay.

Beside the cross, withheld from mortal ken,

When the last sigh from Calvary arose,
The chariot of the Father instant stood.
Instinct with life it rolls, begirt with flame,
And midst the flame a throne of amber glows;
Above, the likeness of four living forms
Appear, cherubic, each from each diverse,
With faces four, four wings distent, and hands;
Beaming with eyes innum'able, each part,
As glows th' ethereal vast, with gleaming stars.
Over their heads, imbow'd with crystal, shone
A firmament, in amethystine hues,
And sapphire set, beryl, agate and gold,
A gorgeous canopy extending wide.
Wheel within wheel, quadrate it moved, if moved,
Swifter than thought, sounding as troubled seas,
Or as the most High's voice, when from between
The cherubim he speaks, or when the sky
He clouds with blacken'd mists and nitrous fumes.
As spirit will'd it moved, or stood, when stood,
Obedient to the voice its motions ruled.
Victor o'er death, from Calvary released,
The Son, now with th' Almighty's thunder cloth'd,
Immediate his sapphire throne assumes,
And onward swift, (how swift nor words can tell,
Nor thought conceive,) right royally down tow'rds
The confines of th' infernal foes, he drives.
Terror his frowning visage fiercely brows,
Fire from his face flames, light'ning from his eyes,
Till clouds of smoke beneath his chariot roll,
And darkness close pavilions him around.
He bows the heav'ns as he onward speeds,
And draws heav'ns flaming legions in his train,

Unnumber'd seraphs, potentates, and powers,
With chariots innumerable arm'd ;
Harnass'd with heav'nly steeds, whose necks as steel,
With joints of brass made firm, in graceful curves,
High toss'd their foamy manes, o'ertopp'd with fire ;
Smoke from their nostrils blew and bick'ring flames,
Their eyes shot light'ning, till beneath their feet,
Prancing, shook terrible the quiv'ring air.
Hell, troubled at his coming, inly groan'd,
Wide oped her horrid gates with clanging sound,
Reluctant, and the Conqu'ror enter'd in.
Th' afflicted powers his ensign saw from far,
In crucial form, blazing the lurid sky ;
Saw it and knew, of old in heaven seen,
Though not its import then made clearly known,
But now, though abject deem'd on earth, exalt
On high, in ample glory decks the van
Of every war, on earth's behalf conduct ;
And now the most, so recent drench'd in blood,
The Victor copious, not unwilling, shed,
Fitly before th' astonish'd legions blazed,
And o'er their prostrate files, hurled dismay,
Anguish and dread ; whilst from his chariot, fierce
On every side, and from his red right hand,
Dire thunderbolts he shot, with plagues infix'd,
That all their ardor damp'd, paled them with fear,
And urged headlong down to depths profound,
Hell's nethermost of woe, with heat evolved,
And pangs unfelt, unthought, unknown before.
Full on the cowering head of Satan, thick
And fast, his volley'd thunder heaviest flew ;
As pattering hail upon some field of wheat,

For sickle ripe ; the bending crop, bruised, cut,
Torn, strews the ground, or, whirl'd in eddies, skims
The tortured plains ; so, Satan, bruised, disrupt,
Bends neath that storm of wrath, then whirl'd aloft,
On eddy'ing winds, is helpless dragg'd arrear
The Victor's car, his pride abased, his vaunts
Inane, and prowess humbled in the dast.
Then, as some burly barque on Norway coast,
Encount'ring winds adverse, by Maelstrom caught,
With riven masts, torn shrouds, and bilged hull,
Tugs, groans, heaves, strives, in vain t' escape the pool,
At last engulf'd, a shatter'd wreck, lies deep
On ocean's bed ; so Satan, powerless, toss'd
Within the whirlwind of his car, sev'n times
Around the circling gurge of hell is dragg'd ;
Then spiritless, o'ercome, in lethal flames
Involved, lies prostrate, fathoms deep engulf'd.
For midway there th' almighty Conqueror
Withheld his power ; who meant not to destroy
Whom he reserved to fill th' appointed times,
And in one universal deluge burn,
Of liquid fire, both th' author of evil,
All his bad works, and fautors of his crimes.

Victor o'er Death, and Conqueror of hell,
His chariot wheels staid not in mid career,
But hastive sped towards that prison, where,
Detain'd long time, some souls his coming wait.
Hard by the pit of hell, that planet rolls,
Perhaps a sat'lite of th' infernal orb ;
Hard by, in view, but monstrous gulf between,
A fathomless, dark, wild, outrageous sea,
Impassable ; so that, who would from thence

To these, cannot, nor cool their parched tongues,
So much as with one drop from limpid stream.
Diverse it rolls; on that side night, without
One star to cheer, or ray of light, save what,
From its own lurid flames, may serve to make
Darkness more visible. There anguish dwells,
With those imperfect souls to penance doom'd,
Till He who comes shall come; but on this side,
Less drear, with green fields spread and living streams,
Some trace of rest and sweet repose may yield,
Some bland refreshment, requiescent glean'd,
With light, for souls adjudg'd, approved, just.
Here Abraham and Lazarus abode;
Here all the Patriarchs found rest and joy,
With Moses, Josue, David, all who kept
The law of justice, and the coming hoped
Of that great Prophet, promised in the first,
Whom Moses preach'd, and righteous Job foresaw,
Should rise Redeemer in the latter day.
So, darkly limn'd, adjudge this desert land,
From hence afar; not, as some think, the moon,
Nor yet the calid texture of the sun,
Though these might well their arid plains afford,
For purgatorial flames, perpetual fused;
Still less interior earth, as others dream,
Where fiery oceans seethe, whether asphalt,
Viscid bitume, with res'nous pitch inform'd;
Or porph'ry, granite, in soft fusion blent,
Grand chemic, where from plastic fire enwrought,
Each fusile mold metallurgic takes form,
And bubbling up terrene, transudes the soil,
As silver, gold, and that dull ore despised,

Yet of more worth for use, when deem'd aright;
Though heat not wanting here, if heat contain
Of virtue aught, to liquidate from dross,
Depurative of souls, renascent clean.
Not weening these, but quite outside their scope,
Beyond the zodiac, whose luminous rays,
A roseate belt throw, ambient the sphere;
Or where solstitial colure cuts the point
Of farthest declination south its course,
Or that through Aries and Libra pass'd,
Whose equinoctial grades oppose their signs,
Beyond the lacteal way, an endless route,
Down southern pole celestial, where it points
The verge of chaos, Anarch's reign, and night
No morning knows, no star illumines, remote
From aught to bless, or lead imprison'd souls,
To read the signs, which guided earth to greet
The dawning ray, that told redemption near.
Thither He speeds, with love and mercy fraught,
And to the spirits there imprison'd, preach'd,
Who sometime, being incredulous, did wait
God's patience, in the days of Noe just,
What time the ark he built, when few were saved.
Nor preach'd in vain, as he, with suff'ring long,
But fruits received in righteousness, joy, peace,
To souls imparted, there severely tried,
And now free saved; yet so saved as by fire,
As each man's work shall manifest be made,
Whether of silver, gold, or precious stones,
Or built of wood, hay, stubble, still by fire
Of judgment, manifest reveal'd. Those pure,
Withstand, but these be burnt; be burnt, yet saved,

Such virtue fire doth yield, to purge from dross,
Depurative of souls, renascent clean.

How changed his visage, from when vengeance drove,
Precipitous, his chariot's madding wheels,
Athwart the gloomy regions of the damn'd.
No terrors now his vengeful brow o'erhang;
No light'nings flash, nor bowl his thunders more.
Where blacken'd fumes around his chariot roll'd,
Shine fleecy clouds, pellucid, amber bright,
Till gorgeous rays, refracted, vary o'er
Prismatic hues, red, purple, blue, green, gold,
The like of which, the chariot of the sun,
Adorn'd with golden clouds, ne'er down the west
Rode, nor with ruddy beams awoke the morn;
Not Thabor saw such glory, when that mount
Beheld the heavens open'd, and the three,
The voice there heard, attest the Son of God.
Yet mildly bright th' effulgence round him shone,
Not terrible, but pleasing to their sight,
For whose redemption, affluent he came,
Wafted on gentle winds, that round him blew,
Freighted with spicy odors, fragrant breath,
Celestial bland; more bland than Zephyrus,
When softest he o'er Flora's tender charge,
Blows dewy sweets, slow tripping o'er the lawn;
Or more than Vesperus mild, who Sylva fans,
When Philomela gentlest tunes her notes,
And Silence wakes with her nocturnal song.
Where e'er he pass'd, throughout those arid wastes,
Sprang teeming rills, refresh'd with rippling sounds,
Or smiling verdure, graced with fruits and flowers,
Pleasing to taste, grateful to sight and smell,

Where senses, long adust, were parch'd with thirst,
By hunger gnaw'd, whilst woe and woeful want,
But hourly mock'd them, with such semblance vain.
For, more than Egypt feign'd, or fabled Greece,
Burn'd real here, and fired delusive hopes,
Until the Sun of Righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings, and o'er their dreary plains,
Shed vivifying light and vernal bloom.
But teeming rills, nor verdure, fruits, nor flowers,
Nor voice of warbling birds, nor lute, nor harp,
Nor angels' minstrelsy, inspired such joy,
Or so to rapture woke their wearied souls,
As the glad music of the Victor's voice,
Preaching redemption wrought, salvation won,
With pardon to the captives now set free.
They, all the Gospel hear, its plan receive,
And wond'ring at redeeming love, adore;
Immanuel, victor hail, King, Saviour, Lord,
Worthy sole Son to be forever crown'd,
And worthy honor, empire to receive.
Frequent his train, the Lord's redeemed throng,
And follow whither led, to happier fields,
Where Abra'm, father of the faithful, reign'd,
And prophets, priests, kings, saved of every tribe,
From beatific vision yet withheld,
Await the coming of th' anointed King.
Not unapprised; his ensign they descry,
When far the radiant cross illumed the air.
Numbers unnumber'd of the chosen seed,
As stars, or sands of ocean, multiplied,
In full completion of the promise made,
Throng far and wide those blest Elysian fields;

Prostrate adore him, known before his time,
And loud the universal chorus hymn—
Blessed is he, who cometh, Israel's Lord;
Hosanna to the Son of David, King;
Hosanna in the highest; praise and pow'r,
Be to the Father, Son, and Spirit, giv'n.

Triumphant thence, the Preacher with his fruits,
A royal line of kings and priests to God,
Fully redeemed, and from the fire withdrawn,
Purer than gold when sev'n times o'er refin'd,
Retraced his way celestial, back to earth.
With him, the resurrection morn they hail,
Through Salem walk, her sacred courts retread,
Appear to many, held in dread amaze,
Who own'd Messiah come, and him adored.

Thus, (whilst on earth, they mourn the Saviour dead,
And decent lay his body in the tomb,)
Jesus in spirit all his work completes;
Withdraws the sting of Death, o'erpowers hell,
Captivity leads captive, dragg'd in chains;
On men of good will, gifts of grace bestows,
Re-opens wide the golden gates of heav'n,
Nor more delays, his body to resume.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF
REDEMPTION.

ARGUMENT.

Early on the first day of the week after the crucifixion, Mary Magdalen, and other holy women, go to the sepulchre of Jesus to embalm his body. They see two angels, who tell them that the Lord hath arisen. Jesus appears to Mary and bids her go tell the rest that he had risen from the dead. He also appears to two disciples going to Emmaus, unfolds to them the prophecies, and finally reveals himself to them in breaking bread. He subsequently appears to the other disciples, and commissions Peter to feed his entire flock.

REDEMPTION.

BOOK XI.

Hasten to earth, celestial Graces three,
If, though heav'n born, ye not the rather here
Belong, or should belong, though to few known,
And much defrauded hence of homage due.
Not by Baltassar thus, who through your aid,
Braved harmlessly the lions in their den ;
Nor those three children midst the furnace, who,
Though sev'n times heated, walk'd unscath'd by fire.
Not those I call, whose muse disdains t' invoke
Aglaiä, Thalia, and Euphrosyne,
Though, outward fair, in naked beauty seen,
Faint seeming have, to what I fondly judge ;
And only seeming, but shine real there,
Where Faith, Hope, Charity, erect their shrines,
The sacred three, who now my muse indite.
Descend then heavenly sisters, nor delay,
Your virtues to instil, divinely fair,
In hearts bereaved, by violence and death,
Of their loved Lord, feeble in faith, of hope
Bereft, and doubting of the promised end—
Glory of Israel's state and name restored ;
Still deeming temporal the promise giv'n.

'Twas ere Aurora tinged the early dawn,
After that woeful sabbath pass'd, that first,
To Jesus' tomb, came Magdalen, Joan,
Mary of James, with spices, scented nard,
Sweet smelling herbs, exequial to embalm,
Whom they supposed still slumber'd in the tomb.
Amazed, they saw the sealed stone roll'd back,
And his dark grave exposed. The linen cloths,
Which wrapp'd his mangled form, and bound his head,
Were laid aside, but whom they sought was gone.
Two shining spirits, cloth'd in dazzling vests,
At either end sat, where the Dead had lain.
The glorious vision fill'd their souls with dread ;
Fear shook their knees, denied them pow'r to flee,
And fix'd them shiv'ring, rooted to the spot,
Whilst tears from Mary's eyes stream'd on the ground.
To whom the angels, heav'nly mild, thus said :

“Woman, why weepest thou? Whom dost thou seek?”

She thus : “Because they've ta'en away my Lord,
And I know not, where now they him have laid.”

To her the angels, comforting, replied :

“Why do you seek the living with the dead?

He is not here but risen. Heard ye not
The words he spake, while yet in Galilee
He walk'd? The Son of Man by sinful hands
Shall be betray'd, condemn'd, and crucified,
And slain; but on the third day rise again,
Victorious from the dead. So hath it been.
Go tell the rest, that what he said is done.”

Whilst yet her eyes the silver torrent dimm'd,
She doubting, turn'd, and Jesus saw, but knew
Him not, and to the gard'ner, so she thought,

These piteous words lamenting, thus address'd :

“Sir, if 'tis thou hast ta'en my Lord from hence,
Let pity sway to ease my sorrowing breast,
Allay my anguish, suage the pangs of grief,
And tell, Oh ! tell me, where he now is laid,
That I may take him thence, and with due rites
Funereal, his sacred form compose.”

So she, with streaming eye, and thin drawn tone,
The voice of wasting grief, plaintive besought,
Eager to run, impatient of delay,
Or pause between each ling'ring moment, slow,
That poignant kept her back from her lost Lord.
Benignant He, with soft compassion graced,
And tone familiar to her anxious ear,
Said—Mary. Simple the sound, but transport
To her sense, whose sorrowing plaint, is now
To radiant joy and rapture, instant changed.
Rabboni ! trill'd on her joy quiv'ring lips,
As eagerly she press'd towards the Lord,
Before him fell, essay'd his knees to clasp,
And kiss the gashes in his feet and hands.
Which, tenderly, the Master thus repressed :

“Rise, Mary, this forbear, and touch me not,
For I must now ascend to whence I came.
Go tell my brethren, that I'm ris'n again,
And to my Father must ascend, and yours.”

A path sequester'd winds through Hamam's vale,
With jagged rocks and beetling crags o'erhung ;
Yet not of sylvan beauties void, adorn'd
With terebinthines' tap'ring spires, cedars,
Dense piny groves, whose pleasing shades, fragrant
From odorous winds, each babbling brook pursues,

With murmurs soft, soothing the wearied sense.
Thither, at noon, Cleophas walk'd, with Luke,
Discoursing pensively, as on their way
To Emmaus, they journey'd, thoughtful, sad,
And each to each, his doubting mind unveil'd :

“How vain the hope of Israel's Saviour come !
Whose rising expectation, sudden dash'd,
No motion gives of wish'd deliv'rance near.
And yet, who this Man's works beheld, his pow'r
Who saw, his manly port, beneficence,
His condescension, and persuasive air,
Could dawning hope repel, or faith refrain ?
Through Jewry how he godlike walk'd, what zeal
Display'd, what gifts, what graces, free bestow'd !
How all the people, following in his train,
Spontaneous his imperial triumph graced,
Till Salem open'd wide her gates to greet,
And Israel's Benefactor sought to place,
On David's ancient throne. Not Maccabees
Such promise gave, or plausible pretext,
To win the people, round his standard drawn,
When Epiphanes tyrannous the tribes
Oppress'd, in bacchic revels forced to lead,
Till idolists defiled their sacred fane.
Yet this, like those, has fall'n, and we the fate
Of Israel deplore ; her priests in league
With death, dread Edom reigns, the Gentiles rage,
And hand in hand oppress the chosen seed.
How long, O Lord, shall our Deliv'rer stay ?
How long shall Israel groan beneath her load ?
So he with tears ; th' Evangelist replied :
“Tho' rack'd with doubts conflicting, sore distress'd,

So soon to find such glorious promise fail,
And whom we trusted ignominious slain,
Still, something bids me wait the promise made.
Eyewitness from the first of every act,
Concerning whom our faith and fealty bound,
E'en from when Zachary the vision saw,
Which promised him a son in his old age,
To when that son was born, forerunner named,
Of whom we now deplore, till Jesus came;
In grace and wisdom grew, in favor high,
With God and man, miraculous from birth,
Far famed, nor wanting signs to illustrate
His origins two-fold. Edom then shook,
Th' usurper trembled on his lofty throne,
Whilst luctual sighs invaded Bethlehem's plains,
Whose voice was heard in Rama, where orbate,
Rachel bewail'd her children, by him slain,
Who, fearful, sought the royal Infant's life.
Escaped his wrath, and up to manhood grown,
What miracles his wond'rous mission crown'd!
Not Amram's son, with thaumaturgic wand,
Nor Aaron's rod such prodigies perform'd,
As this Man with a touch, a look, a word,
Or simplest inclination of his will;
Not Josue, though he bade the sun and moon,
Abide his conquering arm, and was obey'd;
Nor yet, he sole among the prophets, who
Was worthy deem'd to be exempt from death,
Could aught their greatest works with his compare.
These too, their force derived, not innate sprung,
But wrought as instruments, what heav'n ordain'd;
Nor of their virtue could the least impart,

Or others bid, to do what they perform'd.
Not so this Man, whose life excellent shone,
Innate with virtue, worth adorn'd, and pow'r
To work, or of his virtues to impart,
That others, whom he would, might wonders work,
Excelling utmost force of human skill.
Yet, if he truly the Messiah was,
Why this so sudden and nefarious end?
Why, if he were the Prophet known to come,
The great Deliverer by Isaias sung,
Did he not crush the traitor that betray'd?
Or strike with blindness those, whom he led on?
Who bade the dead to rise, the elements
To stay their headlong course, could, with a word,
Have paralyzed their strength, or through their midst,
As when at Nazareth he foil'd his foes,
Have walk'd unharmed; till, strong in numbers, hosts
Should rise, and with resistless fury those
Repel, who now exult o'er his defeat.
That he such virtue had, who doubts, that saw?
Why he this virtue did not then put forth,
Is known to whom alone such pow'r belongs.
That, bids me still believe and hope the end,
But this, my bosom fills with doubt and dread."

"What thou dost argue;" Cleophas replied;
"Doth still the more astonish and perplex;
For, howsoe'er untoward proved the end,
Israel doth in this at least agree,
That of the men of God whom Israel boasts,
None e'er were born, so great and good as He.
For not the elements alone, earth, air,
And fire and flood, his all commanding voice,

Obeŷ'd ; but demons own'd his pow'r ; disease
And Death before him fled, and wond'rous more,
The heav'ns disclosed, and Heav'n's own voice, aloud
Proclaim'd him, Son of God. That he is slain,
And Israel still in bonds, alone doth bar,
That he is truly, whom so long we wait—
Messias, Israel's Hope and promised King.
And yet, when the Messias true shall come,
Will his abearance more with truth accord ?
Or will he greater works than this man do ?
Can greater works be done ? or Heav'n say more
Than—This is my beloved Son, hear him ?

Amoŷbean thus th' Evangelist return'd :

“ Doubt not, but something more lies hid beneath
The mysteries, that dim our clouded minds ;
Some greater mystery perhaps, or than
The greatest he hath offer'd, us to try,
Our love to prove, our faith attest, to whom
So much already hath been shown. Did not
He sift us so, when at Capharnaum,
He taught—Who eateth me, alone shall live ;
My flesh is meat, my blood is drink indeed.
A mystery he afterwards defined ;
Then not, though many from him turn'd away.
If he be not Messias as believed,
And as so many wonders him proclaim,
'Twere well that this delusion thus should end.
But, if he be, then is the end not yet ;
And that same Pow'r, which hath unsealed tombs,
And waked so many from the sleep of death,
Some motive latent keeps, some purpose hides,
Which, when reveal'd, shall Israel's safety prove,

Her fetters break, her treach'rous foes subdue ;
And He, with vict'ry crown'd, (how I know not,)
As David's son and heir forever reign."

Thus they, despondent, reason'd as they walk'd,
Revolved the past and present in their minds,
Surmised the future, but believed Him dead,
In whom their faith and hope had long reposed.
Close by the road, secluded from their view,
A by-path led its devious way across.
Thither the Crucified had turn'd his steps,
And came beside them, walking in the way.
In the first blush of ruddy prime he seem'd,
With hazel eye, redundant locks and beard ;
A vest of dazzling white, in ample folds,
His graceful form descending scarce conceal'd ;
A purple cloak, his manly shoulders bore,
With legal hems, and tufts Mosaic blue.
Much did they marvel at his noble mien,
And much, from whence he came, and who might be,
But strange were holden, that they knew him not.
Meanwhile, he greeting—"Peace be with you," said,
And easy inclination graceful made.
"Peace," they return'd, but wonder'd at his voice,
Than lute, or pipe, or dulcimer, more sweet,
That with mild influence to their souls convey'd,
The benediction his blest lips bestow'd.
Their salutations given, Jesus said :

"What manner of discourse is this ye hold ?
And why doth sorrow thus impress your brows ?
Some inward grief perhaps, or public care,
Or sad bereavement of some cherish'd friend.
If I perchance your thoughts divine aright,

Some solace, it may be, my skill may yield,
For I have much endured, though few my years,
And much experience gain'd in sorrow's school."

So he, with tenderness; Cleophas thus:

"Art thou a stranger in Jerusalem,
And hast not known the things which have been done,
Concerning Jesus, who a prophet was,
Mighty in work and word fore God and man?
And how our priests and princes, him to death
Condemn'd, and crucified? We had supposed
'Twas He, who would have Israel redeem'd,
But lo! 'tis now the third day since he died.
This doth our sorrow and discourse invoke,
And, so far true, thou hast divined aright;
But now prepare a marv'lous thing to hear.
Some women of our band, ere it was light,
Did to his grave repair, but found him not,
Though Pilate seal'd the stone and set a guard,
Lest some should steal his poor remains, and say—
'He hath arisen from the dead.' This stone
Was roll'd away; but He was gone; and naught
Remain'd, so they report, save his grave clothes.
Then two bright spirits, clad in white, appear'd,
And said—'The Lord hath risen from the dead;
Go tell the rest, that what he said is done.'
This may to thee, as it to us doth seem,
An idle tale, or phantasm of the brain;
For, howso'er the pow'r of God hath some,
From death to life restored, through faith of man,
'Tis yet unheard, and hard to be believed,
The dead themselves should innate force exert,
Revivify their clay, and rising, spurn

Death's ceremonies and the barriers of the tomb."

Pity and sorrow fill'd the Saviour's breast,
At this recital of their unbelief;
'Twas not enough the world should him disown,
That Israel should his proffer'd mercy spurn;
But whom, he special loved, endow'd with gifts,
The myst'ries of his mission full unveil'd,
Made partners in his kingdom, and co-heirs,
That these should fall, so soon, so sadly fall,
Lost in the mazes of their unbelief,
Renew'd the anguish that had rack'd his breast,
Anew the sluices of his soul unloosed,
And bathed his cheeks afresh with copious tears,
Though hid from them, his face averted turn'd.
Yet pity, more than grief, his bosom sway'd,
Tow'rd's whom he saw so hopeless, weak, infirm,
Urged him, compassionate, to mild reproof,
With new instruction, which he thus began :
 "O foolish people ! slow of heart in faith !
Who not the prophets e'en, or priests believe,
Nor words of Him now sent ; ought not the Christ
T' have suffer'd your default, abandon'd earth,
And so unto his glory have return'd ?
Who sole th' offended law had pow'r t' amend,
Man's debt infinitive, had means to pay,
That pow'r exerts, himself to punishment
Submits ; dies, that the race ingrate might live,
And thus imputes his righteousness to all,
Who feel their need, and to this source repair,
Finds, ah ! how few, disposed t' accept the boon ;
How few to own him, or confess his faith.
What manner of Christ is he, ye would accept ?

How would you have him come? with what appear?
As prophet? priest? a king in royal state,
With equipage and pow'r? or low born, poor?
Clad in soft raimant, glut with meats and drinks,
Or abstinent, content with humble fare?
Come, let us reason this, search, note, inquire,
And learn what Moses and the Prophets teach.
'Tis scarce meridian past, and long the way,
Which us directs to whither we would go;
The sun will easy hold his westward course,
And ample day to our communion give.
Let us inquire the time when Christ should come,
From whom, with what, and how he should appear;
Nor doubt their testimonies, clear disposed,
From when the Spirit inchoative mark'd
The primal traces of Messias' day,
To that full period, when he was to come.
Let Israel's leader, Israel's promise show,
Given what time the Patriarch blessed the Twelve—
'From Juda shall the scepter not be ta'en,
Nor ruler from his thigh, till Shiloh comes.'
Who holds this scepter now? Doth Juda reign?
Or rather hath it not to Edom pass'd?
And is her gov'nor one of Juda's seed?
But lest defect from vagueness be inferr'd,
Consult that prophet, who foretold the year,
Exact, from when Darius' reign began;
To whom, devout in prayer, Gabriel said—
'In seventy weeks the Saint of saints anoint
Shall be, sin end, and justice reign;
In threescore weeks and two shall Christ be slain,
And they, who him deny, shall not be his.'

The certain sense, no art of man may foil,
Nor his evasive subtilty defer;
Prediction both and malediction firm,
And who the first denies, the last incurs.
Nor less clear is the place than time defined,
As Micheas of Morasti tells, who clear
The birthplace of Messias saw—‘ And thou,
Bethlehem Ephrata, ’mongst the thousands
Juda sends, though small, art not the least, since
Out of thee shall Israel’s Ruler spring,
Whose going forth is from eternity.’
What clearer sense would men of Juda seek?
The rolling weeks evolve the certain day,
And fix the present time to Daniel’s words,
Whilst Balaam’s star o’er Bethlehem’s past’ral plains,
Perfusely show’r’d his advent with its beams,
And led the Sages to his feet t’ adore.

“ But time nor place, more clear his advent limn,
Than terms descriptive of his parentage,
His birth, his office, character, employ.
Thus hear the chief among prophetic schools,
Who, fill’d with spirit, touch’d with heav’nly fire,
Sings of Messias, as, (in his advent,)—
‘ Fill’d with the spirit of the Lord; spirit
Of wisdom, counsel, understanding, love,
Godliness, knowledge, fortitude, and fear;
Who shall the weak with justice judge, reprove
With equity, and strike the wicked dumb.’
Is aught of this, in consonance with him,
Whom ye erewhile, did your Messias call?
And Moses, hath he naught of like import?
Hear him—‘ The Lord thy God shall raise thee up

A Prophet of thy nation like to me.
Like me, he saith ; what manner of Man is that ?
Was 't aught as whom ye late Messias deem'd ?
Or whom the prophet after sagely sang ?
Assault with dangers from his earliest youth,
By Pharaoh that, by Herod this beset ?
And as through Egypt he was brought from death,
So hath not Osee said of this your Christ,
' From out of Egypt I have call'd my Son '
Whither he fled, when Rama heard the voice
Of Rachel, mourning for the tender babes,
Aloud, with tears lamenting, comfortless.

“ But Juda doth a temp'ral king demand,
A conqueror, with might and power arm'd ;
Nor else will brook the sound of Shiloh come.
Herein, alas ! doth Juda greatly err,
Who heav'nly sees not, wedded to the earth.
In this a stone of stumbling Christ becomes,
Offense to Israel, snare to Juda's house,
And to Jerusalem destruction sure ;
His life, his poverty, his death, the rock,
On which they split, in hopeless ruin lie,
And utter perish in their unbelief.
Where is it writ, a temporal king shall reign ?
A spiritual every part doth trace.
'Tis true, he must from David's loins descend—
' The Root of Isai, Flower of his stem,
The Bud of Justice shall from David spring,'
Is clearly writ, direct in legal line.
But if of David, not less son of God—
' Thou art my Son, this day I thee begot,'
God hath himself declared, e'en as the first.

Nor less explicit is his birth defined—
Born of a Virgin, God with us, his name ;
So, equal deem'd the Son of God and man.
Doth this accord with him, of whom ye spake ?
Mary, the Mother of this Man, ye know,
And his reputed father, Joseph just.
The record thence dilate of his descent.
Doubtless ye have ere this, his lineage traced,
On either part, and found him David's Son.
From this source then your clear illation draw ;
Superfluous words do but the sense obscure.

“ What most concerns us now, is not degree,
But nature of his office to inquire.
Moses hath shown him Prophet of the Lord ;
If Prophet, then of need, a Priest ordain'd.
' And this the Lord hath sworn, nor will repent,
Thou art a Priest forever, so 'tis writ,
According to the order of Melchisedech.'
But why a Priest, if not with off'rings crown'd ?
And, so endow'd, what were the offerings made ?
Symbolic bread and wine, as Salem's king,
The King of justice, and the Prince of peace,
Did in the first, predictive, shadow forth,
Who, ancestor, nor generation knew.
As prophet, priest, so priest doth Preacher prove ;
Let this from that derive. Isaias hear—
' The Spirit of the Lord upon me rests,
Because he hath anointed me, and sent
To preach unto the meek, contrite to heal,
To captives give deliv'rance from their bonds ;
For ashes, to the mourners give a crown,
For mourning, oil of joy, garment of praise

For grief, and so proclaim th' acceptable year.
This scripture is fulfilled in your ears.
Light cheers the people, who in darkness sat,
Brightness illumes the shado'wy vale of death.
There hath to Sion a Redeemer come,
The Pastor of his people, Shepherd, who
Doth lead his sheep to pastures ever green,
Sweetly refresh'd with pure, lifegiving streams.
Here note the words of Anathoth's bless'd son,
And learn the motive that Messiah brings—
'In those days he a cov'nant new shall make.'
So saith the prophet, but what cov'nant's meant?
A covenant of mercy, truth, and love,
And worthy to enlarge in our discourse.
First ask the sum and centre of the old,
Whose sacrificial types the new portend;
See how those shadows point to one great end,
The sacrifice for primal sin ordain'd;
Which dimly promised was, to th' erring pair,
On whom the sorrows of the world depend.
Thus, blood of bulls, of sheep, and goats, mystic
The shedding of Messiah's blood foreshow,
Victims slain typical before the time;
Time well defined, when their great Antitype
Himself should come. Not that these merit had,
Or pleased the Highest, who cannot be appeased
With victims annual slain, insensate brutes.
Oblations he doth not desire, nor fat
Of bulls, nor blood of rams; burnt offerings pleased
Him not, nor morn, nor evening sacrifice;
But One to do his will; who that desired;
Who kept the law of God within his heart,

Whose Name, recorded in his book, stands first.
Who, but the Angel, Malachias sang,
The Stone, which God hath built his house upon,
In whom, whoe'er believes, need not make haste,
Could answer to this end, and ransom pay
For infinite transgression of the law?
This Angel came, the broken law repair'd,
Fulfill'd what Moses and the Prophets taught;
The great High Priest, image of God express,
Came, and salvation to his people brought,
Merged the dim shadows of Levitic rites,
Offer'd himself in place of victims slain,
And full atonement made for fallen man.

“Such was Messias, as the Seers foresaw,
Such He, who oped a fount in David's house,
To wash the sinner, and to cleanse th' unclean;
A fountain, not of water, but his blood;
Streams from his head, his feet, his hands, his side.
Who, when they ask, with what wounds art thou pierced?
Shall say, wounds that my brethren gave; I these
Received within the house of them I loved.
Let this his anguish, now the Prophets tell;
Let wisdom lift his voice; let David sing,
And all the Seers, who his suff'rings traced,
Divinely taught to antedate his life,
Foreshade his sorrows, and portray his death.
Wisdom their rage against the Holy One
Describes—‘Let us oppress this poor just Man;
Let our own strength the law of justice be;
The weak are nothing; he is weak and poor;
Yet us upbraids, divulges all our sins,
Reproves us for transgressions of the law,

Censures our thoughts, the just man he prefers,
And, impious, calls himself the Son of God.
Come, let us make him prove his words, for should
He be the Son of God, God will defend,
And safe deliver him from all his foes.
Him with outrage and torture we will prove,
His meekness search, severe his patience try;
Let us condemn him to most cruel death,
And find what credit to his words is due.
If we the Shepherd strike, the sheep will fly.'
'So did the Gentiles rage, the Jews devise;
Princes and people stand against the Christ,
And e'en his own familiar friends reject;
Those, who his bread ate, at his table sat,
Lift up their heel against him and supplant;
For thirty pieces sell, the price of him,
Whom Jeremias saw of Israel priced.
Shame cloaks his face, reproaches dim his eye,
And he becomes a stranger to his own,
An alien to the sons his mother bore.'
Had your Messiah aught resembling this?
He, whom you say, was bruised and buffeted,
Whose face with scars disgraceful was deform'd,
His back with whips, his bleeding brow with thorns?
Then listen to the words Isaias sang—
'A tender plant he grew from thirsty ground,
Of comeliness bereft, of beauty void,
Despised, abject, and but light esteem'd,
A Man of sorrows, and acquaint with grief,
Deem'd as a leper, struck by hand of God.
Thus he for man's iniquities was bruised,
Wounded for sin, chastised, and fill'd with sores.

All men had gone astray, had turn'd aside,
And on him fell the punishment of all.
Such was his will, he offer'd up himself,
Just for the unjust, all to bring to God.
Yet, when accused, as sheep to slaughter led,
As lamb before his shearers dumb, no word
Did he essay, nor open'd he his mouth.
They part his garments, for his vest cast lots,
Quench his parch'd lips with vinegar and gall,
And wond'ring, gaze on him, whom they had slain.'
So was the Orient graven, cut, transpierced,
Mangled with whips, and thorns, and nails, and spear;
From judgment and distress was ta'en away,
Strick'n for his people, from the land cut off,
Among th' ungodly then his burial found,
His sepulchre with rich, though abject poor.

“Nor words alone portray his deep distress.
With not less clearness every emblem shines,
Which down the course of Patriarchal times,
Still pointed tow'rds the destined Sacrifice,
Remedial promised to atone for sin.
Did Abel yield the firstlings of his flocks,
'Twas but the emblem of the first born Son,
From Heav'n's eternal ages offer'd up.
So too, the paschal lamb, whose blood was shed,
When Egypt's first-born, man and beast, were slain,
And Israel from the angel's sword exempt,
Who each his lintel with its blood distain'd,
A lively figure gave of this Lamb's death,
In whom God's Israel of all tribes are bless'd.
When Noe built the ark, his seed to save,
While giant wickedness pervaded earth,

'Twas but the symbol of that one true Ark,
In whom the world is saved from second death.
Or he of Ur, reputed just with God,
Who, in the promise of innum'rous seed,
Was, for his righteousness, by heav'n endow'd,
Did he his only son e'en, not withhold,
A victim for his holocaustal rites,
When thus th' almighty Father seeming tried
His steady faith, his confidence, and zeal,
'Twas but a premonition of the scheme,
Which Him prefigured, who the mandate gave,
And who his sole Begotten did not spare,
A holocaust of love, made once for all.
So Moses imaged forth the lifting up,
When Israel murmur'd in the plains of Hor.
Swift through their camps the fiery serpents flew,
Thick o'er the ground afflicted Israel lay,
Wounded for sins; when he, so God ordain'd,
The brazen Seraph raised their camp the midst;
Tow'rds which, whoever turn'd his eyes with faith,
Was from the serpents' lethal bite restored.
As thus the serpent, so the Son of Man
Was lifted up, to heal the deadly wound
Of Sin's sharp fang, and bid the dying live.
So all the rites of ceremonial law,
Constant to this same point perpetual tend;
All look to One, and their fulfillment find,
Complete in him, and now no more endure.
Old things have pass'd away, dim shadows cease;
Their types, the Antitype removes; figures
In realty expire, and all is done.
Midst these high purposes, but one remains,

(Not unaccomplish'd, but obscured with doubt,
Doubt, on their part, who should the first believe,)
The resurrection of the Son of God.

Let one brief word so far this point disclose,
Till dawns that hour, when doubt shall yield to faith,
And faith, with full fruition, turn to sight.

Messias, when he comes, 'tis seen, must die;
Shall Death, dominion o'er him, always hold?

Let Israel's minstrel in his person tell—

'My heart is glad, rejoicing in the Lord;
My flesh doth rest in hope, because my soul,
Thou wilt not leave in hell, nor yet wilt give
Thy Holy One, corruption's worm to see.'

This promise, not less faithful than the rest,
Its complement must in Messias find;

On which the words of Osee equal bear—

'O Death, thy death I'll be; O hell, thy bite.'

Death swallowed up in vict'ry then must be,
And hell be broken 'neath Messias' power.

But other words defer; our journey ends;
And me, this way, my further steps demand."

He said, and onward press'd; but they, concern'd:

"Rest thee, good Master, leave us not we pray;

The day declines, and evening courts repose;

Stay with us through the night, and at the dawn,

If so it please thee, go thy way refresh'd.

This place hospitable, though rugged, is,

And patriarchal customs still prefers,

Where all are welcome, mindful that, the while,

Some, angels entertain'd have, unawares."

Smiling, the Crucified, with answ'ring will,
Retraced his steps, and enter'd their abode;

At table sat, took bread, and bless'd, and break,
And gave to them, as at the Paschal board.
Their eyes were open'd; they the Saviour knew;
But he, that instant, vanish'd from their sight.
Dismay'd, confounded, sorrowing, yet o'erjoy'd,
They call, implore, extend their hands and pray—
Lord, we believe, help thou our unbelief.
Then all his words recall, and each to each,
Confess'd—"Did not our hearts within us burn,
As by the way the scriptures he disclosed,
Read his own suff'rings, death, and life restored.
Nor harshly spake, but more with tenderness
Our just reproof for unbelief inferr'd."

So they with tears; and, rising that same hour,
+ They hastive to Jerusalem return,
And tell the rest, with joy, the Lord hath truly
Ris'n from the dead; talk'd with us by the way,
And then himself reveal'd in breaking bread.
Whilst they yet spake, Jesus himself appears,
Stands in their midst, and says—"Peace be to you.
Fear not, 'tis I; behold my hands and feet;
Handle, and see, for spirit hath not flesh
And bones, as thus you see. Be troubled not,
Nor yet your hearts let doubting thoughts invade."

With heart restored, they round the Saviour press,
Revolve his person, touch his hands and feet,
Pity his wounds, recount his sorrows o'er,
Wonder, and weep, and joy, and him believe.

The somber gray of early dawn, was tinged
With the first blushes of returning day,
When, on Tiberias' shore, secluded spot,
The risen Master stood. There Simon, chief,

With half his following band, had spent the night,
Sedulous with their nets, their former care.
From dusky eve to slant of rosy morn,
They unremitting, unsuccessful, toil'd,
And wearied with their labor, listless lay;
When Jesus, unreveal'd, thus ask'd—Children,
Have you any meat? To whom they answer, no.
Then cast your nets, he said, on th' other side,
And you shall straightway find. They cast as told,
And now, with all their strength united, fail
To draw their burden'd net from out the sea.
Astonish'd at the draught, who he might be,
The one beloved disciple instant knew,
And thus to Peter straight confess'd his faith :

“Simon, this is none other than the Lord,
Who, as Mary said, hath ris'n from the dead.
His hand hath wrought this wonder, not our skill;
Come, let us hasten, and before him prone,
Implore his pardon for our slow belief.”

Simon staid not; impulsive, at the word,
Girding his coat, he plung'd into the sea,
Urged his way to where the Master stood,
Eager besought his pardon, and, with tears,
In lowly plight confess'd his heinous fault,
His weak denial, fear, and want of faith.
Meanwhile, the others join'd him, who, subdued
With like repentance, trembling kiss'd his feet;
O'erwhelm'd with sorrow, much depress'd with fear,
Lest he, so late deserted, might not heed
Their contrite voice, and penitential tears.
Whilst they, in pain'd suspense, his grace implore,
The Merciful with pity tow'rds them yearns,

(Pity and love ineffable diffused,) And oil of joy pours in their troubled souls.
Th' indulgence craved, his pard'ning pow'r dispensed,
And sweet with words their anxious fears repress'd.
Beside them on the shore, glow'd living coals,
With fish and bread, miraculous prepared.
To these, with zest, as Jesus bade, they turn,
And nature's wants, long abstinent, supply;
When, turning to the Chief, the Master said:
 "Simon, lovest thou me more than do these?"
Who thus—"Yea, Lord, thou know'st that I love thee."
Him Jesus then commission'd—"Feed my lambs."
He thus again—"Simon, lovest thou me?"
"Yea, Lord, thou knowest I love thee;" Peter said.
Anew the Arbiter divine—"Feed my lambs."
Mildly the third time—"Simon, lov'st thou me?"
At this, the Primate grieved, whilst copious tears
Gush'd from his melting eyes, in answ'ring woe.
His former weakness fresh his bosom heaved,
Contrasting with his promise res'lute made,
Though all should be offended, yet not I,
Which thrice was broken ere the cock did crow.
Now thrice the Lord had ask'd—"Dost thou love me?"
Did then the Master doubt, or fear his truth?
Then, why address him Simon, as before
He changed his name, and gave the keys of heav'n?
Was he henceforth unworthy heav'nly power?
Nor more design'd the Rock of truth to be?
Such thoughts perturbed his throbbing breast; but, nor
His doubts resolved, nor burning anguish sooth'd.
With sobbing voice, and accent trembling, slow,
And fear lest he, perchance, again should fail,

At length he answer'd—"Lord, thou know'st all things ;
And knowing all, dost know, I do love thee."

The Saviour then his high commission gave,
Renew'd his pow'r, and—"Feed my sheep," he said.

"The lambs already are beneath thy charge,
Now lead the leaders of my flock with care ;
For, I have pray'd for thee, for special grace,
That thou, renew'd, thy brethren may'st confirm.

Behold then, thy commission ; thus endow'd,
And with me in my kingdom sociate join'd,
Some likeness to me shall thy death betide.

For now I say, amen ; when thou wast young,
Thou didst thyself begird, walk where thou would'st ;
But when thou'rt old, thou shalt thy hands stretch forth,
And others lead thee, where thou would'st not go."

So walk'd Immanuel, taught, and fed, and bless'd,
Pending that hour, when Olivet, blest hill,
Saw him from whence he came glorious ascend ;
Daily reveal'd himself to whom he loved,
Promise with admonition intermix'd,
And mild injunction affable imposed ;
To these display'd his wounds, with those broke bread,
Caused this to thrust his hand within his side,
Feel the nail prints in his torn feet and hands,
And proved himself arisen from the dead.

THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF
REDEMPTION.

ARGUMENT.

The day of the Ascension having arrived, the Almighty assembles all the hosts of heaven, and sends them to earth to escort his divine Son back to heaven. In the meantime, the Redeemer, having directed the disciples to meet him at the Mount of Olives, there addresses them on subjects pertaining to their spiritual life, renews his promise to send the Holy Ghost to comfort them, commissions them with the same powers which he had himself received, and finally bids them go forth and preach the Gospel. Having taken special leave of his disciples, and of his sacred Mother, he gloriously ascends to heaven, accompanied by innumerable hosts of angels, and the Saints, whom he had released from Limbus. The Father receives him with joy into bliss, accepts the work of redemption, and welcomes the Saints to heaven, the first fruits of the death and mediation of his Son, our Lord and Redeemer Jesus Christ.

REDEMPTION.

BOOK XII.

Joy past all joy, extatic, bliss supreme,
Thrilled the vast expanse of heav'n that day,
That day, which fixed stood in God's decrees,
When, all accomplish'd, mankind full redeem'd,
The Son, th' empyreal throne again should fill,
At right hand of paternal Godhead sit,
And temper mild th' effulgence of his beams.
At early prime, (such as in heav'n may serve
For grateful interchange, to mark the day
With more intensive bright, where dark comes not,)
The bless'd inhabitants fill'd heav'n's plains.
At God's high will, ineffable express'd,
On heav'n's wide champaign numberless they throng;
From bower and field, from shady nook and dell,
From banks of living streams, midst od'rous groves,
Where fruits ambrosial lure unwearied sense,
And flowers celestial e'er their sweets exale;
From hill and valley, far as heav'n extends,
Throughout infinitude of boundless space,
Millions of flaming spirits marshall'd rise.
More numerous than grains which Khampseen blows,
When great Sahara from repose aroused,

Sweeps o'er the plains, and noonday blanks with night;
Or, ocean's emerald drops, sparkling with sheen,
When winds contrary, spume with glitt'ring spray.
Chariots and charioteers, and prancing steeds,
Ten thousand times ten thousand thousands arm'd;
Not hostile arm'd, as when, with vengeful force,
Met warring angels, fierce, heav'n's sovereignty
To test, careering on with roaring wheels,
Smoke, bickering flames, and discord's horrid clang,
That shook vast empyréan's solid base;
But as on earth oft seen, some gala day,
When knights, at tournament of arms, enter
The lists, caparison'd in gold; or as,
When conquerors, from war return'd, complete
With trophies graced, approach some capital,
In holiday costume of burnish'd arms;
(If few to num'rous, or earth's splendors, may
To heavenly ardor be compared;) so these,
Banners aloft, celestial art emblazed,
With standards fix'd, and ensigns to the wind,
Radiant athwart th' interminable files,
Far streaming, in refulgent glory gleam,
And brighter cause the heav'nly plains to glow.
Princes and dominations, thrones and powers,
In panoply of state, and regal crown'd,
Approach; angels, archangels, cherubim
Sweet voiced, and swift wing'd seraphs flaming, skim
Th' ethereal blue; or vaulting high, o'er
Moving phalanx hover, convex, round, moon'd,
Cube, square, or lengthen'd line, instinctive form'd,
To sound of trump and harp, melodious chimed.
Whilst round the throne, the heavenly Hierarchs draw,

Awaiting the behest of Him who call'd,
A voice from the Invisible was heard,
Louder than voice of tube, with niter charged,
As touch'd with fire, or engin'ry of heav'n,
When glummy clouds encount'ring, fierce explode;
Louder, yet soft as whisp'ring breeze, serene
And mild, to all the list'ning hosts thus spake:

“Celestial virtues, spirits, sons of heav'n,
Behold the day that I, who am, have made;
Day fix'd in my immutable decrees,
For honor of my sole begotten, best
Beloved Son; day from eternity
Defined, in the eternal volume writ,
When every knee shall bow, each tongue confess,
Of all that dwell in highest heav'n, on earth,
Or in th' unfathom'd depths profound of hell;
To him shall bow, who bears that holy Name,
Which saves who utters, from the wrath to come.
For this cause took he up a servant's form,
Veiling the Godhead neath the flesh of man,
Assumed his likeness, in his habit found,
Humbled himself obedient unto death,
E'en to most shameful death upon the cross.
Mystery, on which you have desired to look,
Desire now crown'd, a part of which you were,
My minist'ring spirits, down the course of time
Unfolding, what my high decree vouchsafed,
Till fullness of the promised epoch dawn'd,
And horn of my Anointed was exalt.
Whom oft, from your lips taught, my saints have sung,
And now in every phase complete uninvolved,
Though each seem contra, all divinely clear,

And reconciled in whom my likeness shines—

■ A man, yet God, exalted though abased,
Master, yet servant, priest, yet victim bound,
Consign'd to death, yet victor o'er the grave;
The first fruits now become of them that sleep.
Our part is here complete: the rest, remains
For man, who his salvation, each must work;
Yet not alone, as if of his own strength,
My grace still aiding, still preventing him,
Him following, to sanctify and save.
Nor doth your mission end; your ministry
To lead, guide, guard my saints, the same endures,
As from the first my chosen were your care.
More num'rous now than then; from all parts drawn,
From every nation, tribe, and diverse tongue;
Whoe'er my truth confess, accept my grace,
And interest seek in his atoning blood.
Meanwhile earth waits you. Go, attend my Son,
Who now the glory he first had resumes,
And equal with me, equal shares my throne."

So spake the Father, so his love display'd,
Mercy and truth, to all the heav'nly powers.
Him, pleas'd they hear; him, prostrate they adore;
Extol him King and Lord, forever bless'd;
Great in his works, and greatly to be praised,
Magnificent in glory, wond'rous all
His ways; in mercy plenteous, terrible
In wrath; who captive leads the reprobates,
And from their malice sets his children free;
Who doth the mighty overthrow with might,
And to the sons of peace his glory shows;
His everlasting Kingdom magnifies,

Saving from ruin, those, the sons of men,
Who place their trust in his almighty arm ;
Lifteth who falls, and faithful to his word,
Redeems his saints from sin impending death.
Thus their glad choirs Jehovah's praise entone,
Nor wait they more ; but orderly array'd,
With martial tread, or on soft pinions bent,
Take swift, at his command, terrestrial way.

Bright as the virgin sun. when first his beams
Shone forth upon the new created world,
Or when restored to postdiluvian morn,
Aurora oped the golden eye of day.
All Nature smiled. Jocund the feather'd tribes,
Pluming aerial wings, their matin carols trill'd ;
Nor waited sparkling rills, whose dancing spray
Dispensed pearly dew, to sing his praise ;
The hills their cedars, lofty mountains, pines,
Symphoneous waved ; floods clapp'd their hands,
And seas tremendous roar, with tiny voice
Of babbling brooks, well chimed, blended their songs ;
Whilst flocks, and lowing herds conspired
In blithsome gambols, merry mood, glad praise,
As conscious of their Maker's triumph near.
So all that live, or breathe, move, swim, or walk,
That tread the watery depths profound, or soar
Sublime on oary wing through ether's vast,
Accord, instinctive, honor to his name.
Worlds in their ceaseless round, more glorious shine,
Suns trim their waning lamps, relight their fires,
And chime harmonious cadence to their song.
Chiefest, blest Olivet his presence greets,
Once water'd with his tears, a fructuous shower,

But now whose brow, with teeming joy, receives
The impress of the ascending Master's feet,
Hard by Bethania, way oft trod before,
And late in sorrow, when his anguish'd soul,
In agony of sweat and blood thrice bow'd,
Drain'd the last dregs his bitter chalice held.
More glorious now that spot, whence, sorrows o'er,
Redemption's battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Triumphant he assumes his heav'nly throne.
Beside a grove of olives, thus he stands,
Transparent robed his form, brighter than when
The flow'ry top of Thabor first beheld
His earthly to celestial pure transform'd;
Irradiant light his godlike brow adorns,
Beamy with smiles, with tenderness and love;
Not lonesome stands, deserted, sole, depress'd,
As when his own forsook him, base betray'd;
But round him, who erst fled, now closely cling,
Forgiven their default, their feeble faith,
And, weeping, these his parting words attend :

 "'Tis needful for you that I hence depart,
And to my Father, as I said, return,
To yours and mine, your places to prepare,
That were I am, ye also may abide.
Strangers ye are, and all who me believe,
In this fall'n world, created once so fair,
Scarce less than heav'n endow'd, fitted for man,
But little lower than the angels made,
Now alienate from God, pollute by sin,
Though by my sacrificial death redeem'd;
Strangers and pilgrims, who no city have,
No lasting bidding place, where ye may stay.

Though of it not, yet in it much remains,
To stimulate your faith, love, energy
And zeal. Faith him towards, who his own life
Spared not, to purchase yours; love for the boon,
With energy and zeal, that life to gain,
Which lives beyond the confines of the tomb.
Here lies your warfare, here the fields of strife,
Where seen and unseen foes your way contest.
Here ope the lists, you the athletes, call'd
To wrestle, run, toil, strive th' immortal prize.
Who fights shall conquer; he, who strives, shall win,
With arms celestial, grace superior crown'd.
Let not your hearts be troubled nor afraid,
I will not leave you orphans, comfortless;
But will myself be with you to conduct,
Through all the varying conflicts, earth and hell,
Against the safety of your souls shall wage.
Be not deceived; the world will love you not;
Will hate you, persecute, and for my sake
Destroy. Hath it not hated me, defamed,
And, as it hoped, destroy'd? So will it you.
The servant is not greater than his lord:
If you were of the world, the world would love,
But, since I you have chosen from the world,
The world will hate you, as it hateth me.
But blessed are ye, when mankind shall hate,
And when ye suffer persecution, bless'd;
Bless'd when reviled, and evil spok'n against,
Untruly, for my sake; bless'd when ye mourn;
For, yours the kingdom is, and mine; and I
The Father's am; as I in him, so you in me,
In suff'ring one, so one in glory crown'd.

Let no divisions this compact divide,
No hostile force, this union disunite;
As little children love, with simple faith,
Adhering to the precepts I have taught.
All these, the Paraclete, whom I will send,
Will to your minds recall; and lead and keep
You ever, to the end of time, in truth;
Ne'er shall forsake you, suffer not to err;
So build you up, my Church, the living faith,
Pillar and ground of truth, which, whoso hears,
Hears me, who doth despise, despiseth me,
Despiseth me, and him, who me hath sent.
Behold the height to which your mission tends—
All power is given to me, all power to you,
For, as the Father me hath sent, do I
Send you; receive ye then, the Holy Ghost;
Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven;
Whose sins you shall retain, they are retain'd.
Go, preach my Gospel; all the nations teach;
Baptize with water in the sacred name
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, triune,
And I'll be with you to the end of days."

So saying, on the Twelve he mystic breath'd,
In them infused the new celestial life,
Converted them, and molded to his will.
As first from clay original, inert,
Adam, proportion'd neath his plastic hand,
He made, then in his nostrils breath'd the breath
Of Life, and man became a living soul,
The perfect image of his Maker's form,
And in the Maker's stead to rule the earth;
So these, from unrenew'd and death of sin,

Were instant raised to supernatu'ral life,
The image of their great Exemplar made,
And full endow'd with their Exemplar's power.
Who first created, now creates anew,
With his own grace indues, his works to will,
And greater works than he vouchsafed, permits,
When such the glory of his kingdom bids;
To Eden's bliss, gave power earth to restore,
Wisely should earth accept the proffer'd grace,
And peace surpassing knowledge, peace, that earth
Hath not the pow'r to give, nor take away.
More than the Thesbite gave his following friend,
What time he bless'd him with the double gift,
And left him to pursue his way alone,
Gave this to whom, reluctant he must leave;
For here the Master of the Thesbite, free,
Of his own fullness gave, abounding grace.
Nor less did these implore him not to go,
Cling to his feet, his robes, gaze on his face,
Feast on his words, and long to keep him near.
Whom once they lost, whom now they find restored,
Jealous they guard, lest that his mystic words,
Their complement should find in greater loss.
Nor did their hearts mislead them, doubting vain.
A heav'nly ardor kindles on his brow,
His form unwonted brilliance soon o'erblazed,
Dilated grew, and larger stood than life.
Nor stood alone, for, redolent, the air
Resplendent glow'd, with flaming ministers;
Whilst crowds of witnesses around appear,
And all the brow of Olivet illume.

Sing, heavenly Muse, who still with gentlest hand,

Conducts me, rev'rent, through the final day,
What escort now, on Olivet attends
The Conqueror back from earth, to those blest realms,
Where peace and joy with Him forever reign.
Sing, Muse, the chiefs, so happ'ly late released
From Limbus, who that day saw Jesus rise,
And midst the throng, with alleluias, first
Made entrance glad, to Sion's blissful courts;
Messias' convoys, and his trophies, won
From Sin's dominion, through that direful death,
Whereby he purchased life, to them restored.
Men rich in virtue, faith, in wisdom skill'd,
Crown'd with all good, much praised in their day,
And in memorials traced by virtue built,
Good works, kept in remembrance by their seed;
Lights of a shadowy' age, whose genial rays,
With luminous track, dispart earth's glummy sky,
Turn types to substance, emblems warm to life,
And all concenter in Immanuel's day.
First, Adam, son of God, earth's fed'ral head,
Sore mulct for his incontinent defect,
Now purged from sin, no more the thicket seeks,
Afraid the voice of God, but chiefest stands,
Through promised Seed restored. So Abel just,
His sacrifice accept, here views the Lamb,
His holocausts portray'd. Noe', found perfect,
Who, patient, reconciliation preach'd,
And saved a remnant of the drowning world,
Next marshals that long line, which sin withstood,
(Compute from Jepheth, Sem, by Noe bless'd,)
Who planted seeds of grace in th' infant world.
Nor less in glory, he of Ur, father

Of nations, great for faithfulness approved,
Who thence the seal of faithfulness received,
In promise of innumerable seed.
Isaac the chief, who later Jacob had,
Father of twelve, the heads of sep'rate tribes,
Of whom his fav'rite, Joseph, formed the crown,
Made as the starry hosts in multitude,
And frequent as the sands of bord'ring seas ;
Not singly, each by each, the patriarch chiefs,
But num'rous come, attended by their sons,
Whose names were number'd, and whose deeds of faith,
Renowned stood, in annals of their tribes.
First, he who Israel from Phithom led,
By Ramases, and through the land of Nile,
With marv'lous works, and high and mighty hand,
To Phasga, whence the promised land he view'd,
From Galaad to Dan, as Segor far,
And plain of city' of palms, but enter'd not,
Nor press'd its sacred soil, till now the mount
Of God receives him ; him and that Levite,
Who, for bold speech, and eloquence renown'd,
Made Egypt tremble till his quest was gain'd,
Though oft refused, and sore the tribes oppress'd.
He 'twas whose brow, with holy oil anoint,
Diffused wide fragrance, as like gentle dew,
The precious unguent fell, o'erapread his robes,
Bathed his sacred feet, and strew'd the ground.
Then third in glory, Eleazar's son,
Good Phinees came, who, when the people
Shameful fell, uprightly stood ; and, moved with zeal,
Avenged their sin, and Israel's God appeased.
Next t' him, that valiant captain, son of Nun,

Join'd with his second, Caleb, who advanced,
Fearless of Anac and his giant sons,
To view the land, with milk and honey fed ;
Who, by the prince of warrior angels taught,
Pass'd dryshod o'er Judea's hallow'd stream,
Pitch'd his first tents in Canaan's palmy vale,
Its fated city leaguer'd with his camps,
Six days in silence, awful in their calm,
The sev'nth with shouts, and trumpets' thund'ring blasts,
Her tott'ring towers hurl'd piecemeal to the ground.
For other service now, he with his bands,
By greater Captain marshall'd, glad abides ;
To higher notes, his warlike trump attunes,
Than e'er inspired with might his vengeful arm ;
Whom myriads, on Olivet surround,
Faithful who fought, awaiting heav'nly crown,
Faithful in few, to many greater call'd,
And now victorious triumph with their Lord.
So valiant Barac, he whom Debo'ra sang,
Abinoem's son, and those from every tribe,
Who stoutly fought at Thanac, where distain'd,
Maggedo downward rolls his gory waves,
Athwart Esdrela's vale to inner sea.
There Madian fell, by Gedeon pursued,
And Amalec, when by the dewy fleece,
'Twas proved, afflicted Israel's safety hung,
Upon the valor of his doubting arm ;
There too Josias met th' Egyptian king,
At foot of Carmel, and opposed his way,
But fell, oppress'd, beneath the victor's steel ;
So in one day, his earthly lost, and gain'd
A heav'nly crown. All these came panoplied,

And their attending hosts, with myriads more,
Who feal lived and died, their steady faith
Preserving Him towards, whose advent they,
And promised restoration, saw begun ;
Though long from fields of unavowed strife,
They peaceful slept the slumber of the just,
Or from congenial pastoral life recall'd,
In Memphian darkness waited sure reward.
Nor only warriors, patriarchs, and kings,
But that illustrious host, and royal race
Of prophets, priests, and seers, Levitic bands,
In Limbus long detain'd, to brighter fields,
And Gospel's genial ray, as hoped, now wake.
The chief was Anna's son, to Silo brought,
The first fruit of her womb, vow'd to the Lord ;
With whom he talk'd, whom, favor'd, he beheld,
Strong in whose might, the Tyrian kings he crush'd,
Philistia's lords, and all his foes subdued ;
Next t' him in place and sacerdotal power,
Came who the royal sinner stern rebuked,
That robb'd the Hethite of his one ewe lamb,
Nor regal-state fear'd, nor his kingly frown.
Beside him Ahias, who, though blind from age,
Pierced with prophetic ray, the thin disguise
Of her, who sought Abia's fate to learn.
Dimly no more his sightless eyeballs roll,
Nor tott'ring in his gait, with feeble knees,
Whose limbs celestial vigor fresh instills,
And youth immortal his full powers restores.
But more illustrious in that saintly throng,
As gifted more with thaumaturgic power,
Stood he, who shut the heav'ns, yet without rain,

Supplied the triple kings, with genial streams,
The Syrian leper freed from loathsome sores,
Thence to Giezi fraudulent, soon transferr'd ;
Nor e'en in death surceased his marvellous works,
Whose sacred relics dead to life restored.
Soon after him, lest not preferr'd before,
That great ecclesiastic rose, prophet
And priest, who, for good Ezechias' sake,
On Achaz' dial roll'd the shadow back,
And lengthen'd out the feeble monarch's days ;
Yet punish'd him his pride, who vainly show'd
The glory of his state to Berodach ;
Doom'd his heap'd treasures, spices, od'rous nards,
And his base sons, a prey to Babylon's lord.
Then he, around whose mem'ry fragrance breathes,
Sweeter than e'er perfumer's skill compounds ;
Third of the three in benediction held,
Josias named, who Israel purged from sin,
Idolatry suppress'd, in godliness
Confirm'd the stiff-neck'd race, from death redeem'd.
But time would fail, to name the long array
Of Israel's sons and daughters, who awoke
To bright reality of Shiloh come,
And ears grow weary with the oft told tale—
Ezechial, Jeremias, patient Job,
The last of Uz, adopted child of faith,
Whose steadfast eye look'd forward to this day,
When he himself should his Redeemer see ;
Nor those scarce lesser twelve, Osee' the first,
And Malachias last, whose names are bless'd.
Nor yet on th' other side, those matrons fair,
Whom Miriam led, and virtuous Anne closed ;

If closed by any, where much grace abounds,
Who chiefest need, and chiefest e'er embrace,
As weaker vessels, covenant with God ;
A goodly train, in fellowship of faith,
Hope, love, befitting best angelic souls.
Their names not wanting, and not hard to tell,
Nor wanting deeds t' adorn heroic verse,
Were 't fit to sing of sex, where sex is lost,
Resorbed in ocean infinite of love.
Sex not here sung, but deeds achieved by grace,
(Heroic more than carnal warfare waged,) .
And victory through Her obtain'd, the chief,
In whom was nor the knot original,
Nor cortex rough of actual distain ;
The crown of virgins, Mother of the race,
And Queen of all, o'er whom her Son holds sway.
More num'rous theirs than ours, adorned the more,
With what shines brightest there, where earthly fails,
And needy elements no value bear.
Repentant, sorrowing, now rejoicing Eve,
Who with the promise of that perfect Seed,
Was first consoled, here saw the promise fill'd ;
Saw him who was to come, the Man divine,
Who made himself the Victim for her fault ;
Her daughter, second Eve saw, heav'nly fair,
In lineal descent, predestined line ;
More perfect than herself, true Paradise,
The Serpent sly ne'er enter'd, nor defiled.
Next beauteous Ada came, mother of those,
Who pastoral life pursue ; who made the harp,
And taught the swelling organ's pipes to blow,
With harp immortal deck'd and heav'nly crown.

Then Sella, she, who first domestic arts
Contrived, the distaff held, and taught the loom
With glowing works to shine of various dye.
Sara, the patriarch's unbelieving spouse,
Convinced the promise now of countless seed,
And special Him, who had the promise giv'n.
So Bathuel's daughter, who two nations bore,
And Israel's blessing for the younger sought,
Sought, and by partial stratagem obtain'd.
Lia and Rachel, Jacob's toilsome meed,
Approach'd by these, with worthy bands in train;
Twelve comely maids, by Jacob's twelve sons led,
With num'rous offspring, strict in legal line.
Then much wrong'd Thamar, juster than her sire,
By whom came Zara, and that other son,
The sire of Esron, by whom Aram came,
Aminadab, Nahasson, Salmon thence,
Who Rahab's zeal rewarded with his love;
She him his love, with Booz, her first pledge,
Noemi's kinsman, who took virtuous Ruth,
Model in Ephrata, in Bethle'hem famed,
Model of virtue, famous in her line,
Since Obed she, who Isai thence begot,
Direct to David, whence Messias sprang,
Through Solomon, by Bethsabee, whose beauty,
Israel's shepherd king to sin misled;
She innocent, the guiltiness his own,
Who stood condemn'd to punishment severe,
Just as severe, and sole forgiven, when death
The scandal from his royal house removed,
Though much more sorrow subsequent befel.
Soon after these came Abi fair, the spouse

Of Achaz, through whom Ezechias claims
Descent, who Ammon's high places destroy'd,
His statues razed, cut down his groves,
And brazen Seraph broke, which Moses made,
To save the people, by the dragons bit,
But now to base idolatry disposed,
To impious worship, and with incense fumed.
Nor least renowned in these hallow'd bands,
Stood Judith of Merari, boldly who,
The tyrant Holofernes slew, and freed
Bethulia, long encompass'd by his tents;
Nor valiant Jahel less, who Sisera slew,
With nail and hammer, pinn'd him to the ground,
And Israel rescued from th' oppressor's power.
'Twere long to sing of Jephthe's reckless vow,
And her, who meekly suffer'd, though cut off
From hope, through continence, of the blest Seed;
Or those five maids, who claim'd Manasses' lot,
Maala, Hegla, Melcha, Noa' and Thers';
Or that famed prophetess, Josias knew,
Holda her name, who Moses law enforced,
Long lost, but in that good king's reign restored,
And with fresh zeal, its precepts new enjoin'd.

All these and more, elect of every tribe,
With retinue diffuse, happ'ly redeem'd,
To endless rapture rise, whilom though sad,
What time they Israel's woes mourn'd, and their own,
Whom nations crush'd, and Babylon enthrall'd.
Num'rous they throng, not now with sorrow dumb,
Nor harps on bending willows, mute, unstrung,
But robes wash'd white, radiant with rapture, crown'd,
With palms victorious waved in every hand,

And songs immortal on their tuneful tongues.
On that side Olivet next heaven they stand,
Tow'rds where the golden gates of bliss unfold,
Whence heav'n's eternal citizens outpour,
Crowding the sapphire pathway of the sky,
And now with matchless speed, past measure swift,
With jubilations, mirth, and sacred songs,
Descend as light'ning, through th' ethereal way.
On either hand their flying squadrons move :
Two radiant columns, right and left dispart,
Wide space between, to let the conqueror pass,
With heaven's new habitants, redeem'd, in train ;
Whilst hov'ring near him, now t' angelic raised,
The holy Innocents, who shed their blood,
When first the wrath of Herod sought His life,
Their piteous cries to notes cherubic change ;
Beside whom Joseph, Mary's sacred spouse,
The patron of their innocence, close stands,
And Joachim and Anne, much revered,
As source whence the Immaculate drew life.
Hard by stands John, forerunner of the Lord,
The first to see Him, and first to proclaim ;
Nor far, who bore him comes, and who begot,
From ripe old age, to blooming youth restored ;
Whilst Simeon, who the infant Saviour bless'd,
Departing peaceful, soon in peace t' arise,
Concludes the congregated throng, which round
Him press, to deck his triumph to the skies.
Inter'm'nable their lines, with heaven's glad hosts,
More bright, more densely fill'd, than milky way
With stars, celestial fires, whose beams broadcast,
The azure vault, unfath'mable, o'erspread.

Pleased, the sovereign Pastor scans their files,
Their number sums, and orderly array,
Their ready service owns, and homage due.
Nine choirs celestial grace th' ascending scale,
Ordain'd to minister at Heav'n's high will—
Angels, archangels, virtues, heav'nly powers,
Strong principalities, dominions, thrones,
Cherubs, and seraphs, various in degree;
And now the tenth, first fruits redemption won,
Terrestrial order, thence to heavenly raised,
The race of Adam, made those seats to fill,
Whence the proud dominations hostile fell.
Pleased he surveys, then turns his gracious eye,
On that small band, which eager round him clung.
Some parting words serene to these he speaks,
With filial love his tearful Mother cheers;
Her to the one beloved, with care bequeaths,
And in him all, who, firm in faith, believe;
Last, to the Twelve, renew'd instructions gives,
Then heavenwards speeds his chariot's flaming wheels.
Scarce had their Head triumphant ceased to speak,
Scarce the last blessing from his lips dispensed,
And Olivet his hallow'd footsteps left,
When loud hosannas from th' assembled hosts,
From hosts angelic, and from saints redeem'd,
Shake heaven's vast concave. Their immortal crowns,
Golden, with laurel twined, celestial, gemm'd,
They fore him cast, wave their green palms, and thus
His glorious name with praise melodious hymn :
 "Immanuel, Victor, hail!" aloud they sing;
"Hail! King immortal, ever to be praised,
Hail! Source of life, Spring whence life's blessings flow,

Thrice hail ! Redeemer, Prince, almighty God.
Be thou exalted, Lord, for matchless power;
Great in thy glory, in salvation bless'd,
And merciful as just, in all thy works.
Thy saints extol thee, magnify and praise,
Exalt thy mercies, thy redemption sing.
They ask'd for life; thou gav'st them length of years,
E'en everlasting life, and ceaseless joys;
Prevented them with blessings, crown'd with gifts,
With fadeless beauty deck'd, immortal youth.
Praise him ye angels, praise him heavenly hosts,
Praise him ye saints redeem'd, praise in the highest;
Make way for him ascending on the West,
Whose name is Jesus, God with us, Anoint.
Lift up your gates, ye princes, raise your heads;
Be open'd wide, ye everlasting doors,
And let the King of Glory enter in.
Who is the King of Glory, who? The Lord
Of boundless power possess'd, the King of saints,
Who earth to Eden's primal bliss restores,
Subdues th' Oppressor, who its beauty marr'd,
And saves who languish from his lethal sting.
Lift up your heads, ye princes; open wide
And be ye lifted up, eternal gates,
To let the King of Glory enter in.
Who is the King of Glory, who? The King
Of angels, Lord of hosts, the Wonderful,
The mighty God, Jehovah's only Son.
He is the King of Glory; he, who quell'd
The rebel angels' raid, o'ercame their hosts, [dross.
Their mightiest crush'd, and purged the heav'ns from
This is the King of Glory, worthy praise,

Who praise, dominion, fealty receives.
This is the King of Glory, Lord of might,
Who opes the gates of heaven to his saints,
Opes ne'er to close, till all his saints arrived,
Glad entrance find, and everlasting peace."

Thus they Messias hymn'd with sweet accord,
His acts in choral symphonies entoned
Of measured harmony and dulcet notes ;
Praised him with sound of trumpet, martial blown,
Temper'd with psaltry, sambuc, lute and harp,
And tinkling cymbals join'd in choir replete.
Strong, lively, full, majestic roll'd their chords,
Celestial love inspired, harmonious sounds,
With cadence orotund, concentous breath'd ;
Not wanting varied tones, in unison
Of rare composed, best suiting sense sublime ;
Such concord as but heavenly souls extill.
No grating voice asper'd reluctant praise,
None mute, withheld him laud, or mezzo drawl'd
Faint melody, with sotto voice depress'd.
All heav'n with rapture sang, with rapture praised,
And grateful fragrance breath'd, incense of love,
Pleasing to Deity supreme enthroned ;
Who, from the midst of unapproached light,
Empyrean effluence serene, wherein
From all eternity he dwelt, look'd down,
And saw the sanctities of heaven, and saints,
Cortege enraptured of his Son ; saw Him,
The brightness of his glory, increate,
Form of his substance, image full express'd,
Advance. Heaven's solid base shook as he rode,
Shook and bow'd down to meet her coming Lord ;

Wide open spread her golden gates, instinct
With life innate, and spacious way prepared.
Swift on the wings of cherubim he flew ;
When, moved with infinite desire, nor time,
Nor space computing, to th' Abyss of joy,
To his great Father, instant he return'd ;
Who, thus saluting, glad his Son received :

“ Well done, beloved Son, now thrice return'd,
From works befitting thine eternal power ;
Thrice, order from disorder foul, restored,
With victory achieved o'er discord dire.
Then, when the heav'nly thrones, by envy moved,
Envy of thee, my only Son and Heir,
Disturbed the peace of this our dear abode,
And third part of th' aspiring angels drew,
To base revolt, on their own ruin bent ;
So, when from chaos' elemental strife,
A universe of worlds resolved from void,
Shot light, by thee created, o'er the vast
And empty sea of nothingness entire,
Thence from their dust, a newer race evoked,
To compensate the loss of heaven despoil'd ;
Now last return'd, more dear, from mortal strifes,
With victory obtain'd on their behalf,
Whom our grand foe perverted, they knowing
Well th' interdicted tree, sole test design'd
To prove man's will, and his obedience, free ;
And to his fate, who tempted, doom'd, but that
Thy love, free interposed, his ransom paid ;
His perfect ransom, by thy proffer'd death,
Full sacrifice, atonement ample found.
Well hast thou done, Son ever dear ; and well

Return'd, in human flesh enshrined, sure pledge
To man, and argument to heaven, that he
True Advocate hath found, and sympathy
Sincere, with word confirm'd, which saving grace
Vouchsafed, that forfeit seats should be refill'd ;
More than refill'd, with other race replete,
And man, so purged from sin, to righteousness
Restored, thus in the flesh see God. Henceforth
The triple crown, love, mercy, justice, wear ;
Thy throne resume ; as ever, sit and reign
At my right hand ; thence wait the end, until
All enemies be put beneath thy feet,
All principality, and virtue, power,
Be brought to naught, till all things be subdued,
All things be subject, God be all in all."

Benignly thus, inclining tow'rd's his Son,
The Father speaks, his sacrifice accepts,
And new affirms, that man his grace should find.
To whom, with look ineffable of joy,
Whilst roseate hues suffused his face divine,
Our Advocate thus, precatave, return'd :

"Glad am I, Father, these thy words to hear ;
Glad that thou deem'st my long predestined task
Well done. This from thy goodness moves, thy love,
Which, as all other good, thine attributes,
Eternal as thyself, transcendent shine ;
On me reflective shine, shine on thy works,
And chief thy works of grace, supernal gifts,
Whereby essential life dispensed, thy creatures share,
Live, move, and each his sev'ral being has ;
Each perfect in itself, though naught compared
With thee ; with thee compared, angels not pure,

The heav'n of heav'ns not clean ; how much less man,
So alienate from good, so far from thee ;
Who blindly could his evil hand uplift,
That life to take, which freely was vouchsafed,
Without his act, a sacrifice for sin.

This then, O Father, this I earnest plead,
Lest thy stern justice, too severe dispensed,
Should sorely fall, and mercy's ward preclude ;
Look not on man, nor on his errant course,
But me his Stead, regard ; accept my face,
And what of righteousness he needs, impute
From me, who all his guiltiness assume.
Judge not too hard th' unequal strife, still waged
Twixt foes superior, and weak flesh and blood.
For this my office pleads ; pleads not in vain,
Since thou hast not disdain'd, thy Son, this badge
Of human flesh, with incorporeal mix'd,
Should hypostatic wear ; hast not disdain'd,
Rather hast well approved redemption's plan,
Wherein thy love pre-eminent excels,
Intact thy justice bides. For this more glad
Do I accept the mediatorial throne,
Its crown assume and offices of love.

But one request, (to thy omniscience known,)
Remains this asking, perfect work to close.
Thou know'st, for thou approved'st, all the means,
By which thy saints were supernatu'ral led,
Clear pointing to the sacrifice of blood,
Complete sin-off'ring, offer'd once for all.
Pleased I present the first fruits of thy grace,
Who through their faith, the victor's palm have won ;
Pleased I present them, well approved by thee,

Long time reserved for triumph of this hour.
But newer means, new acts of grace demand,
And rites befitting Gospel's clearer day.
Lame, lippid, blind, by grov'ling passions moved,
Man's devious feet, must still be led astray,
Unless the Spirit's inchoative fire
Infuse the mass, dead nature vivify,
And, ever present, quicken good desires.
Him, I have promised; they his coming wait,
And all the gifts which from his coming flow.
Proceeding from thee, Father, and thy Son,
Equal with us, and co-eternal, God,
Here let the Holy Ghost replete descend,
Move o'er the turbid sea of human life,
As o'er the void, ere heaven and earth were made,
Illume its darkness, mold its shapeless aims,
Infuse new life, and temples build to thee;
To thee, to me, for our indwelling fit,
In which, his sevenfold gifts enshrined,
Shall fruits produce of love, joy, peace and faith,
Worthy the Three, who witness in the heav'ns,
And equal aid, Co-workers, our co-heirs.
So shall the work begun, complete endure,
Till more be rescued from the wrath to come,
Than favour'd Israel e'er knew; so hell
Be balk'd, Death ravish'd of his prey, and tribes,
Tongues, peoples, age to age unite, to praise
Thee, Father, praise thy Son, and praise the Holy Ghost."

The filial Godhead thus; the Sire replies:

"Thy words, O Son, are heaven's eternal laws;
All worlds thy influence share, and chiefly earth,
To which in giving thee, I all resign'd,

Nor aught withhold, from influence of thy love;
Or what imports the safety of mankind,
Or otherwise that on Providence depends.
Freely the Spirit's influence outpour'd,
Shall equal from us flow; Who wills as we,
To sanctify, enliven, raise, whom else,
No good could reach, no death redeeming save.
Him who receive, shall be as these, who wait
Acceptance, born of Israel's seed, or else
From diverse nations gather'd in; whom now
I welcome, to predestined seats,
Long since prepared, participants in bliss;
Welcome in thee, made worthy to be heirs,
And fully bought, with treasure of thy blood.
Who Him receive not, greater ill shall find,
More weight of woe, worse ruin on their heads;
As greater gifts, and more abounding grace,
Profuse accept, to higher glory raise,
So, when despised, shall deeper sink in wrath.
As those proud hosts, heav'n's haughty powers, to such
Height raised, with beatific vision bless'd,
When fall'n, past rising, past repentance fell;
So no more those shall 'scape, who now despise,
Though long so lenient judged, abundant grace.
Whilst Heav'n, to those receiving, shall repay,
Earth's sore fought conflicts, with eternal joys;
To those rejecting, rebel angel's doom,
Eternal torments, death, and dark despair,
When final judgement, each one's works shall prove."

So They, supreme in bliss, altern converse,
And fill the measure of their love for man.
When, our Salvation, bending from his seat,

Jehovah's pleasure, thus, t' his saints makes known :

“ Welcome, ye Blessed, to my Father's house,
To seats, prepared, before the worlds were made ;
Prepared for you, rest for your wearied souls,
Rest, that remains for all the sons of God ;
Whose works he doth remember, not unjust,
And love, which you his saints, his name have shown,
Who died before the promises were fill'd ;
But seeing them afar, saluted them,
As way-worn pilgrims, strangers in the earth,
Aliens confess'd, seeking a better land,
A clime more blest, eternal in the skies.
What darkly ye beheld, as through a glass,
By faith, through which your witness was obtain'd,
Ye now see eye to eye ; see types removed,
The Typified appear, your ample Shield,
By whom ye enter now within the veil,
To those blest realms, celestial love's abode,
Whose gates long closed, re-open'd wide remain,
For your glad entrance ; nor for yours alone,
But all of Israel, who your footsteps trace,
Who center their desires and faith in me.
Nor Israel's seed alone ; but all of earth,
All born of Adam's race, who me believe,
Who, by good works, their faith approve sincere,
Shall ample entrance find, and spacious fields,
T' expatiate with you in boundless joy.
For, henceforth, from the rising of the sun,
E'en to the going down, great shall my name
Among the Gentiles be ; in every place
Shall sacrifice be made, incense arise,
And to my name, a clean Oblation giv'n.

Long as the sun shall shine, or moon endure,
Throughout all generations of the just,
Shall justice bud, abundant peace descend,
As rain descends upon the snowy fleece,
Or gentle showers that fertilize the soil;
From sea to sea my empire be display'd,
My sway from rivers to earth's utmost bounds.
Meanwhile rejoice, ye saints, secure in rest,
Here pass your blissful hours, here hymn glad praise,
And bathe your weary souls in joy's pure stream,
Which clear as crystal, flows from out the throne;
Feast on the tree of life's perennial fruits,
Whose leaves, for healing of the nations, yield
Enraving delights. So wait the end,
Till time shall cease, till Israel's tribes redeem'd,
All God's true Israel be gather'd in,
When joy, peace, truth, and love, henceforth shall reign."

His words attending, they with rapture hear,
Excelling rapture, more than heart conceived,
Or tongue could utter, pass'd expression bless'd;
More than the angels knew, who ne'er had sinn'd,
Nor felt suspense, probation's state entails.
They all their toilsome way recounted o'er,
In thought review'd their sorrows, griefs and woes,
Endured whilst passing through the vale of tears;
Anew their battles fought, their exile felt,
Their sad forebodings, darkness and despair.
But now arrived, adjudged, and worthy found,
Secure past loss, fore'er confirm'd in bliss,
Their woes enduring, turn to boundless joys,
Tears to sweet waters, ills to pure delights,
And griefs, to their fruition's keenest zest.

Not such their joy, when o'er th' Egyptian host,
Glad Miriam danced, to timbrils tinkling sound,
And Moses with his people triumph sang ;
Nor that, when Jordan's fertile banks received
Securely their worn feet, their wand'rings past ;
Triumphs, though with exulting worthy crown'd,
But faint resemblance, to this victory won,
And entrance glad to their true Canaan, bear,
Which now their voices jubilant employ.
Thrice Holy him they sing, the God Triune,
Whose name magnificent, in glory shines,
And admirable reigns, throughout all space ;
Who lifts his people, from the gates of death,
With mercy and with loving kindness crown'd ;
The Lord the just One, who hath mercy loved,
Whose count'nance is with righteousness illumed.
Him they now magnify, his name exalt,
And all his goodness, loving kindness sing ;
Rehearse his conquest, wrought o'er sin and death,
His righteousness, and saving might display,
And equity and truth, in Israel's house.
Joy universal, heart and voice inspires,
While trumpets' shrill, and cornets' piercing sounds,
Moduled by harps soft melody, unite,
To swell the chorus, of their Victor's land.
Mid such glad songs, hosannas loud express'd,
Above, their happy hours, serene they spend ;
Their golden censers wave, with incense fumed,
Their crowns of gold, immortal work, on heav'n's
Transparent pavement throw, and tow'rd's the throne,
Adoring, prostrate fall ; tow'rd's either throne,
And, holy, holy, holy, loud entone,

Great is our God, and worthy to be praised.

Whilst blissful thus, the saints around the throne,
With joy past utterance, their Deliv'rer sing,
The faithful few, on Olivet remain,
In hope again their risen Lord to see.
Entranced they wait, till day's declining ray,
Dimly evanish'd from the evening sky,
And still tow'rds heaven, direct their ardent gaze,
As loath to leave the spot his vision bless'd.
Nor yet, not knowing, did their hope seem vain;
For sudd'n th' archangel Gabriel, heav'nly sent,
On radiant pinions, fann'd the downy air.
Bright as the sun, his glorious plumage shone,
Or varying hues, that gild the northern sky,
When Sol on Taurus rides, midst brilliant fires.
The sacred Mother knew her guardian's mien,
As now with even wing he cuts the air,
And verges tow'rds the hill whereon they stand.
Veiling his brilliance neath the form of man,
With snowy tunic deck'd, he soon draws near,
And mildly thus his high commission serves:

"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here,
With look intent, fix'd sorrowing on the sky?
Know that the Son of Man, whose loss ye mourn,
Whom ye this day, saw rising on the West,
Will, in like manner as he went, return.
The day, the hour, is in his counsels fix'd;
No further seek; enough for you to know,
That when th' irrevocable hour arrives,
His angel's trumpet shall with great voice sound,
And gather his Elect from the four winds,
From farthest heaven, and earth's remotest bounds.

Then shall his Sign, in the mid sky appear,
Himself on clouds descend, with mighty power;
Him every eye shall see, they who him pierced,
And all the kindreds of the earth shall mourn.
But fear ye not, his chosen, whom he leads
To joys celestial, where his presence beams,
Where crystal streams, life-giving, ever flow,
And bliss eternal, at his right hand reigns.
Though Death's dark valley, and sharp pangs, may fright,
Secure abide, possess your souls in peace;
For these no terrors to his people have,
Who Death hath conquer'd, and his sting withdrawn.
Hence to Jerusalem, as he hath bid,
Return; there wait the Comforter's descent,
Who, comforting, will come, all things dispose,
And fill your troubled minds with joy and peace.
Meanwhile, your sure Salvation ever reigns,
At God's right hand exalted sits, and pleads
For reconciliation, God with man.
And thou, Bless'd Virgin, Mother of the Lord,
This final word receive from thy loved Son,
Whose Heart yearns tow'rds thee not less now, than when
His infant smile replied to thy caress,
Or manhood's brow grew brighter from thy love.
He leaves thee yet awhile with these thy sons,
To soothe and nurture them to full grown strength;
Too sadly would their faithful hearts be pained,
Of thee and him at once to be bereaved.
They thee revere as Mother of the fold,
For whose salvation, his own life atoned;
And much may need, since Him they cannot see,
To have thee near them, who his likeness bear.

Peaceful the intervening hours abide,
Till that blest moment dawn, by him decreed,
When angel bands shall waft thee, as he said,
On couch of roses to thy heav'nly throne."

These words, consoling, cheer their sadden'd hearts,
Infuse new joy, revive their waning hopes,
Fill the Bless'd Mother with supreme delight,
And patient waiting her Son's destined time.
Their Lord had left them, yet, mysterious plan,
His beaming presence, still with them remains;
His spirit warms them, vivifies their souls,
And fires their love, with infinite desire.
As when the sun, conceal'd behind some clouds,
The plains o'ercasts, then drooping Nature fades,
Perchance some watery drops in grief lets fall,
And trails her floral honors on the ground;
His beams restored, her vernal beauties rise,
Her foliage shines, her flow'rs fresh odors breathe,
And all her verdure glows with sparkling dew.
So these, late sad, their cheeks bedew'd with tears,
And mournful sighing, of their Love bereft,
Now rise elastic, fill'd with faith and hope,
And firm reliance on the seraph's words:
Thence go their way, by angel guardians led,
Joy in their step, love's rapture in their eye, [tongues—
Whilst heaven's grand theme, transporting, tunes their
The nations saved, man's happiness assured,
Redemption won, and Paradise restored.

THE END.





